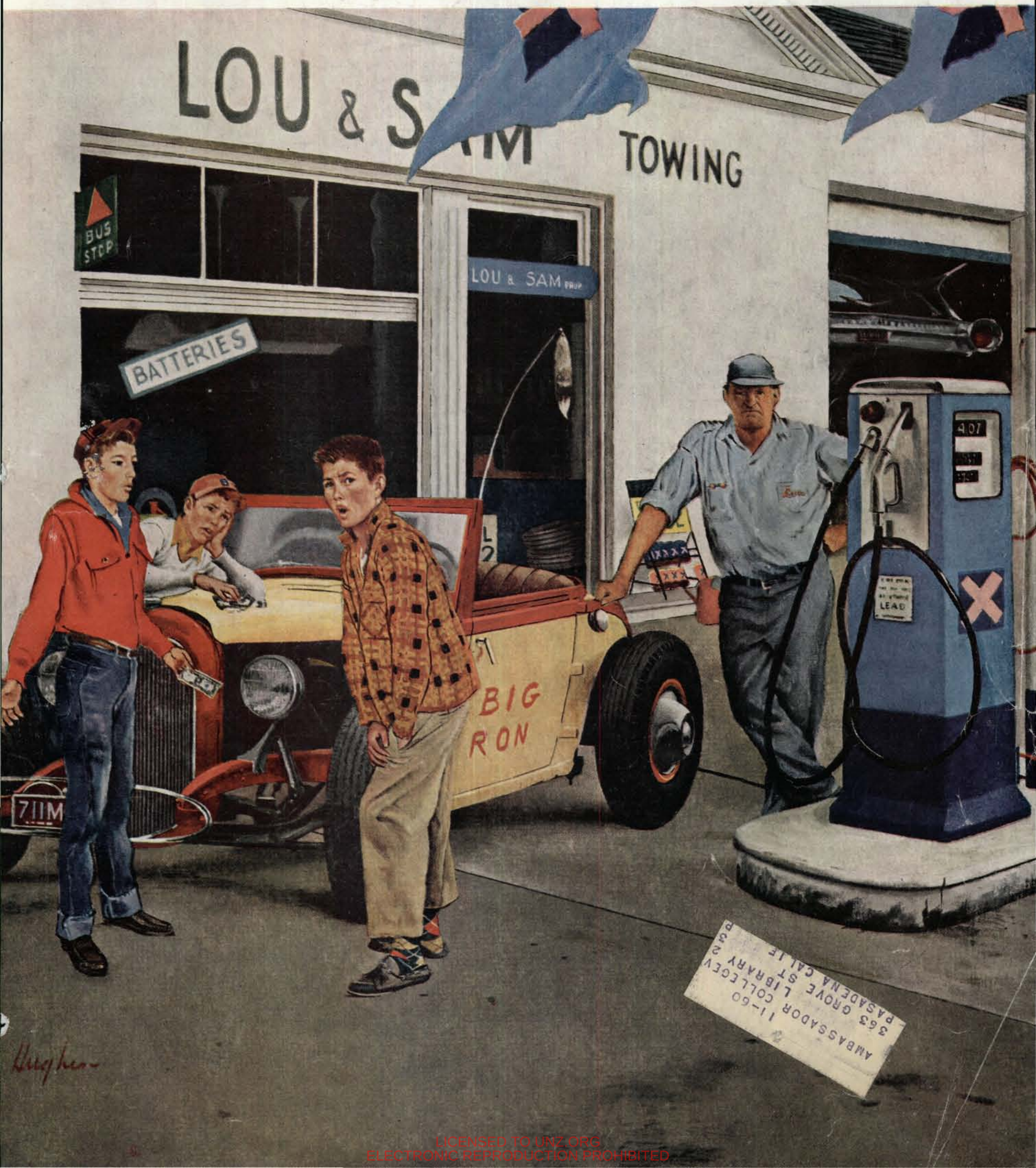
The Saturday Evening
POST
March 26, 1960 — 15¢

I CALL ON DEBBIE REYNOLDS

By PETE MARTIN

Columbia University President Kirk Says:

COLLEGE SHOULDN'T TAKE FOUR YEARS



AMBASSADOR COLLEGE
11-60
LIBRARY
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Thunderation!" cried the weather man. "The 1960 prices of my '*low-priced*' car are high as a hurricane's eye, and it's as big as a blimp. I predict a sudden change."

So he cast his weather-eye over one of the new foreign-size U. S. cars, but ran smack into a low ceiling. "Run up the small craft warnings!" he cried. "It's a twister!"

Then, quick as lightning, this thought flashed through his mind: "What I need," said he, "is the only car with the Best of Both: big car room and comfort, small car economy and handling ease."

And there in the sun stood Rambler—backed by 10 years and 25 billion owner miles. "I see a surging sales tide," said he, "to the smartest Rambler ever."

He found Rambler's ride as gentle and quiet as a billowy cloud, parking a breeze. "And there's room inside for six big forecasters complete with high barometers," he said.

And thanks to Rambler savings on price, gas, and resale value, he wears a sunny smile with every mile he drives in his 1960 Rambler. You will, too. See Rambler soon.

GO RAMBLER IN 1960

The New Standard of Basic Excellence

RAMBLER AMERICAN 2-DOOR SEDAN

Suggested delivered price at Kenosha, Wisconsin, for 2-door Deluxe sedan above. State and local taxes, if any, automatic transmission and optional equipment, extra. **$1795**

AMERICA'S MOST EXPERIENCED BUILDER OF COMPACT CARS... Rambler Custom 4-Door Country Club Hardtop—Six or Rebel V-8.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

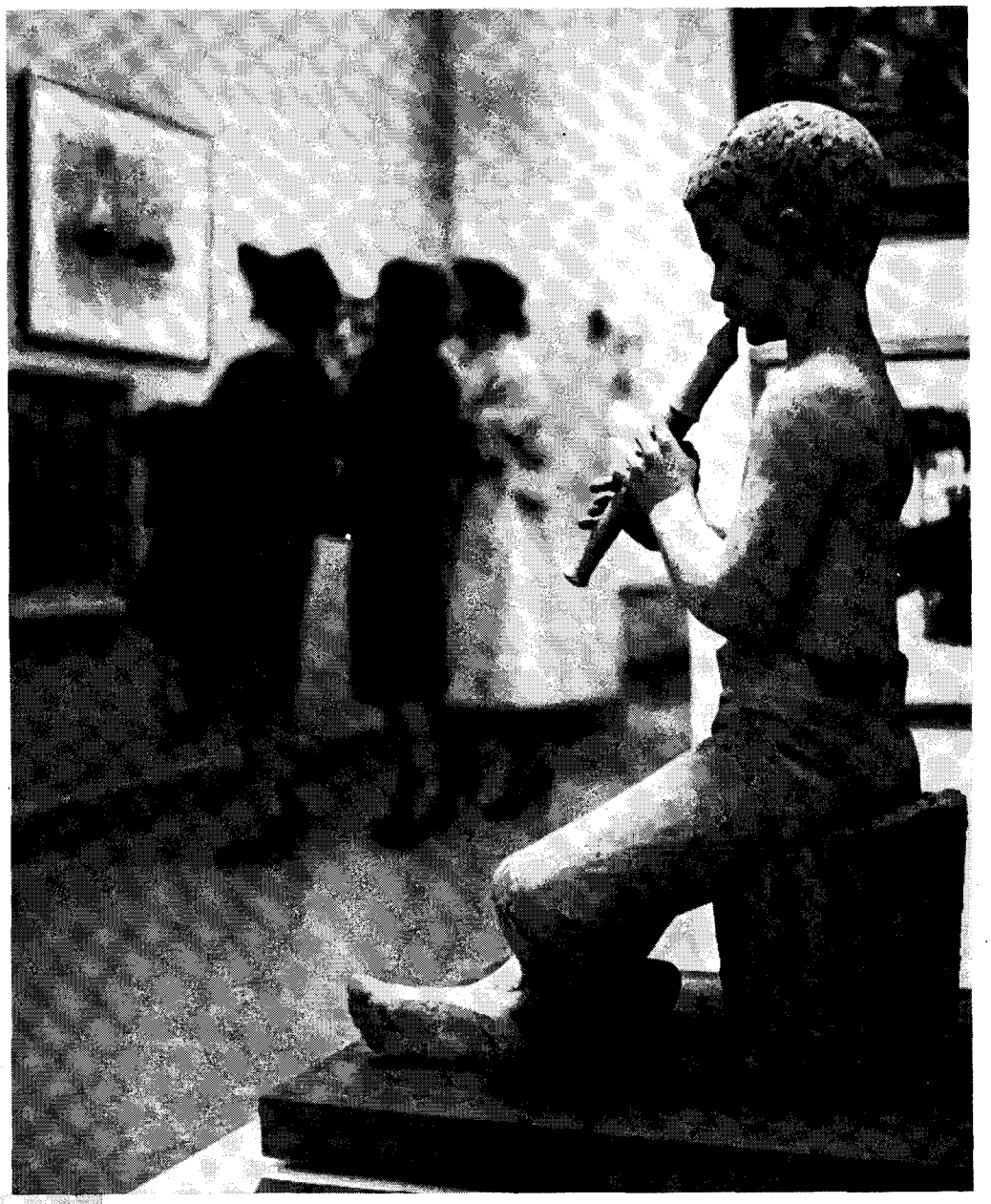
Candid close-ups of good living in St. Louis

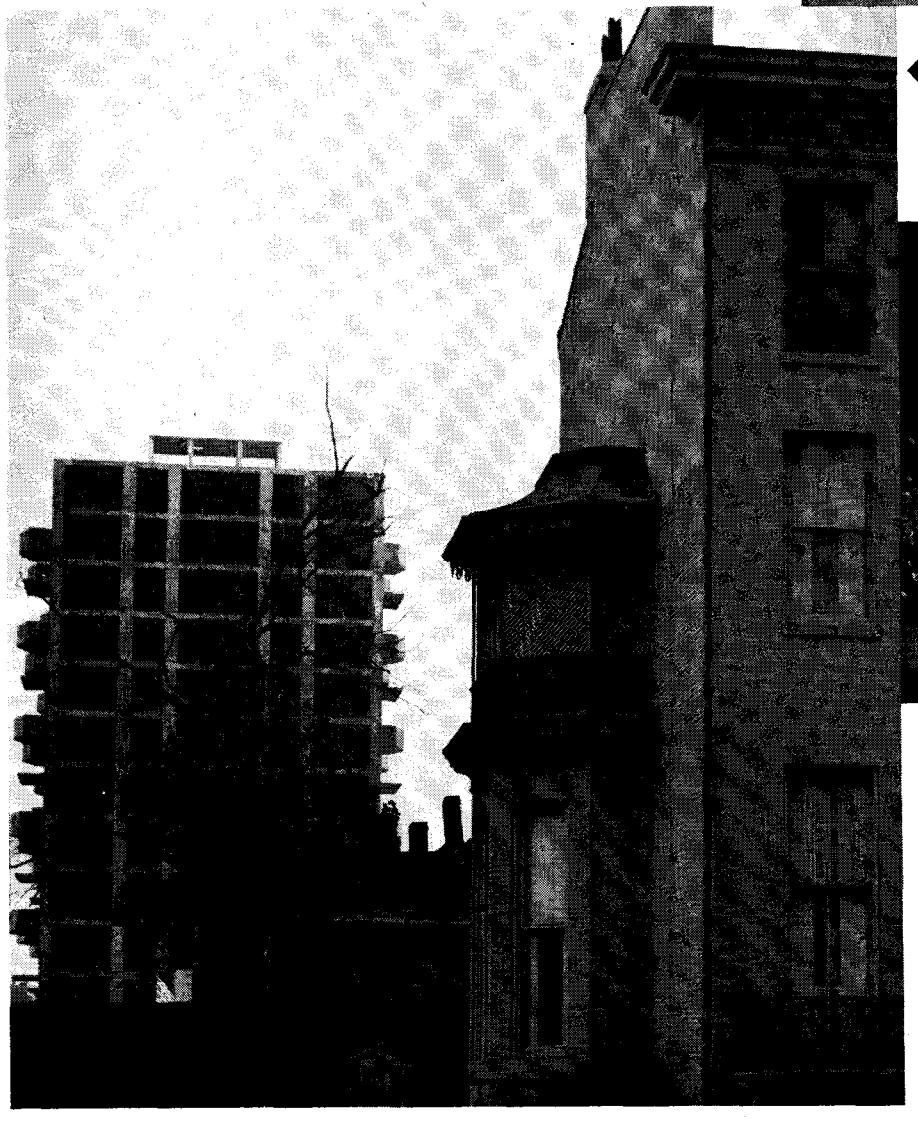
St. Louisans themselves picture what they like best

Who knows a community better than its people? Recently Union Electric sponsored an unusual photo contest. St. Louisans were asked to picture what they like best in the land they live in . . . and to send with each entry a caption explaining why the picture best represents St. Louis.

The response to this contest was overwhelming and revealing. Entries reflected St. Louisans' enjoyment of good living and their pride in St. Louis contrasts of tradition and bold action for progress. Here are three representative photos chosen from hundreds submitted:

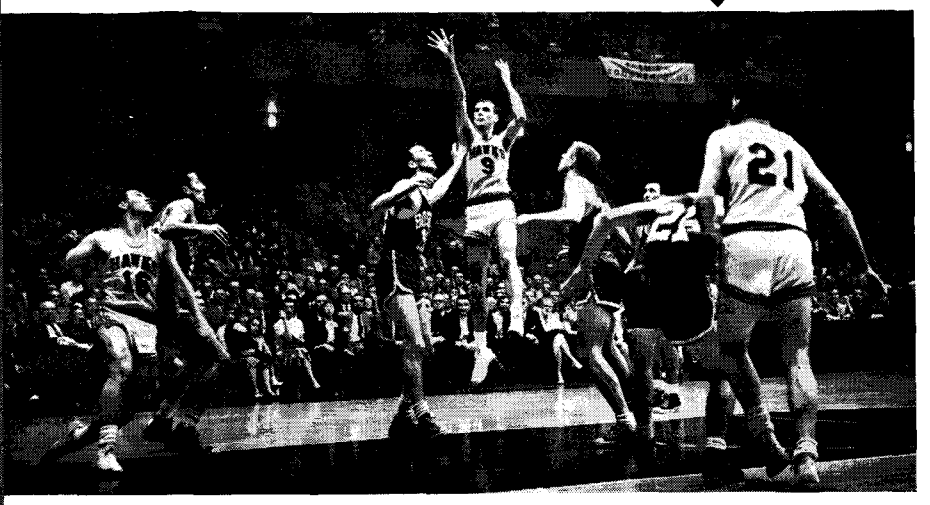
Thelma Blumberg: "Creative art exhibition is wide open in opportunity to all . . . pictured here is the Westroads Art Show, one of St. Louis' many annual art exhibits."





Don Bush: "A simple design—an octagonal balcony—becomes a link between the 100-year-old Campbell House and its new back-yard neighbors, the Plaza Apartments—a symbol that the greatness of the past will be multiplied in the St. Louis of the future."

Jack Zehrt: "Pride in the St. Louis Hawks makes home games capacity turnouts as St. Louisans share the fun of living in a world championship basketball team's home town."



St. Louis—the Strategic Center of America—has good living in abundance . . . mineral and agricultural wealth . . . unsurpassed transportation . . . unlimited water from the Mississippi . . . plenty of electric power and more to come from Union Electric expansion now in progress. If moving plans are in your future, consider the St. Louis area for your home and business. For full information and industrial site listings write me in confidence.

Jew. McAfee
President

UNION ELECTRIC COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Your move"

It isn't the game, it's how you play it. And with beer, it isn't just ingredients —it's *how* they're brewed. Example: Schlitz never allows air to touch the beer in brewing, for air can spoil its delicate flavor. Costs extra. But it's one more reason why Schlitz tastes extra good.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

move up to Schlitz®

Watch Ray Milland as "MARKHAM," and "The Sunday Sports Spectacular," CBS-TV every week.

© 1960 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N.Y., Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, John Bird.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, Ashley Halsey Jr., Robert L. Johnson Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair Jr., Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Peter Wyden, Morton D. Hull, Robert N. Taylor, Irv Goodman.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon Jr., Katharine Britton Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Richard C. Savage, Barbara Graybeal Kremer, Benton R. Patterson, Sherwood Harris, Vivian C. Ward, D. K. Knapp.

IN THIS ISSUE

March 26, 1960 *Vol. 232, No. 39*

4 Short Stories

Gambler's Girl . . . . . *William Heuman* 26
Emergency Flight . . . . . *Ronald Sercombe* 32
Let Yourself Go . . . . . *Nancy Pope Mayorga* 36
Marked for Death . . . . . *Hugh Pentecost* 39

8 Articles

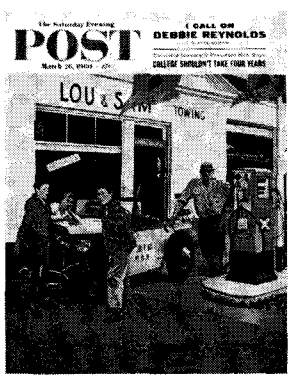
College Shouldn't Take Four Years
Dr. Grayson Kirk, President of Columbia University, as told to Stanley Frank 21
Kentucky's Open City . . . . . *James A. Maxwell* 22
The Face of America: Life in the Desert . . . *Photograph by Joern Gerdts* 24
I Call on Debbie Reynolds . . . . . *Pete Martin* 28
The Spectacle of Sebring . . . . . *Ken W. Purdy* 30
They Volunteer to Suffer . . . . . *Howard Simons* 33
Cuba: State of Confusion . . . . . *Harold H. Martin* 34
My Adventures as an Illustrator, Part VII: My Four Freedoms
Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell 38

2 Serials

Moon Pilot (Second of three parts) . . . . . *Robert Buckner* 40
Night Without End (Sixth of eight parts) . . . . . *Alistair MacLean* 45

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 42
Verse . . . 51, 58, 68, 92, 104, 112
Hazel 120
Keeping Posted 122



THE COVER

Like here's the pitch on George Hughes' cover painting: Big Ron, who tanked up his zoom buggy with juice and hasn't got a short bit, wants to creep into the tall grass. His teammates couldn't lay enough smash on him. Will this gloom artist named Lou let Ron split the scene to pull the old man's leg? Don't melt us; he's mad for his scratch and he'll scramble you if you get eggy. Translation: Big Ron ordered a tankful of gas for his car and is mortified to discover that he hasn't a dime to his name. His chums weren't able to lend him enough. Will the Scrooge who operates the station let Ron leave the premises to borrow money from his father? Not on your life; he wants his $4.07 now and no back talk. The moral of the story: have your old man's credit card with you at all times.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1960 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

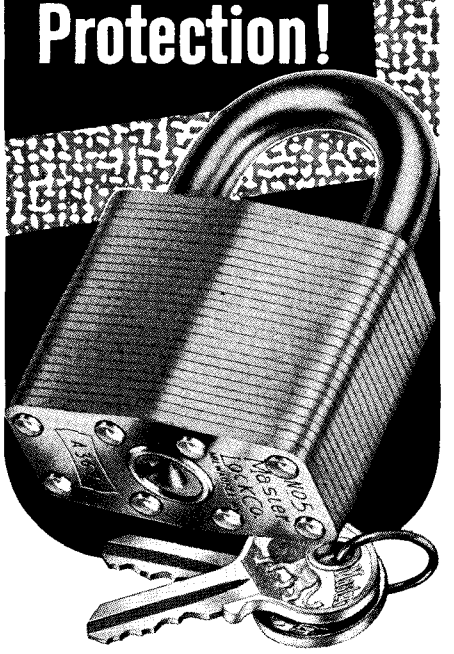
How to read your expiration date: Your address label shows your subscription expiration date either 1) By month, day and year such as Oct. 8-60 *or* 2) By issue and year. Under this latter system Post No. 1 is the first issue in July each year. Thus, an expiration date appearing as 15-60 would mean October 8, 1960.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

for Security and Strength

Master LAMINATED Padlocks offer you Powerful Protection!



Lasting strength, enduring protection for your valued belongings are built into MASTER Laminated Padlocks! Precision construction of laminated steel plus genuine pin tumbler locking mechanism and patented features make MASTER PADLOCKS the world's strongest.

$1.25 to $4.00, in a variety of sizes, at hardware stores and locksmiths everywhere

Master Padlocks
ALWAYS ON GUARD DAY AND NIGHT
MASTER LOCK CO. Milwaukee 45, Wis.
World's Largest Padlock Manufacturers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reach for the Moon

. . . and Make it!

Subduing the reaches of space is no more difficult than mastering the *mobile* space your feet live in. Ankle-Fashioning controls the fit of these fine Nunn-Bush lightweights, keeping the impeccable *Intercontinental* fashion "on course" for style endurance. Make the Nunn-Bush discovery!

Write for Elaborate Nunn-Bush Catalog

from $19.95 *to* $59.50

First in Quality!

NUNN-BUSH

ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES

Also Made in Canada and Mexico

See Your Local Nunn-Bush Dealer

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

Letters

Fan Mail for Norman

Dear Mr. Rockwell:

This morning Senator Dirksen handed me the copy of your autobiography—or rather, your adventures [MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR, by Norman Rockwell, as told to Thomas Rockwell; Doubleday, 1960; *The Post*, Feb. 13–Apr. 2]. I am delighted to have it, and more than grateful for your cordial personal inscription.

While I have not yet had an opportunity more than to glance at the book, I understand, with some regret, that I have been, indirectly at least, responsible for several of your memorable experiences with pills of one sort or another.

With warm regard,

Sincerely,

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I wish to congratulate you on the story about Norman Rockwell. I have loved that wonderful guy for years.

WILLIAM J. GAGAN
Dorchester, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Hardly anything could be more appropriate in these days of Khrushchev, cold war, civil rights battles and other uproar than your fine series on Norman Rockwell.

JOHN GAITHA BROWNING
Taos, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

His talent far exceeds the mere portrayal of people and scenes. His technique becomes a medium of communication through which significant messages can be received.

Old-fashioned? As old-fashioned as love, pride, hope, disappointment and other emotions of the human heart.

MABEL F. GRAHAM
Asheville, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

I should like to disagree with the author, if I may. President McKinley's favorite hymn was not *Nearer, My God, to Thee* but *Lead, Kindly Light*, which is a favorite of mine, too.

BETH BRAKEMEYER
Quartz Hill, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

This I remember distinctly. McKinley's favorite hymn was *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere*. People found fault and said that McKinley's idea of Heaven was too vague. He should have known where Heaven was.

MRS. C. H. JOHNSTONE
New Haven, Conn.

● *According to biographer Margaret Leech, McKinley had several favorite hymns. But with his dying breath he uttered the words "Nearer, My God, to Thee."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

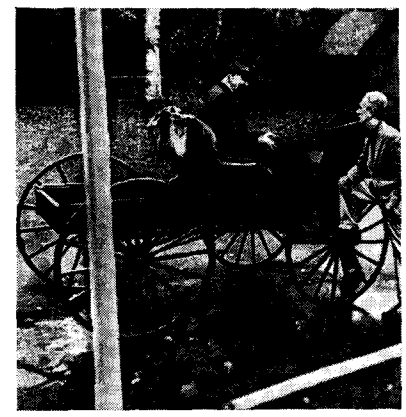
In 1918, when the first staff of *The Seabag*, the Norfolk Naval Station newspaper, was being considered, an unestablished artist named Norman Rockwell applied for the position of staff artist. He was told he wasn't good enough. . . .

The Seabag staff wishes to congratulate Mr. Rockwell on his achievements, and, also, to apologize for the 1918 *Seabag* staff's obvious, short-sighted blunder.

AL PALMER AND DICK CRUM
Editors, The Seabag
Norfolk, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Oh joyous day! That buggy driven by Norman Rockwell's friend, Tom Carey [Part II, Feb. 20], looks to me like a genuine democrat wagon, favorite New England vehicle in the nineteenth century. A two-seater, with rear seat removed, back rest just too low for comfort. . . . Just the rig for a trip to town, at the ideal speed, four miles an hour. Space in back for a bag of oats, a bag of



Liveryman Carey's wagon.

middlin's for the hogs and groceries for a week. Just the rig for meeting the train, at family reunion time. Just the rig for fishing expeditions and for towing a lovelorn cow to meet her mate. . . . Three generations of us Repubs knew and loved the democrat.

FRANK LEON SMITH
Woodstock, N.Y.

● *Not a democrat, says Carey, but a "square-box business wagon" of indeterminate manufacture.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Although Rockwell may humbly call himself an illustrator, he has the qualities of the great old masters. But he'll have to be dead 300 years before the "critics" realize it.

CHARLES LEEK
Fordingbridge, England

Icecap Mishap

Dear Sirs:

The first chapter of the serial NIGHT WITHOUT END [by Alistair MacLean, Feb. 20–Apr. 9] identifies BOAC as the unfortunate carrier whose plane is about to land on an icecap. Readers are sometimes inclined to relate a fictional story to actual fact and, as I am sure you will appreciate, there is considerable danger of apprehension being created in readers' minds as a result of this reference.

It would be most helpful if you would point out that in their fourteen years of transatlantic service BOAC and its predecessor, Imperial Airways, have flown approximately 26,220 crossings and 1,006,000 passengers without accident or injury to anyone.

G. A. WYNN-WYNNE
New York, N.Y.

"Playhouse Agony"?

Dear Sirs:

When I read TV's MOST PROVOCATIVE SHOW [by Stanley Frank, Feb. 13] I was surprised to learn that *Playhouse 90* is accepted as art by qualified critics. Personally I call it Playhouse Agony.

It is not the controversial subject matter that repels me but the manner of its

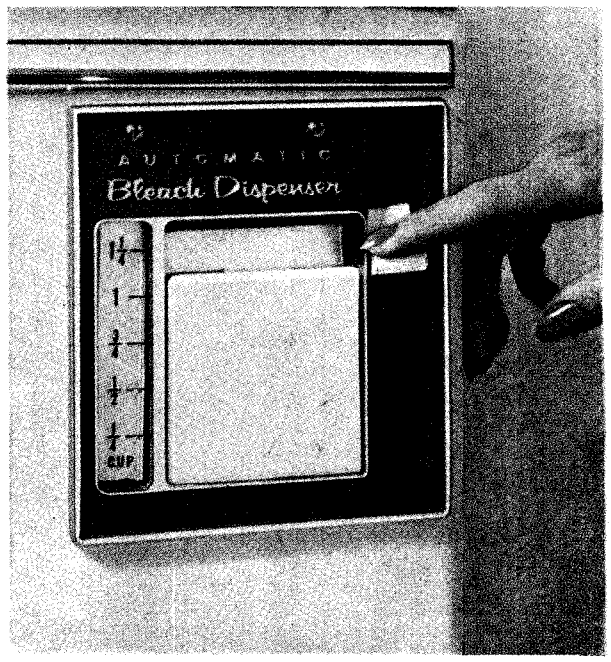
(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO MORE HIT-OR-MISS BLEACHING

Now the 1960 General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer solves your bleaching problems automatically

Only the new General Electric Automatic Bleach Dispenser stores 3 full quarts—a month's supply of bleach.



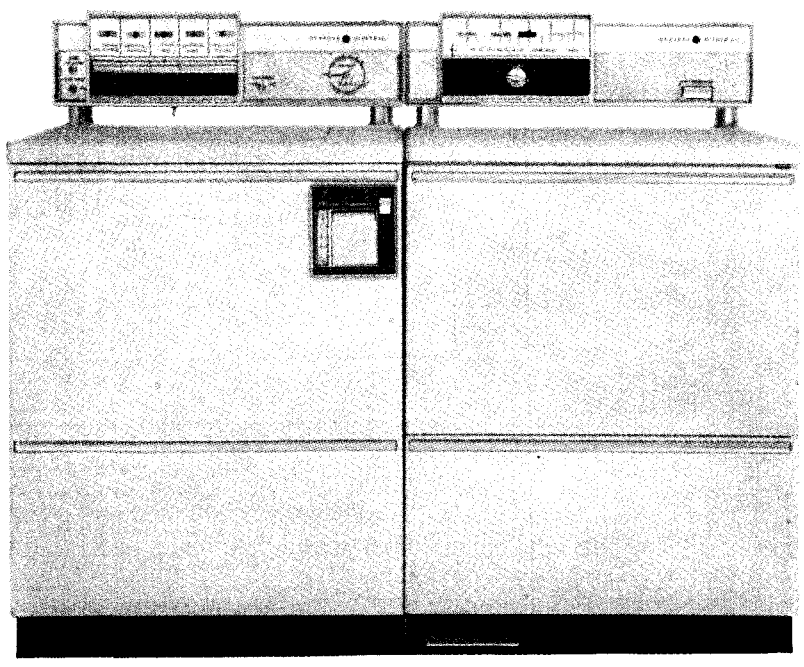
Stores, adds, dilutes bleach automatically. Just press the lever to measure the bleach you decide you need. Then—even before it's added to the wash load, the bleach is diluted to safe solution. It's added to your wash water at the exact time for best results. That's why your clothes come out bright, sparkling, spotless . . . and perfectly bleached every time.

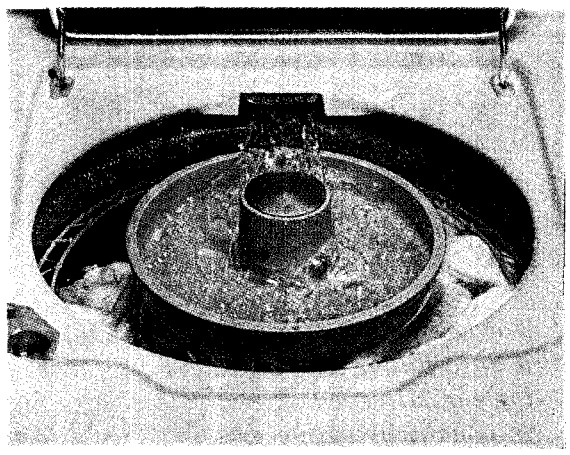
No other washer does so much for you—washes clean-as-clean can be, removes lint—and gives you safe automatic bleaching too!

5 automatic cycles give "hand laundry" care. Just touch a key, turn a dial to get correct water temperatures, correct spin speeds for any fabric. 10-pound capacity, Cold Water Wash Key, Mix-or-Match colors.

Matching High-Speed Dryer. Automatic control provides "just-right" drying time and temperature for all washables.

About $3.30 weekly for washer, $2.60 for Dryer—after small down payment. See your dealer for prices, terms. General Electric Co., Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Ky.





No lint fuzz on your clothes when the famous General Electric Filter-Flo Washing System cleans and re-cleans the wash water. Lint is caught in the non-clogging, moving filter—not on your clothes. You never need to scrub *this* filter—just a quick once-in-a-while wipe keeps it clean. And it doubles as a handy detergent dispenser, too.

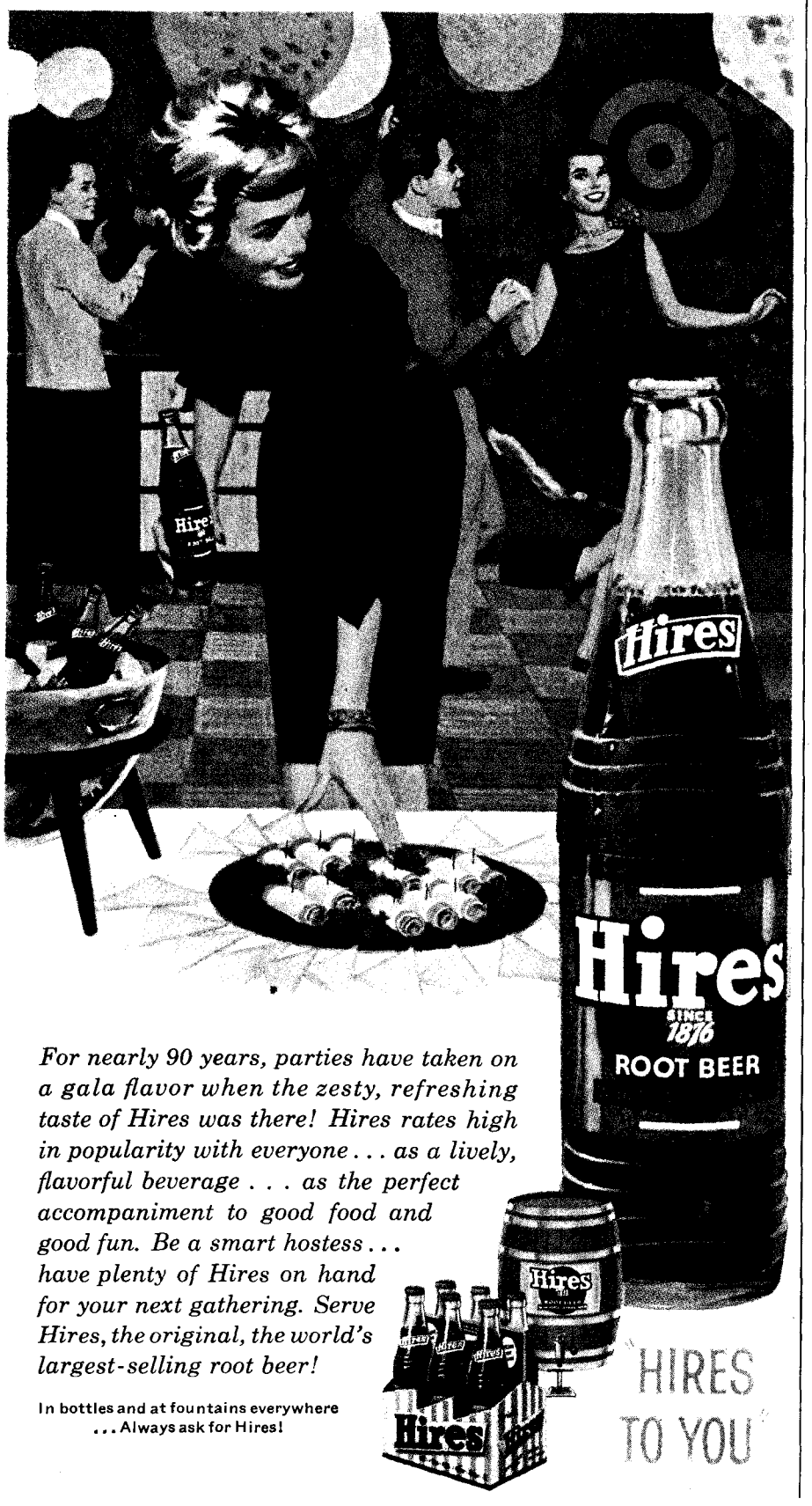
THE GOLDEN VALUE LINE OF THE 60's

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top it off with
HIRES...
AN ADVENTURE
IN REFRESHMENT



For nearly 90 years, parties have taken on a gala flavor when the zesty, refreshing taste of Hires was there! Hires rates high in popularity with everyone . . . as a lively, flavorful beverage . . . as the perfect accompaniment to good food and good fun. Be a smart hostess . . . have plenty of Hires on hand for your next gathering. Serve Hires, the original, the world's largest-selling root beer!

In bottles and at fountains everywhere
. . . Always ask for Hires!

HIRES
TO YOU

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

presentation. . . . Those I have seen seem to be all climax. Against obscured backgrounds, with too many close-ups, crisis follows crisis like beads on a string so that the whole becomes an hour and a half of tension and shouting. . . . None but a jukebox-inured generation could endure the racket.

PEARL PALMER JOHNSON
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Stanley Frank presents a good case for *Playhouse 90*, but did he ever sit through these ninety minutes and enjoy the endless and repetitious commercials? While we all realize that sponsors are the backbone of TV, some really overemphasize the advertising. The viewers become so exasperated that they lose all interest in the show. So—click.

GERTRUDE HAMMOND
Wilmington, Del.

Dear Sirs:

Who decided *Eloise* was one of *Playhouse 90*'s biggest flops? My friends and I are still talking about it. . . . I do not believe I have ever seen a better show.

DIANE WARD
Unionville, Ontario

Dear Sirs:

Upon reading the article I found the statement that among the *Playhouse 90*'s directed by John Frankenheimer was one entitled *Requiem for a Heavyweight. Requiem* was directed by Ralph Nelson, one of our foremost television talents, who has also been responsible for the direction of many other *Playhouse 90*'s. I have had the pleasure of working with Mr. Nelson several times, one of them being on *Requiem*. I am at present again working with him on a Desilu special with my father.

KEENAN WYNN
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoy and appreciate all the good shows that *Playhouse 90* brings us—vague endings, violated taboos, controversial issues, offbeat character studies and all.

ELSBETH J. MAGINN
Ogden, Kans.

Horse of a Different Price

Dear Sirs:

In your Mar. 5 article TROUBLED KING OF TOYS [by Peter Wyden] a caption under one of the pictures misquotes a retail price. Hubley's "The Old Pal Walking Horse" sells for $19.95—not $5.98.

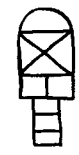
JOHN E. HOLDEN
The Hubley Manufacturing Company
Lancaster, Pa.

HOW TO HOP

● *In* LETTERS *of Feb. 13, readers corrected the hopscotch layout used by Ted Key in his Jan. 9* HAZEL *cartoon. This prompted twenty-three others to send in their own "official" diagrams. Here are a few.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I don't know where [those readers] played hopscotch, but this is the way I played it and my mother played it and I intend for my kids to play it this way, too.



CHARLOTTE ELKINS
Currie, Minn.

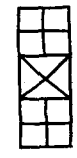
Dear Sirs:

It was something like this hereabouts along about 1895:

ALISON LEE
Laurens, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

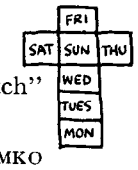
In Pennsylvania when I was a little girl we did our hopping like this:



MRS. A. E. MICHELS
Parkersburg, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

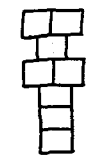
"German hopscotch" looks like this:



MARILYN DEMKO
Lansing, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

In Brooklyn the game was known as "Potsy":



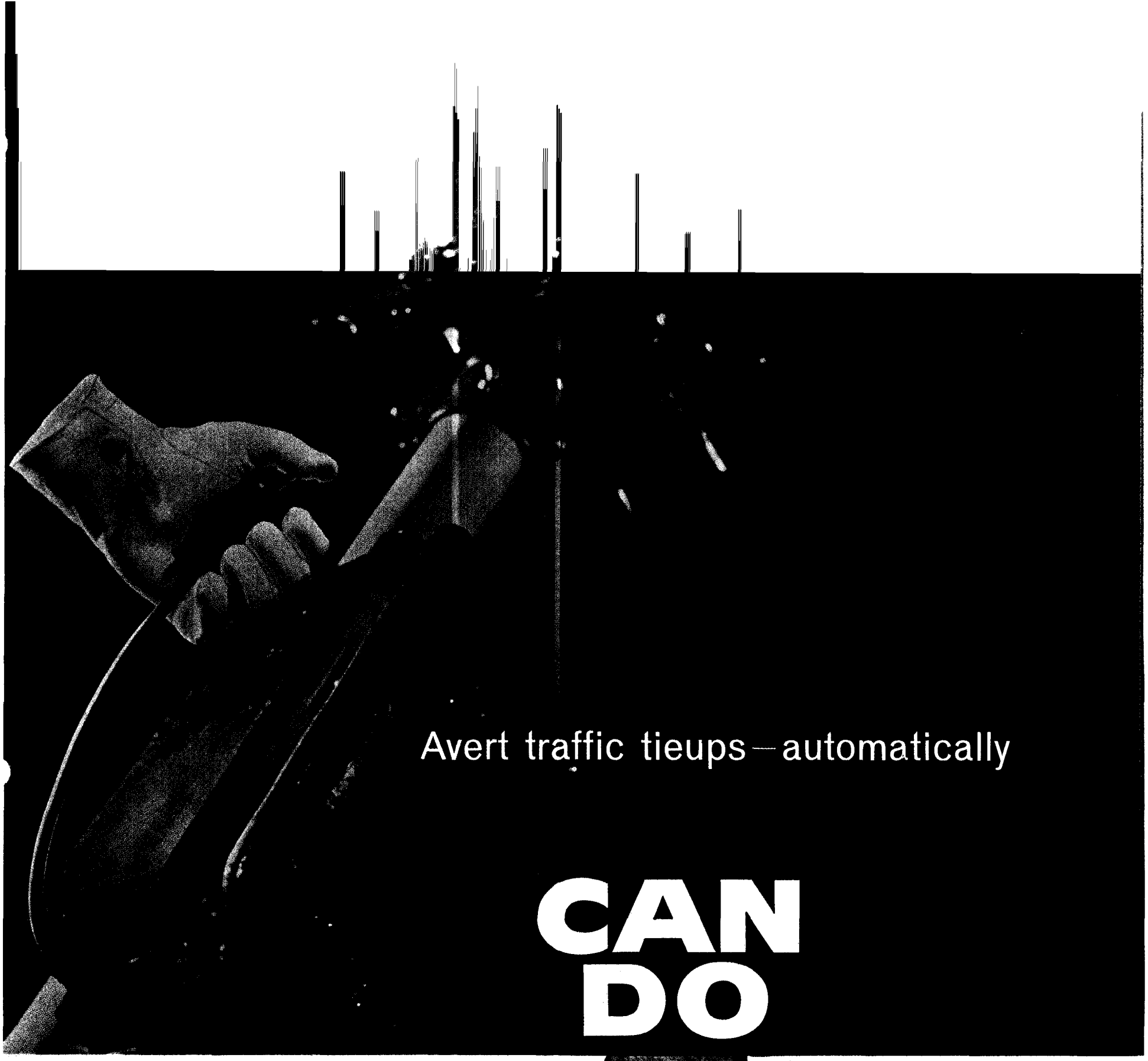
ETHEL KEARNS
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Larry Fried. • 21–Hans Knopf. • 22, 23–Anne and Larry Keighley. • 24, 25–Joern Gerdts. • 26, 27–Morgan Kane. • 28–Sid Avery; United Press International; Pictorial Parade; Larry Barbier from Globe. • 29–Two from Wide World; Larry Barbier from Globe. • 30, 31–Bill Shrout and Larry Keighley. • 32–Bob Lavin. • 33–Ollie Atkins. 34, 35–Frank Ross. • 36, 37–Mac Conner. • 38–Bill Scovill; Gene Pelham; Karsh; Clemens Kalischer; Bill Scovill. • 39–Dick Stone. • 40, 41–Walter Skor. • 45–Bruce Bomberger. • 94–United Press International. • 114, 115–Bill Shrout and Larry Keighley. 122–Two by Hans Knopf; U. S. Navy; two by Ollie Atkins.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Avert traffic tieups—automatically

CAN DO

There are new signal systems that remember when and where auto traffic peaks occur—obligingly give them the green light. And they're doing duty today—thanks to assists from Automatic Electric.

How do they work? All traffic lights are individually controlled from a central station equipped with memory devices that "program" each intersection light in accordance with hourly traffic flow.

The systems keep autos on the move automatically with the same sort of switching devices AE developed for dial telephone exchanges.

In fact, automatic control is a *telephone art, and almost every device or system that is operated automatically uses the type of switching and relay units originated or manufactured by Automatic Electric.*

If you're stopped by a problem in communications or control, AE can get you rolling. Whether you need basic components, a control "package," or engineering advice, you'll get an immediate green light from the Director, Industrial Products Engineering, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

MAKING
IDEAS
WORK
AUTOMATICALLY

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

Subsidiary of

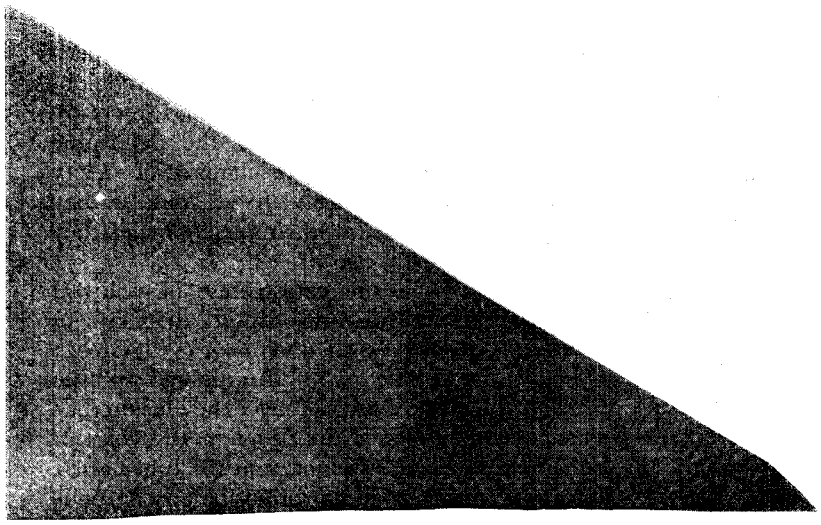
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

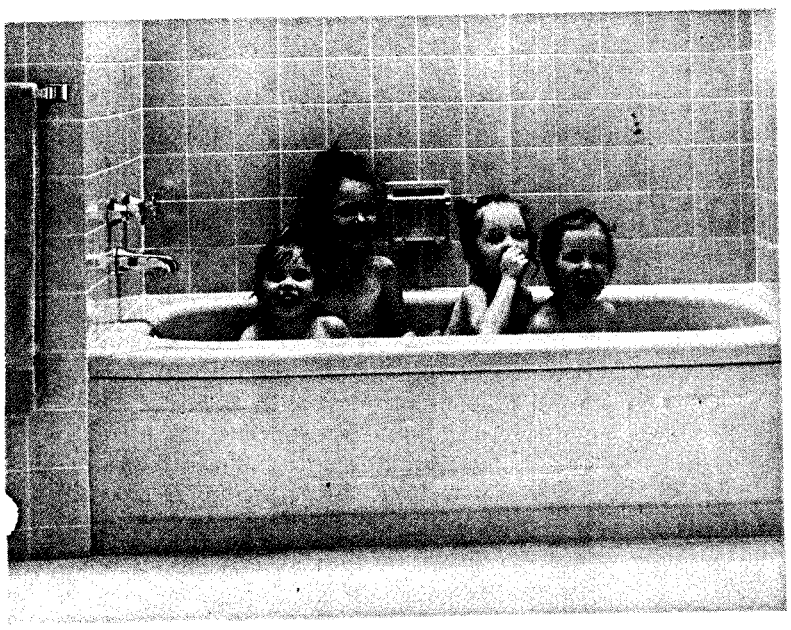
GENERAL SYSTEM

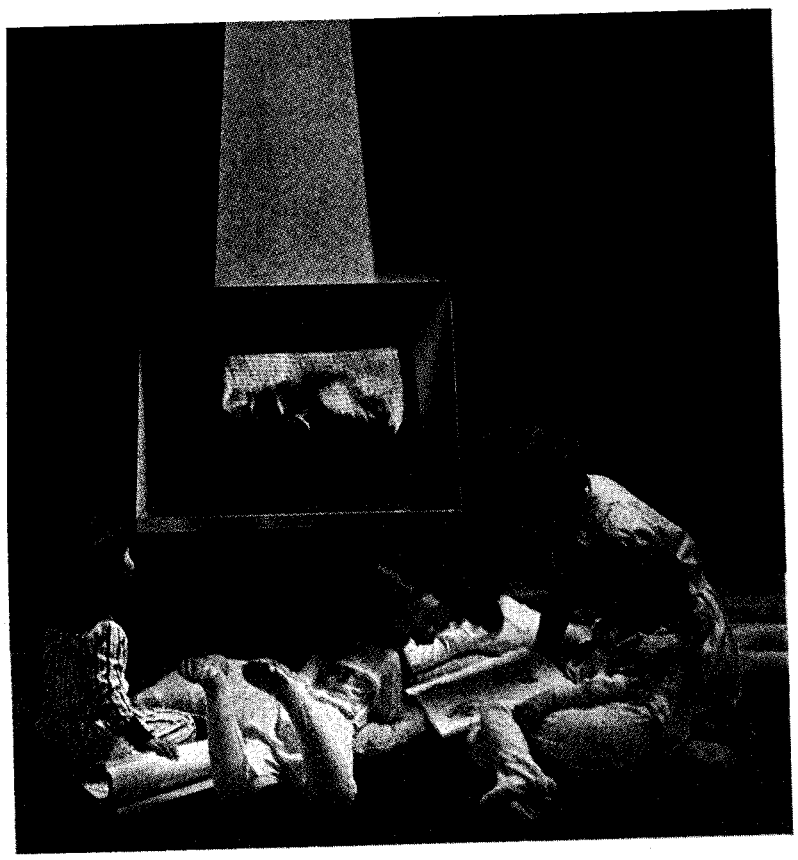
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today's USS steels lighten your work . . . brighten your leisure . . . widen your world

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED







Steel is for brightening your home

Know how to spot the steel in your home? Look for color . . . color in the kitchen, color in bath fixtures and tile, color for every room in the house. Wherever you see the play of color, you're apt to find steel at work behind it, keeping things bright, beautiful, nice to live with. Steel kitchen cabinets, for example, are easy to clean. Doors won't warp and drawers won't stick. And you can arrange your steel kitchen units and built-in appliances in an infinite number of ways. Enjoy steel in your home. You'll find it's a wonderful way to live a shade better.

USS TRADEMARK **United States Steel**

Steel

The STEELMARK on this tag tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Democracy Isn't Religion, But it Could Use Some!

By RUSSELL KIRK

"Democracy" is a term of politics. Some political systems called democratic, as that of the United States, have been highly successful; others called democratic have been sorry failures. Even in the vocabulary of politics, the word "democracy" seems to mean different things to different men.

If even political scientists cannot define democracy very clearly, probably theologians and moralists ought not to try to define some "democratic faith" or "democratic morality." Looking through social-science textbooks recently, I noticed that some authors assert the need for teaching a "Democratic Faith" (capitals theirs). These textbook writers, like many other people, confuse their politics with their religious belief—or lack of belief.

God and democracy are not necessarily in partnership. Monarchists and aristocrats need not be godless. Our American Republic, true enough, has flourished upon religious belief and religious toleration. Yet that success gives Americans no peculiar right to identify our political institutions with the Divinity. Under certain circumstances, the Divine Right of the People can be as dangerous a doctrine as the Divine Right of Kings.

Also it is true that any just political system must recognize religious truth. Mr. T. S. Eliot, in his little book, *The Idea of a Christian Society*, puts this clearly: "As political philosophy derives its sanction from ethics, and ethics from the truth of religion, it is only by returning to the eternal source of truth that we can hope for any social organization which will not, to its ultimate destruction, ignore some essential aspect of reality. The term 'democracy' . . . does not contain enough positive content to stand alone against the forces that you dislike—it can easily be transformed by them. If you will not have God (and He is a jealous God), you should pay your respects to Hitler or Stalin."

So democracy supported by religious understanding may work toward order and justice and freedom. But an abstract "democracy" *substituted* for religion may work infinite mischief. Democracy may have good results, or bad, depending upon the nature of constitutions, regard for the rights of minorities, and prudence. Democracy, by itself, does not provide theological or moral standards.

In democracy, as in other political forms, there are always some tendencies toward a false understanding of man's nature. Tocqueville, in his *Democracy in America*, touches on this point. Equality, he writes, suggests to Americans the idea of the infinite perfectibility of man upon earth; but this is an un-Christian concept and a fallacy. This error of perfectibility is one of the illusions to which democracies are especially prone. A distaste for the supernatural; an excessive appetite for comforts; a notion that all the problems of life may be solved by some simple formula or law—these are deceptions into which many men slide in democratic times.

For an elevated democracy cannot long endure without some sound understanding of the nature of man. And human nature cannot be apprehended without reference to a source of knowledge that transcends ordinary experience. In a society without religious conviction, Tocqueville says, men are at sea intellectually; so "they determine at least that the mechanism of society shall be firm and fixed; and, as they cannot resume their ancient belief, they assume a master."

Then the catastrophe of political absolutism falls upon democracies which have tried to make a religion out of social equality, so slipping into "the heresy of democracy," the illusion that the voice of the people is the voice of God. Christianity and the other great religions do not prescribe any particular form of politics. But religion does describe the nature of man. Our politics ought to conform to the understanding of human nature which religion offers to us. We ought not to try to remake man after the fashion of some abstract ideological image, whether that idol is called "democratic" or "aristocratic" or "Marxist" or "progressive."

Man, even democratic man, ought not to make unto himself a graven image and, defying the Decalogue, worship it. Among idols, deified political man has the most fragile feet of clay. With Tocqueville, any friend to democracy must distinguish things secular from things sacred. Democracy can ally itself with religion, but it cannot supplant religion.

Russell Kirk is the Editor of *Modern Age*, author of several books, including *The Conservative Mind*, and research professor of politics at Post College, Long Island University.
—THE EDITORS.

Sky-High Taxes Have Produced a Strange Scheme to Enrich the College Treasuries

For those whose assets include stocks or other property in which they have a profit, but are reluctant to sell out on account of the capital-gains tax, there is good news. It is just possible that a man in such a fortunate position could do better by handing the stock over to his favorite university than by keeping it himself. An outline of some possible blessings for the cheerful but canny giver appeared in an advertisement by the University of Notre Dame which appeared in *The New York Times* last December. The university proposed that "persons who have substantial unrealized capital gains" give the securities in which they have a profit outright to Notre Dame. Then, said the advertisement, "your gift of securities or other property is sold by the university without capital-gains tax and reinvested in tax-exempt bonds, the income from which is paid tax-free for life to one or two beneficiaries, one of whom may be you."

The donor thus avoids paying a capital-gains tax on the property in which he has a profit; he—and possibly his wife—is assured of a tax-exempt income for life; he may deduct a substantial part of the value of the property from his taxable income as a gift; his estate is saved part of the inheritance tax on his property and, of course, he has the "rewarding personal satisfaction" of having given something to Notre Dame—or any of several institutions which have adopted what has come to be known in tax circles as the Pomona Plan, for the college which pioneered the idea.

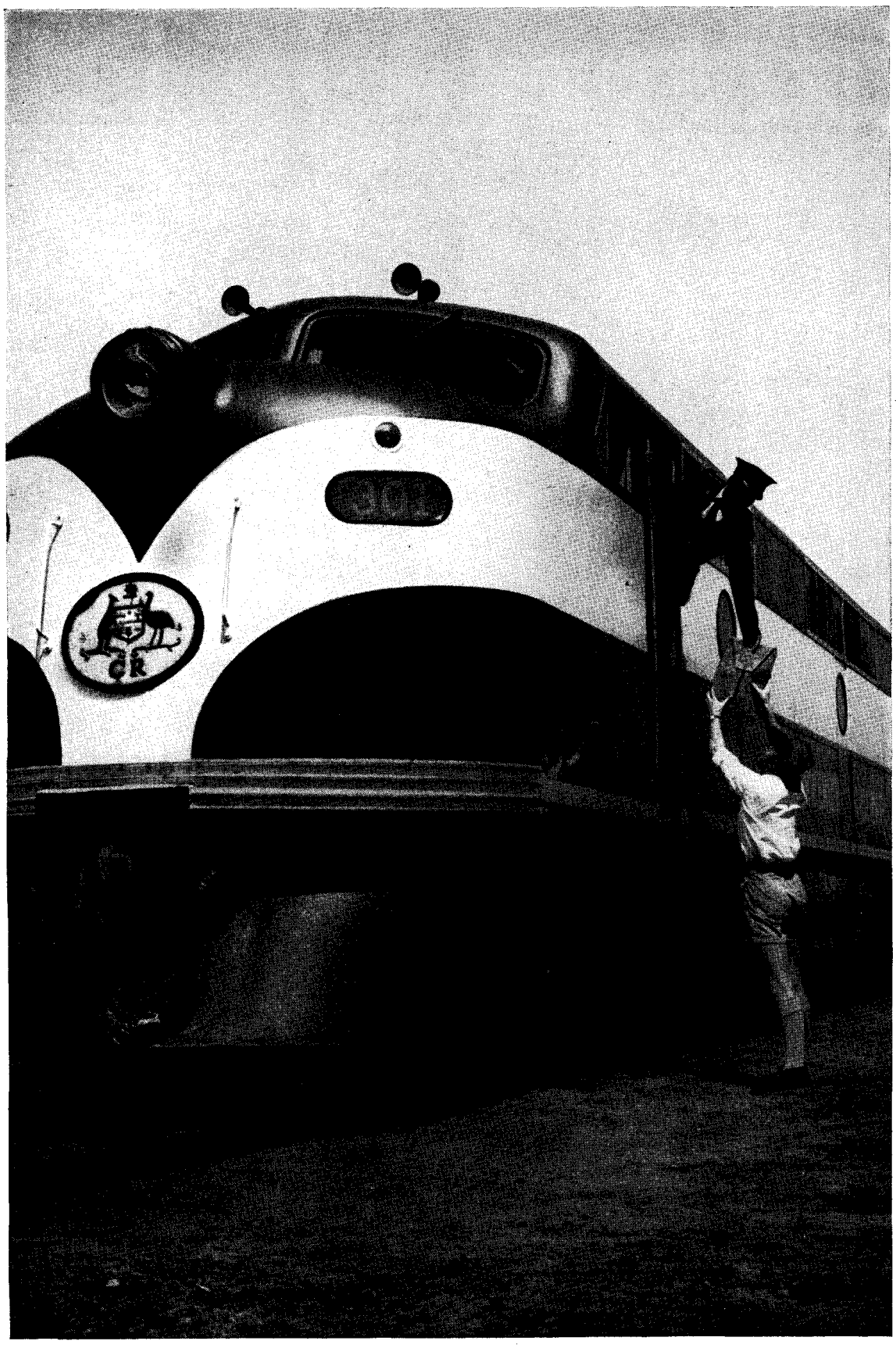
It is easy to see that for a high-bracket man charity, besides being the chief of all the virtues, could net the giver a better return than he would have received had he taken a miserly attitude toward his profitable investment. Suppose, for example, that he has a share of stock for which he paid $100 but which is now worth $1000. Obviously if he sells the stock, he will have to pay a capital-gains tax of at least $225, leaving him $775 to reinvest. At 6 per cent this would yield him $46.50 a year, subject to income tax at whatever tax bracket our hypothetical man is in. After his death his heirs would be required to pay inheritance taxes, thus further depleting the $775.

On the other hand, suppose he gives the $1000 worth of stock to Johns Hopkins, Pomona, Notre Dame or some other worthy enterprise. He pays no capital-gains tax on his $900 profit. He may deduct most of the $1000 as a gift from his taxable income. He will receive for the rest of his life, say, $45 a year at 4½ per cent, tax free. After his death Notre Dame, or whatever, gets the income, and our man's heirs can exclude one item from the part of his estate subject to inheritance tax.

It is easy to see that a man who made such an arrangement early in life might receive in tax-free income over the years at least as much as the value of the property he gave away—certainly far more than the amount he paid for it. As Pomona College conservatively claims, the plan "has increased the net spendable income for many investors." And it's wonderful for endowed educational institutions! Our tax jumble has created some strange anomalies, and this device to make some people keep more of their assets by giving them away is one of the strangest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Railroads are looking up down under in Australia



In Australia, the government recognizes that railroads are the keystone of the nation's transportation system.

So *encouragement* of the railroads is official policy—and everyone benefits.

In ten years, freight tonnage on Australian railroads went up 22%, employment went up 8% and gross revenue 146%.

* * *

In the United States by contrast, public policies tend to reflect indifference toward the railroads, while they encourage the railroads' competition.

Railroads are burdened with over-regulation and excessive taxation—while their competition uses highways, waterways and airways built and maintained by the government.

* * *

The railroads ask no special favors. All they ask is the equality of treatment and opportunity fundamental to the American concept of free enterprise. Granted this, the public would then be *assured* of the efficient, low-cost rail service which a dynamic economy and national defense demand.

ASSOCIATION OF

AMERICAN RAILROADS

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Select the best in popular albums from this

ANY FIVE for only $3.98

...if you agree to buy six additional albums within twelve months from

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB

THIS Popular Album Club trial membership offers you the finest stereo or hi-fi music being recorded today—**for far less money than you would normally pay.**

You save up to 40% with this introductory offer alone. After the trial membership, if you continue, you will **save about one third** of the manufacturer's nationally advertised price through the Club's Dividend Album Plan. This plan lets you choose a **free** regular L.P. or stereo album (depending on which division you join) with every two you buy from the Club.

Every month you are offered a wide variety of albums (up to 200 a year). One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or nothing at all—simply state your wishes on a form always provided. For regular L.P. albums you will pay the nationally advertised price—usually $3.98, at times $4.98; for stereo albums you will pay the nationally advertised price of $4.98, at times $5.98 (plus—in all cases—a small charge for postage and handling).

ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH, 33⅓ R. P. M.

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*

2. Hottest album of year! All-star modern "mood" jazz—combo and big band—from NBC-TV series. *Fallout!*, more.

203. Hot-selling sequel to year's top album stars Shelly Manne, other West Coast jazz giants. *A Quiet Gass, Spook!*, etc.

9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*

10. Lanza at his greatest—12 Italian favorites: *Funiculi' Funicula', Santa Lucia, Maria Mari', Voce 'e notte.*

11. Miller-styled modern repertoire, Ray McKinley. *Birdland, On the Street Where You Live, Mine, Anything Goes.*

19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, The Peanut Vendor*, etc.

20. Hi-fi remakes of his 12 biggest rumba, samba, bolero, etc., hits. *Green Eyes, Adios, Oye Negra, Mambo No. 5, Baia*, etc.

21. Cha chas, hot and cool, by Prado's crackling big band. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee*, 9 more.

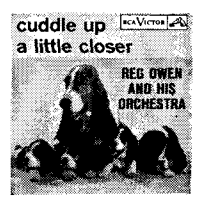
23. Cha-cha versions of top Latin tunes: *Frenesi, Yours, Perfidia, Brazil, Tampico, Cuban Pete, Port-au-Pleasure*, others.

24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine*, more.

25. Absolutely the last word in sound, performance—the greatest *Gaité* of all! *Gayne* excerpts include the *Sabre Dance.*

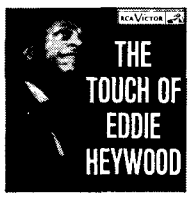
26. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango.*

27. 12 dance-mood specials by famed trio plus strings: *I'll Get By, I'm in the Mood for Love, Melancholy Baby*, 9 more.

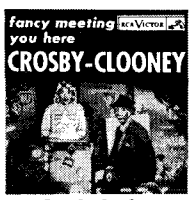


28. 12 plush, romantic mood setters for a bachelor apartment—*Pretty Baby, Thou Swell, Let's Put Out the Lights*, etc.

36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*

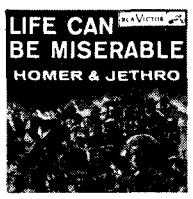


37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*



38. Standards plus special material, fun-filled ad libs, sassy Billy May scorings. *Isle of Capri, Hindustan, Brazil*, etc.

39. 12 airy dance specials. *Once in Love with Amy, That Old Feeling, Dream Boat, Midnight Sun, Heartaches*, others.

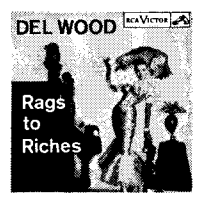


40. Wacky banjo-pickin' country comics fracture hit songs, special material. *Oh Lonesome Me*, 11 more laugh-getters.

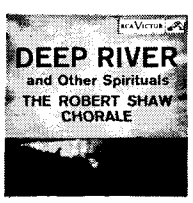
41. Laugh a second! Kraut-sour German band plays (?) concert pieces, waltzes, marches, polkas, etc., in highest fi.

42. Suave, modern big-band jazz; top West Coast stars. *Chances Are, Everybody Loves a Lover*, plus 10 other recent hits.

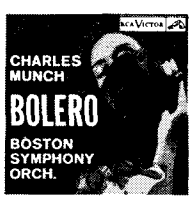
45. Ultraromantic piano with orchestra. *They Can't Take That Away from Me, Autumn in Rome, Secret Love*, 12 in all.



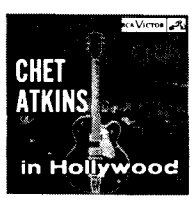
47. Hot, happy HONKY-TONK PIANO special! Ricky-ticklers like *My Gal Sal, Side by Side, Hello Ma Baby*, etc.



56. 16 timeless spirituals. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Dry Bones; Every Time I Feel the Spirit; Set Down, Servant*; more.



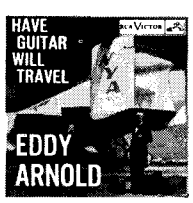
57. Modern classics: Ravel's *Bolero, La Valse, Rapsodie Espagnole* plus Debussy's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun.*



58. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves*, 12 in all.

59. Society's leading maestro plays 41 varitempoed dance gems. Medleys from *Gigi, Oklahoma!, Can-Can*, etc.

60. In dramatic hi fi, world-famous Spanish group sings, plays 17 songs of Spain, Italy, Portugal and France.

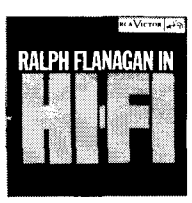


61. Singalogue by country-pop star. *Kentucky Babe, Idaho, Georgia on My Mind, Carolina in the Morning, Indiana*, etc.

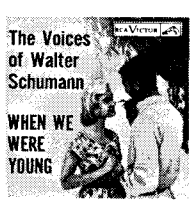
62. Tender love songs and ballads. *Fifteen* (theme of *The World, the Flesh and the Devil*), *Delia's Gone*, 10 others.

TEAR OUT THIS POSTAGE-FREE CARD
—fill it in and mail it today. You'll receive your five albums by return mail.

71. 13 rousing party perkers. Jacket lists recipes. *Heart of My Heart, Beer Barrel Polka, Sweet Adeline*, others.



73. Remakes of the band's biggest hits. *Hot Toddy, My Hero, Where or When, Street of Dreams, Penthouse Serenade*, etc.



74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*

75. 65-man group sings 15 authentic Irish favorites. *The Rose of Tralee, Killarney, Come Back to Erin, The Minstrel Boy.*

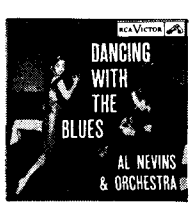
76. Rollicking tortoni troubadour sings happy ones — *Hey, Gumbaree; Where Do You Work, Marie?*; etc., plus ballads.

78. TV emcee Troup's relaxed singing with top jazz stars Benny Carter, Bud Shank, Conte Candoli, etc. Danceable, too.

79. Teen-age rock-and-roll singer-songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, The Diary*, other originals—*Stupid Cupid*, etc.

80. Aged-in-the-jazzwood vocals of *Memphis Blues, My Melancholy Baby, Someday You'll Be Sorry*, more.

81. TV's first lady at her warmest. *I'll Remember April, What's New?, I Fall in Love Too Easily, These Foolish Things*, etc.

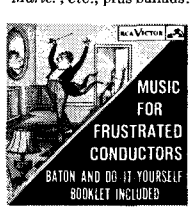


93. Distinctive dance stylings by Al Nevins' swing band plus bluesy strings. *Sugar Blues, Basin Street Blues*, 10 others.

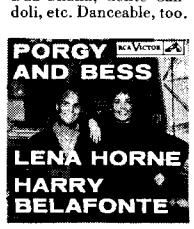
94. *Bluebird of Happiness, Because, Around the World, I Believe, Granada, September Song, Without a Song*, others.

96. Romantic, colorful mood setters, lushly recorded. *Laura, The Man I Love, Solitude, Hora Staccato*, others.

97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi fi! Also vintage piano rolls by Fats Waller, Zez Confrey and others.



98. Do it yourself! Conduct light classics. Real baton, instructions included. *Sabre Dance*, Strauss waltzes, others.



100. Two super-stars render 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. A current best-seller.

200. Smoothly arranged swingers include *Linda, St. Louis Blues, I've Got You Under My Skin, Donkey Serenade.*

201. Dreamy hi-fi trip to romantic places. *Around the World, Paris in the Spring, On a Slow Boat to China*, etc.

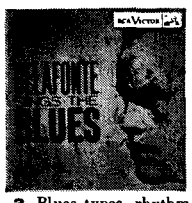
202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio*, Schubert's *Ave Maria.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

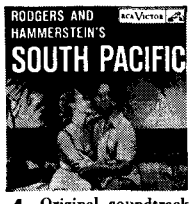
up-to-date list of RCA VICTOR best-sellers

EITHER STEREO or REGULAR L.P.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED
PRICES TOTAL UP TO $29.90

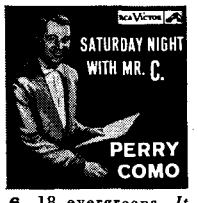


3. Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah I Love Her So, One for My Baby, Fare Thee Well, God Bless the Child.*

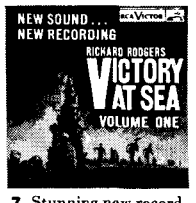


4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Gaynor, R. Brazzi.

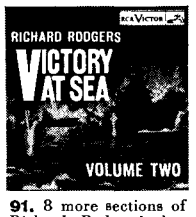
5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.



6. 18 evergreens. *It Could Happen to You, Love Letters, When I Fall in Love, Birth of the Blues, You Made Me Love You.*

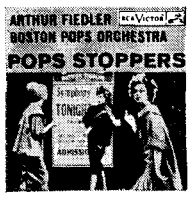


7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.

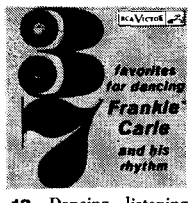


91. 8 more sections of Richard Rodgers' dramatic TV score. De luxe package includes bound-in booklet, photos.

8. Brand-new production of Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Howard Keel, Gogi Grant and Anne Jeffreys.



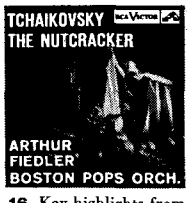
12. *Jalousie* and other Pops Stoppers, recut. *Liebestraum, Ritual Fire Dance, Skaters Waltz, España Rhapsody*, others.



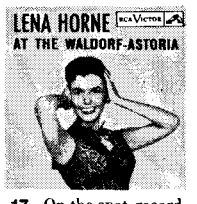
13. Dancing, listening delight. Sunny piano-with-rhythm medleys of fox trots, waltzes, lindys, by Porter, Kern, etc.

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own*, etc.

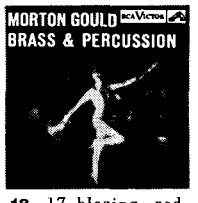
15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut.*



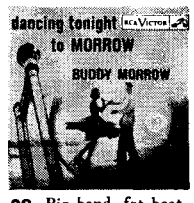
16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers*, etc.



17. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus *It's All Right with Me, Mood Indigo, Honeysuckle Rose.*

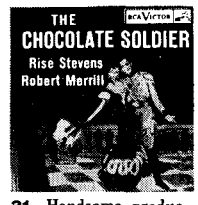


18. 17 blazing, red-blooded marches include 12 Sousa and Goldman classics. *Stars and Stripes Forever, On the Mall*, etc.

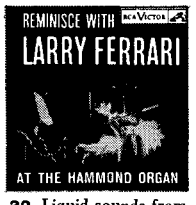


29. Big band, fat beat, 12 varied dance favorites by college prom king. *Margie, Sleepy-Time Gal, I'll Be Around, Cherry.*

30. Colorful pipes, drums, Black Watch Band in a sonic treat! Marches, folk favorites plus Harry Lauder medley.



31. Handsome production of Straus operetta stars Risë Stevens, Robert Merrill, Jo Sullivan. *My Hero, Sympathy*, etc.



32. Liquid sounds from Hammond organ. *Over the Rainbow, Ebb Tide, Sweet Leilani, Jalousie, Moonlight Cocktail*, 7 others.

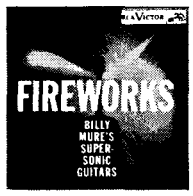
33. Rich baritone of the Billy Graham Crusade sings *God Will Take Care of You, My Saviour's Love, God Is So Good.*

34. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. Different! *Red River Valley*, 10 more.

35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays, Bewitched, The Thrill Is Gone, Summertime*, more.

48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmirk Suite; Anvils, of Course*; more.

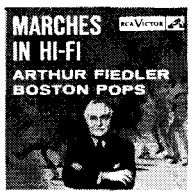
50. Lerner & Loewe (writers of *My Fair Lady*) Academy Award winning score. Stars Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.



51. Virtuoso engineering, musicianship. *The Peanut Vendor, Jealous, For Me and My Gal, By the Beautiful Sea*, etc.

52. Mighty pipe-organ sounds, colors, plus 24 favorites by Gershwin, Friml, Youmans, Rodgers, Romberg, others.

53. More than 45 instruments form the "biggest battery of percussion west of Cape Canaveral." Hi-fi *must!*



54. 15 strutting marches by diverse composers. *Colonel Bogey, 76 Trombones, March of the Toys, Yankee Doodle, Dixie.*

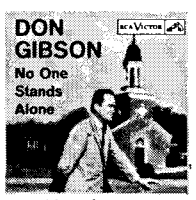
55. 12 other-worldish scorings for modern big band, piano, singers. *Granada, Begin the Beguine, Night and Day.*

63. Oriental orchestral feast! Colorful sounds magnificently recorded. Voluptuous, melodious, familiar themes.

65. The dancing-listening surprise package of the year. Swing beat, modern sound. *Baubles, Bangles and Beads*, etc.

66. Dozen happy hops and waltzes. *Vass Iss Dass? Polka, Laughing Sailor, Ginger Polka, Mandolina Waltz*, others.

67. Most unusual, exotic album of 1959. SOUNDMOODscapes of oriental humor, romance, intrigue. 11 offbeat treats.

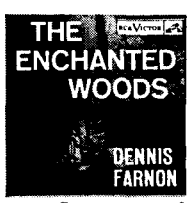


68. 12 soul-satisfiers by the *Oh Lonesome Me* star. New ones include *Faith Unlocks the Door, My God Is Real*, etc.

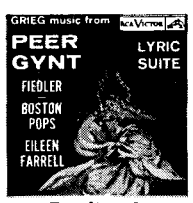
69. His biggest hits re-recorded in hi fi. *There, I've Said It Again; Riders in the Sky; Racing with the Moon; Ballerina*; etc.

70. 14 thrillingly hi-fi marches by Britain's finest regimental band. *The Thin Red Line, Fame and Glory, Scipio*, lots more.

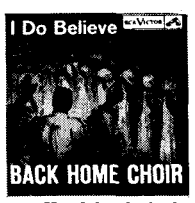
83. Glorious new production of Romberg's operetta starring Giorgio Tozzi, large cast. Lehman Engel, conductor.



85. Gorgeous sound, dreamy dance fare with woodwinds and rhythm. *I Hear a Rhapsody You Are Too Beautiful*, etc.

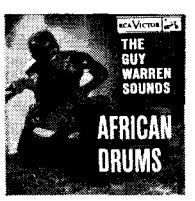


86. Familiar classics. *Anitra's Dance, Hall of the Mountain King, Morning*, etc. Eileen Farrell sings *Solvejg's Song.*



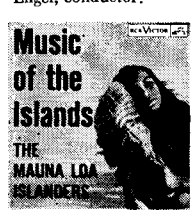
87. Uninhibited, rhythmic, moving renditions of 12 Negro spirituals by one of the most popular, authentic mixed choirs.

88. Soft, intimate jazz with Tyree Glenn, Hank Jones, bassist Bell featured. *All the Way, The Party's Over, Love Nest.*

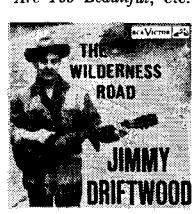


89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*

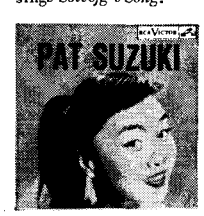
90. Crack quartet sings 12 many-mooded hits. *Lazy River, My Blue Heaven, Pretend, J'Attendrai, Shine*, etc.



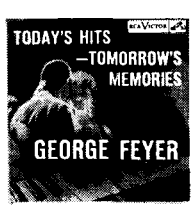
204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song*, etc.



205. NARAS award-winning tunesmith sings his own hit *Tennessee Stud* plus 11 folk songs for the whole family.



206. Ballads and "belters" by new vocal sensation. *Star Dust, As Time Goes By, Daddy, Be My Love*, more.



207. Elegant piano versions of 12 recent quality hits. *All the Way, Around the World, Tammy, Just in Time, Volare*, etc.

208. New hi-fi version of Friml-Hammerstein hit. Julie Andrews, Giorgio Tozzi. *Indian Love Call*, other favorites.

IMPORTANT—PLEASE NOTE

Regular (monaural) long-playing records can be played on stereophonic phonographs; in fact, they will sound better than ever. However, stereophonic records are designed to be played **ONLY ON STEREOPHONIC EQUIPMENT.**

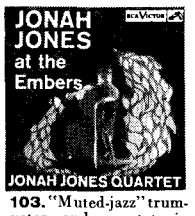
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

SWING • JAZZ • VOCAL
(Regular L. P. Only)

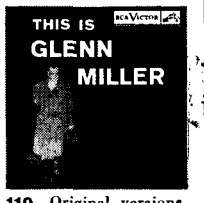
These are the incomparable originals. RCA VICTOR engineers have improved the sound and surfaces of the older recordings to enhance your enjoyment.

101. 16 gems from the great 1940-42 band (with Webster, Hodges, etc.). *Take the "A" Train, Cotton Tail, Main Stem*, etc.

102. 12 Dixieland classics in highest fi. *Muskrat Ramble, Tiger Rag, Tin Roof Blues, Panama, That's A-Plenty*, etc.

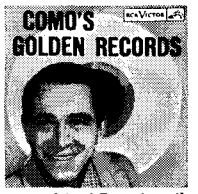


103. "Muted-jazz" trumpeter and quartet—in hi fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, Lullaby of Birdland*, etc.

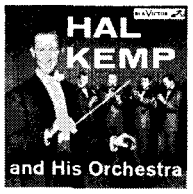


110. Original versions of Miller's dance hits: *Serenade in Blue, Adios, At Last, Pavane, Danny Boy, Anvil Chorus*, etc.

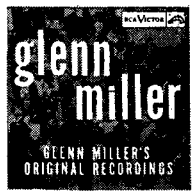
123. Classic sound-enhanced Caruso favorites: *Vesti la giubba, La donna è mobile, Cielo e mar, Una furtiva lagrima*, more.



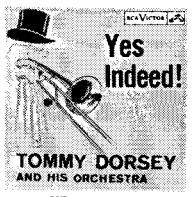
124. 14 of Perry's million-sellers since 1945. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, Round and Round*, etc.



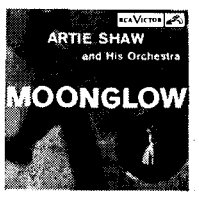
134. Original versions. Skinnay Ennis, Bob Allen. *Got a Date with an Angel, Lamplight, Remember Me*, 9 more.



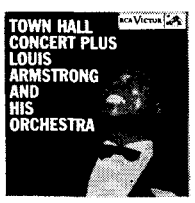
145. *In The Mood, Moonlight Serenade, Kalamazoo, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, Pennsylvania 6-5000*, etc.



148. With Sinatra, Stafford Pied Pipers, Berigan, Rich. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Opus No. 1*, etc.



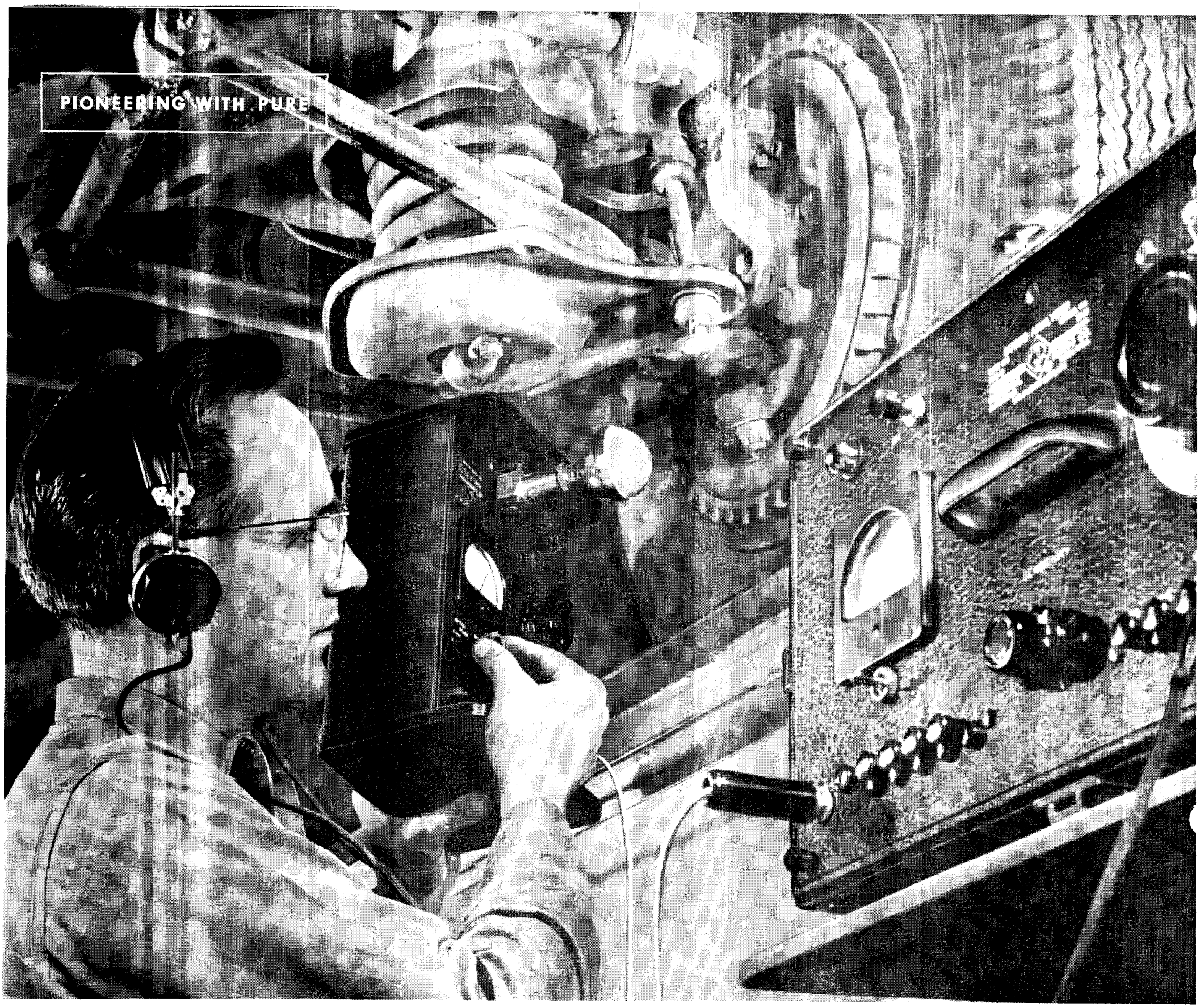
183. Artie's 12 biggest hits. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust, Frenesi, Nightmare* (theme), *Temptation, Dancing in the Dark.*



187. *Highlights* of historic 1947 concert with Teagarden, Hackett *et al.* 12 jazz classics.

192. Original hits with Krupa, James, Berigan, Hampton, etc. *Sing Sing Sing, Don't Be That Way.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Pure Oil technician checks a test car for squeaks

How Pure Oil helped Detroit quiet down a noise problem

Ball-joint suspensions gave a mighty smooth ride, but they developed a habit of crunching and groaning . . . until PURE researchers found the answer

When manufacturers introduced new ball-joint suspensions, new-car buyers started out by experiencing a quieter, smoother ride. But then, dealers began getting complaints about front-end groans, hard steering, and a ride that wasn't quite as smooth as it had been.

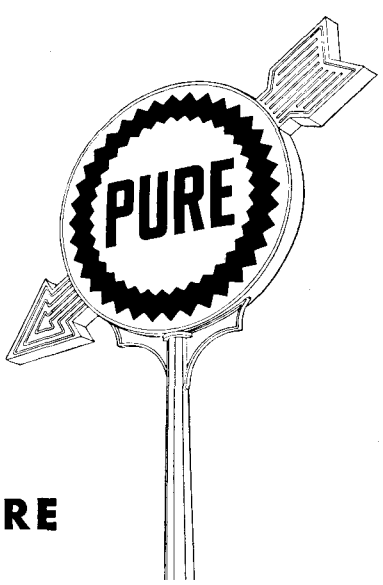
What happened was that as the ball-joint absorbed shocks, passing them on to the grease inside, it knocked the grease right out of the joint. No conventional grease would stay put under the pounding.

So an SOS went out for a new lubricant that would.

Pure Oil researchers went to work. They came up with a new kind of lubricant, "Purelube Golden-Grease", that not only solves the ball-joint problem, but does all the other lubricating jobs on a car better than ordinary grease. The "secret" lies in a special additive that "grease-plates" parts, so they stay lubricated under conditions far worse than they'll ever encounter in actual service. Several million miles of tests prove it.

New Purelube Golden-Grease is another of the significant advances from Pure Oil research. It's another of the reasons why you can be *sure* at the nearly 16,000 Pure Oil dealers in 24 states.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago 1, Ill.



BE SURE WITH PURE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WALTER PALITTI

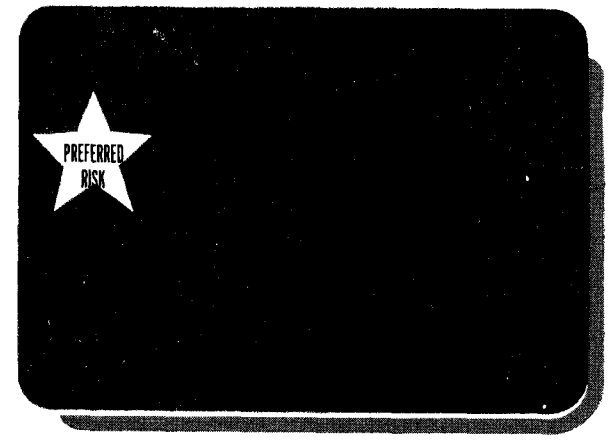
president of a successful Vancouver, B.C. dairy, active civic fund-raiser and barbecue gourmet, is a typical Safeco "Preferred Risk" driver. Safeco Insurance Company of America was proud to commission Stan Galli, nationally famous artist, to make this portrait sketch.

"Safe driving brings cash savings with Safeco"

"Responsible people who drive with a firm belief in the rights of others deserve better insurance at a lower cost. I value my Safeco Gold Card and Safeco's outstanding protection."

If you take *your* driving seriously, you may qualify for special recognition, too. Besides important cash savings,* Safeco offers you fast, personal claim service – throughout the U.S. and Canada. Your nearby, professional Safeco agent is ready to give you a lower, "Preferred Risk" insurance rate today. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages or write Dept. A-15, Seattle, Washington.

Available in most states. Savings through dividends in some states.



ARE YOU A "PREFERRED RISK"? Earning Safeco's exclusive Gold Card is not a matter of wealth or position. Any responsible person who drives with care and caution can qualify for Safeco Auto Insurance.

SAFECO INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Companion Companies: **GENERAL** Insurance Company of America (offering money-saving "All-In-One" Homeowners Policy) and **LIFECO** Insurance Company of America (years ahead approach to life insurance)

Home Office: Seattle. Division Offices: New York, Atlanta, St. Louis, Dallas, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver, Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you move...
Trust Everything to Your Allied Man

"On a 'company move,' we want dependability," says John C. Harvey
"And, since all big movers charge a standard rate, we call Allied
—the largest, most trusted mover in the business."

"This is my idea of moving! We called in the Allied men and turned the whole job over to them," says Mr. Harvey, formerly of Chicago and now of Spokane. "We've learned that you can depend on Allied for a smooth move every time."

When it's *your* move, let the Allied man take over the work and worry. He'll plan and schedule your entire move. He'll give you reliable estimates and a better choice of moving dates. He's trained in modern packing methods and careful handling. And you pay no more to get the best in the business. In all 50 states or world-wide, trust everything to your Allied man.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Safer protection for glassware, china. Allied's Kleen Pack® is faster and cleaner, too. Each piece is wrapped separately and then placed in compartmented carton.

Crushproof cartons for lampshades. Your fragile lampshades are carefully wrapped in tissue and packed one to a carton. Trust your Allied man to pack them right!

Thick, quilted pads guard appliances from chips, nicks and scratches. TV and Hi-fi sets, fine furniture are padded and protected with heavy scratchproof covers.

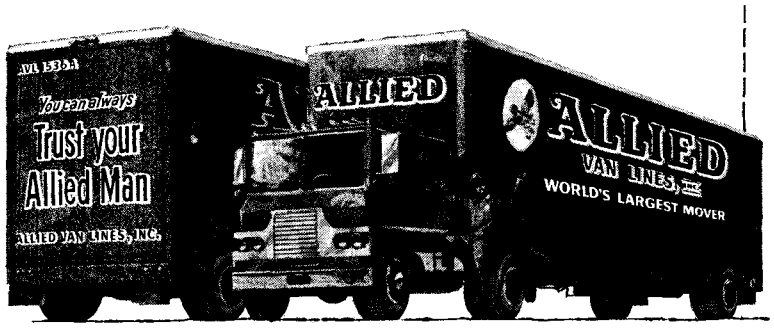
Crating mirrors, pictures calls for special skills. Your Allied man's an expert at crating large pieces. Trust him to pack fine antiques, and move them safely.

Clothing arrives fresh, wrinkle-free in these big dustproof wardrobes. Bedding is sealed in dustproof cartons. Mattresses are protected in sturdy mattress cartons.

Safe, modern storage. Every one of the more than 700 Allied agents owns his own warehouse. Trust him for safe, reliable, "neighborhood" storage when you need it.

Allied *world's largest* Van Lines

When it's your move, phone your Allied Man.
Look under "Allied Van Lines" in your phone book.



FREE FACTS ABOUT MOVING

Allied Van Lines, Inc., Dept. P1
25th & Roosevelt Road, Broadview, Ill.

Please send me free literature on modern moving and the moving services I have checked below.

Household Moving ☐ *New Methods of Storage* ☐
Electronics—High Value Products Moving ☐
Office—Institutional Moving ☐ *Display—Exhibit Moving* ☐

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLORS FOR EVERY FIBER AND FABRIC FROM ALLIED CHEMICAL

Better cottons through new low-cost bleaching. These two dresses look alike—but are they? Far from it! The one at the right is made of cotton bleached by our Solvay Process Division's activated hydrogen peroxide method. This new process yields cottons of higher purity and greater brightness, with less tendency to yellow. Cuts the cost of bleach chemicals up to 50%, too.

NATIONAL, CARBANTHRENE, LANAMID, NABOR and PARA are Allied Chemical trademarks.

For whatever you wear—a NATIONAL dye. Chances are that whatever you're wearing—right now—is colored with a NATIONAL dye. For our National Aniline Division makes dyes for every fiber, every fabric. There are dyes for yarns, piece goods, prints, synthetics—even leather. Some of the more popular NATIONAL dyes for the textile industry: CARBANTHRENE vat dyes for cotton, LANAMID premetallized dyes for wool and nylon, NABOR dyes for acrylics, PARA dyes for leather.

Ideas from Allied for textiles are typical of Allied ideas for all *industry. If you're a businessman, and would like to find out how we can help you, just write to Allied Chemical Corporation, Dept. 36-P, 61 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y., or phone HAnover 2-7300.*

DIVISIONS:

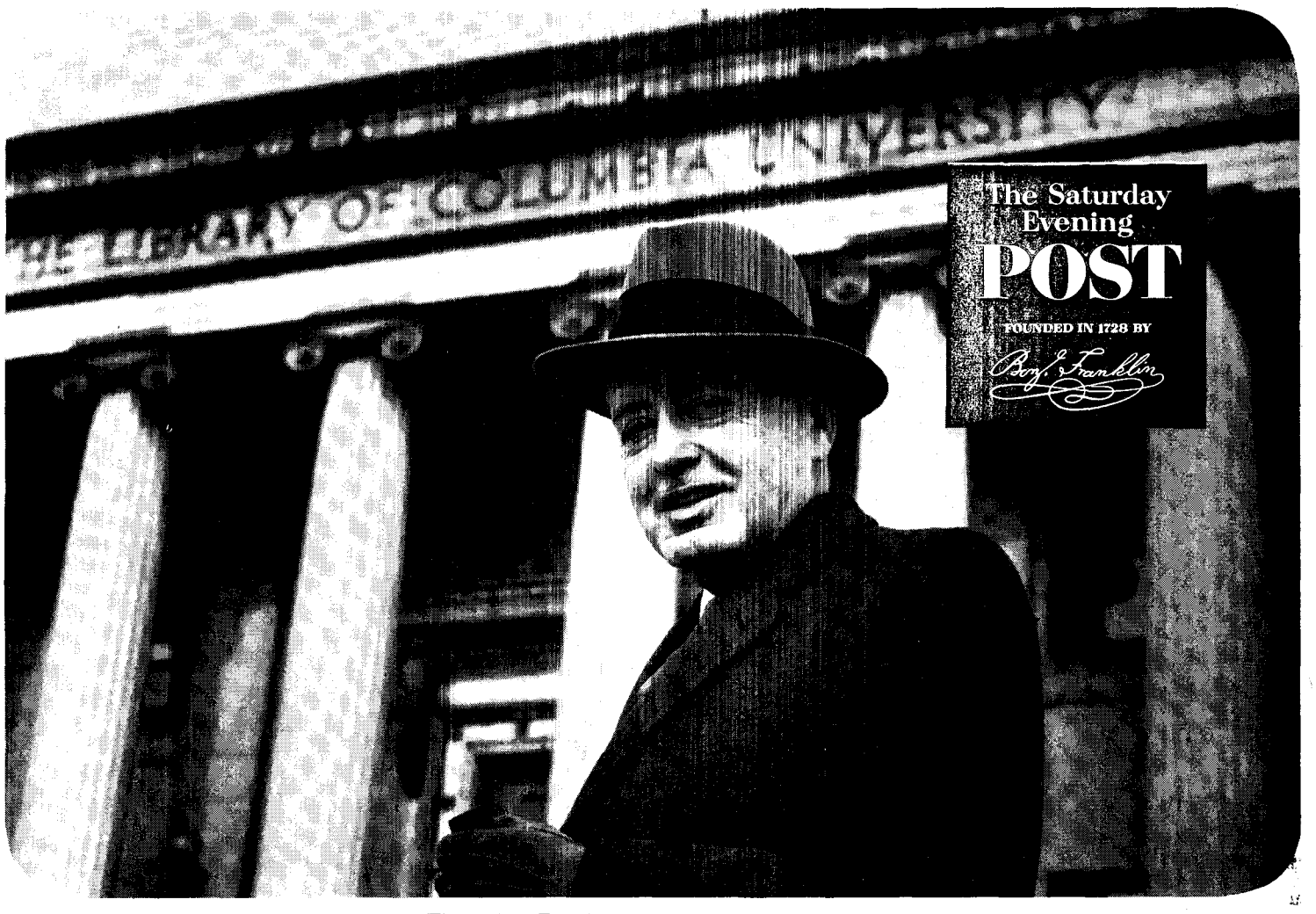
BARRETT
GENERAL CHEMICAL • INTERNATIONAL
NATIONAL ANILINE • NITROGEN
PLASTICS AND COAL CHEMICALS
SEMET-SOLVAY • SOLVAY PROCESS

In Canada:
Allied Chemical Canada, Ltd., Montreal

Allied Chemical

BASIC TO AMERICA'S PROGRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The author. For his personal history, see page 122.

By Dr. GRAYSON KIRK, *President of Columbia University*, as told to Stanley Frank

College Shouldn't Take Four Years

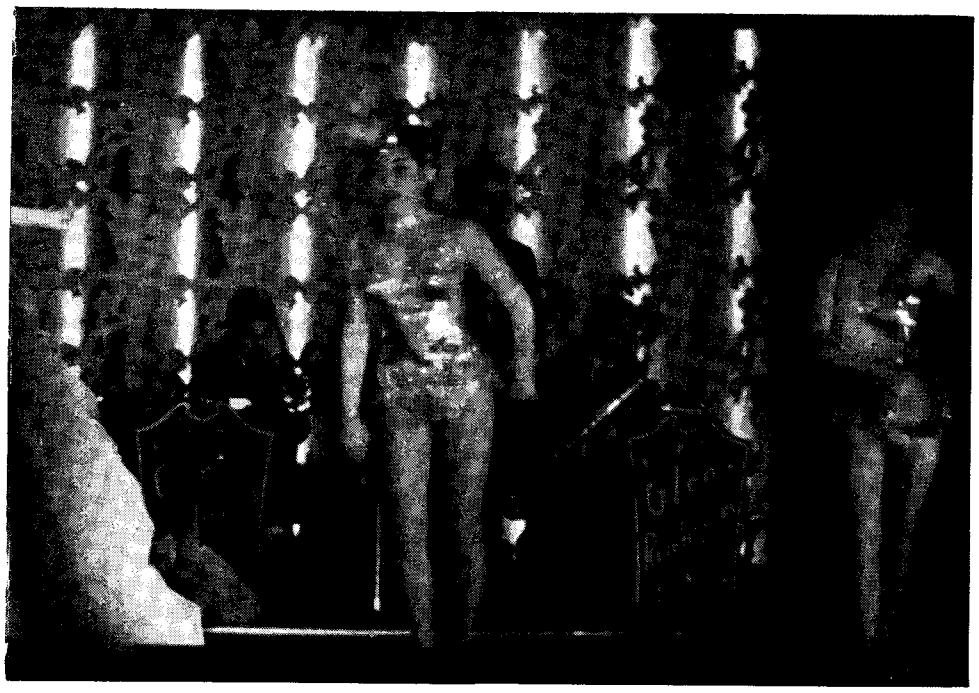
A leading American educator proposes a nationwide, three-year "trimester system" which he says will benefit the student, the college and the nation.

It is a wry commentary on our colleges, presumably the incubators of progressive ideas, that they are operating on a schedule geared to the seventeenth century. Four years still is the prescribed period for earning a bachelor's degree in the arts or sciences, despite decisive evidence that such a leisurely pace falls far short of utilizing efficiently the students' capabilities and the schools' facilities. Four years in some adolescent playpens that are called centers of learning may be a pleasant interlude for young people, but it is a luxury which they, their parents, the colleges and the country no longer can afford.

The most insistent problem in higher education today is the necessity to reduce the time spent in preparation for careers. The trend toward specialization and the mounting emphasis on postgraduate work require men and women entering professions to devote nearly half their productive lives to academic instruction before they can begin to support themselves and contribute their knowledge to the public welfare. This is not only an intolerable social and economic waste; it is also deterring many of our ablest students from applying their talents to essential fields.

Our critical shortage of teachers generally is attributed to low salaries, but I believe another, equally significant, factor has been ignored. Only a minute fraction of the college (Continued on Page 108)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Glen Rendezvous Club, Newport, Kentucky. This establishment offers a girl show and authentic French cooking along with the usual gaming devices of a casino.

Roulette at the Beverly Hills Club in Southgate, a town which borders Newport. Above are a spotter (left) and two croupiers.

The dealer pays off in a game of twenty-one at the Yorkshire, one of Newport's busiest dens. It opens at 11 A.M. seven days a week and remains open as long as there are customers betting.

Kentucky's Open City

By JAMES A. MAXWELL

Newport, Kentucky, flourishes as one of the nation's biggest illegal gambling centers. Here is how it stays that way.

Photographs by Anne and Larry Keighley

In early 1959 a number of Protestant ministers and highly respectable, churchgoing laymen of Newport, Kentucky, were spending many of their evenings in a most unseemly fashion. They patronized bars, shot craps, played roulette and placed bets on horses in the various casinos around the city, bought liquor after hours and frequented street corners where they knew they'd be most likely to be approached by the local Jezebels.

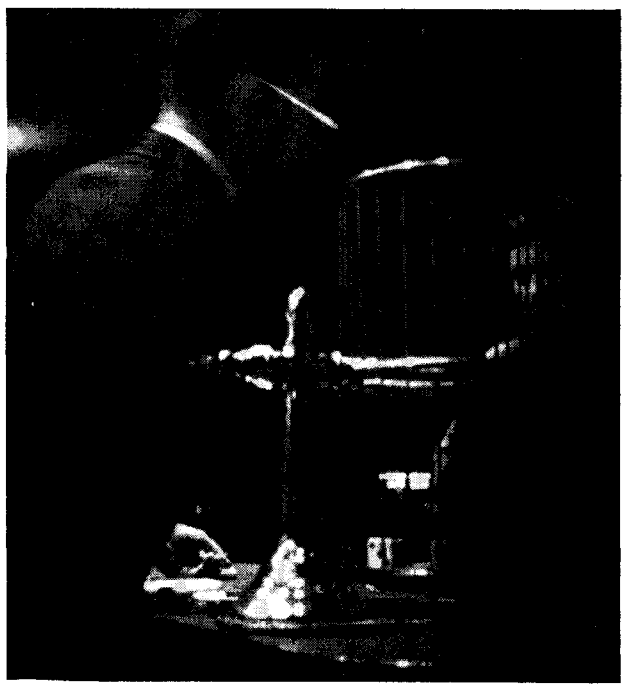
The reason for this seeming departure from rectitude became known in February when the clergymen and parishioners, representing the Social Action Committee of the Newport Ministerial Association, appeared before the Campbell County Grand Jury to seek indictments of Newport's mayor, city manager, police chief, chief of detectives, liquor administrator and all four city commissioners for nonfeasance of office.

The testimony presented against the officials was voluminous and detailed. Gambling was flourishing openly throughout the town. State and city laws governing the sale of alcoholic beverages were being flouted. Prostitution, or at least solicitation—the investigation was understandably incomplete in this area—was prospering with almost no police interference.

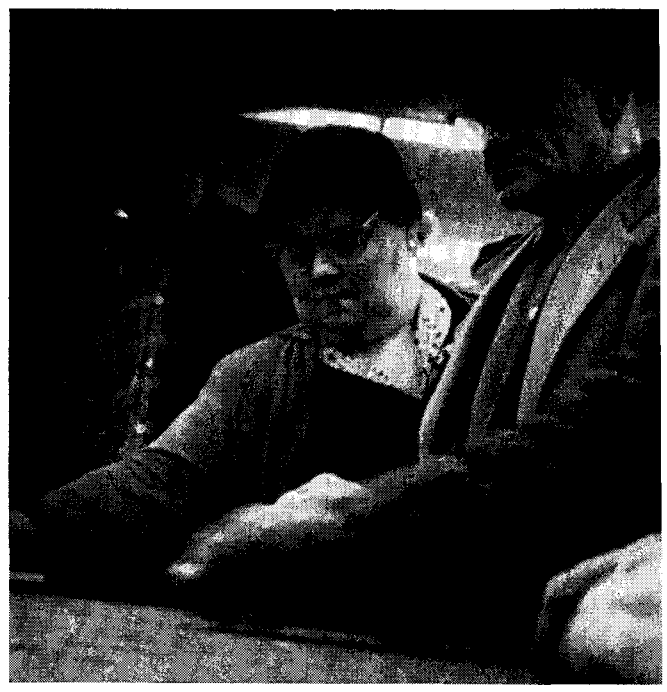
These conditions, the witnesses said, were a matter of common knowledge—numerous newspaper reports were introduced to support this contention—and because the city fathers had done nothing to correct the situation, they had obviously and deliberately failed to carry out their oaths of office. Impeachment was, therefore, demanded.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black-jack players bucking the house at the Beverly Hills. Here, well-known entertainers such as Joe E. Lewis and Martha Raye are regular attractions.



A woman playing chuck-a-luck also at the Beverly Hills. Nearby Cincinnati provides most of the patrons for Newport-area gambling halls, says the author.



A game of hazard—played with three dice—at the Yorkshire Club. In Newport, gambling is an estimated $20,000,000-a-year business.

To the astonishment of almost no one familiar with the customs and mores of this northern Kentucky city, the grand jury had little interest in such harsh measures. In its final report before disbanding, the jury admitted that it had been presented with indisputable evidence of widespread illegal activities in the city, but this, the jurors felt, would be a prissy reason for endangering the municipal posts of nine amiable men. Therefore, there would be no indictments. With world-weary tolerance the jury concluded in its statement that, "Mankind, having been born in sin, will ever be prey to the temptations of sin."

"I wish those guys had been thinkin' that way when they had me up there on a burglary rap," one accused malefactor is reported to have said wistfully while reading a newspaper in his cell the next day.

In taking a lenient view of Newport's foibles, the grand jury was only following a course set by innumerable other such bodies in the past. With the exception of a few brief periods of uneasy experimentation with reform, Newport has been a wide-open town and one of the nation's big centers for illegal gambling for about sixty years.

The 1920's were Newport's gaudiest period. The town was then a popular refuge for bootleggers, gangsters and assorted dubious characters who, for one reason or another, found it advisable to absent themselves temporarily from the police or business associates in other cities. Violence became commonplace in northern Kentucky, and law enforcement was about on a par with that in Cicero, Illinois, in the heyday of Chicago mobsters' activities there.

The brothels of Newport did everything but put up electric signs and take space in the newspapers to advertise their presence. Gambling was not restricted to casinos and saloons. Almost every drugstore, candy shop, grocery and dry-cleaning establishment had slot machines on display. Liquor flowed as though the Eighteenth Amendment had never been added to the Constitution.

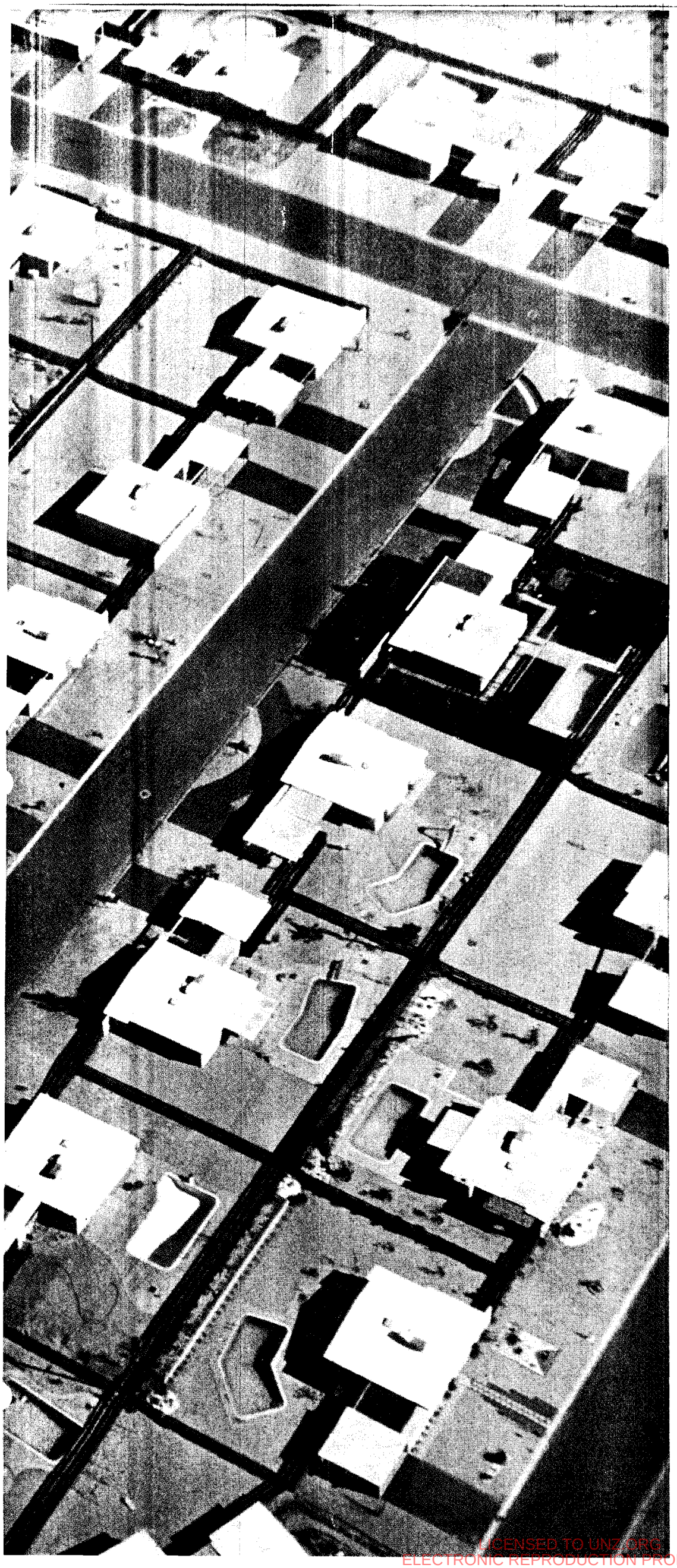
Although the city has become considerably more circumspect since that time, the citizens have never shown a burning desire for a radical change in the basic *modus vivendi*.

The experience of the most recent reform movement is typical. In the November, 1949, election a group of candidates won the approval of the voters with a mild "clean-up-but-don't-close-up-Newport" platform. However, when the new officials took over, they found that the gamblers, café owners and liquor dealers, long accustomed to unfettered operation, fretted under even such minor restrictions as legal closing hours and no sales on Sunday. Soon the regulations were being generally ignored. (Continued on Page 82)

Above: The Rev. Dudley Pomeroy, a Baptist pastor of Newport, with a group of his young people. He feels that abolition of gambling is probably hopeless, and would settle for a cleanup that merely meant "no sale of liquor to minors, observance of legal closing hours and stamping out of prostitution." Left: Letter carrier Christian Seifried, chairman of the city's Social Action Committee, a reform group. "We know we can't change things overnight," he says, "but eventually we'll win."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Life in the Desert

Gone are the days when a private swimming pool was a mark of superior status—at least in Palm Springs, California. To be without a pool in Palm Springs is to be underprivileged, eccentric or poor—and there are no acknowledged poor in this desert spa 105 miles southeast of Los Angeles. At left is one small portion of the new residential construction spreading in checkerboard pattern across the former wasteland, much of which belongs to the Agua Caliente Indians, or was purchased or leased from them. The Indians' tax-exempt land, once worthless, is now tremendously valuable, and the Calientes are shrewdly taking their time about developing it. Palm Springs has more than 2000 swimming pools. If every resident went for a swim at the same time, no one would have to share his pool with more than six others, and thirty to thirty-five new pools are dug each month. Curiously—and happily—in this arid land, it costs only about seven dollars to fill an average pool with water piped from the San Jacinto Mountains, or drawn from the town's deep wells. The desert overcame the ancient city of Kish, they say; but Palm Springs has overcome the desert.

Photograph by Joern Gerdts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Do you think you'll be happy with a professional gambler, Miss Andrews?" he said.

How do you tell a woman she's in love with a heel?

Gambler's Girl

By WILLIAM HEUMAN

There were two things that Kirby Grant, pilot and captain of the upper Missouri River stern wheeler, *Western Star*, did not like about Sharp Granville, the gambler. One was the color of Granville's hair—a sleek, silky, unnatural blond, as fine as spun gold—and the other, his eyes. Sharp's eyes were green, green and cold, with tiny little devil lights dancing in them. They were the eyes of a man who could sit on your chest and calmly cut out your heart, and smile all the way through the operation.

Granville leaned against the wall in the pilothouse, the rich aroma of his cigar filling the little room, and he said softly, "And how do you like this one, Captain Grant?"

Kirby Grant wanted to curse him to hell and back again. He wanted to turn around and smash that smiling face into a pulp, but he stood at the wheel, keeping the *Western Star* out in mid-river as they were going downstream, moving around Buffalo Bend and heading toward Chute No. 3, which opened dead ahead of them.

He was a bigger man than Granville, who was fully six feet tall, and he had the weight in the shoulders and the thickness in the neck. His hair was black and close-cropped, and his gray-blue eyes were worried as he looked down at the slender, brown-haired girl sitting in the chair on the texas deck below, watching the big, brown Missouri River.

"What would happen," Kirby said grimly, "if I were to mention to Miss Andrews tonight that it is a well-known fact on the lower river that you have a wife in New Orleans, and that you've been living with another woman in Natchez, and that you probably have a woman in every port from New Orleans to St. Louis?"

Sharp Granville laughed lightly. "Julia would never believe you," he observed. "I have already informed her that in every port she will find envious men who will seek to destroy my character. I have even told her about this rumor that I have a wife in New Orleans, and I have assured her that it is simply that—a rumor."

"You're a dog," Kirby said gratingly. "A vicious dog." He pointed the bow of the *Western Star* toward Chute No. 3, carefully moving around a hidden ledge of rock known as Shark Tooth along this stretch of river. Then as the packet slipped into the cutoff which would save them a good forty miles of river, Kirby saw Miss Julia Andrews, formerly the one and only schoolteacher in the town of Bannerman on the upper Missouri, get up from her chair and stroll down toward the cabins.

She glanced up toward the pilothouse as she moved along the texas, and she nodded and smiled pleasantly to Kirby, not seeing Sharp Granville, who was a few yards back near the doorway.

Julia was young, and she had clear brown eyes to go with the brown hair, and there were some freckles on her face put there by the hot upper-river sun, because she'd spent a full year at Bannerman teaching before Sharp Granville had invited her to take a drive with him in the country. Now she was heading downriver to St. Louis and supposed nuptials and a happily married life with Granville.

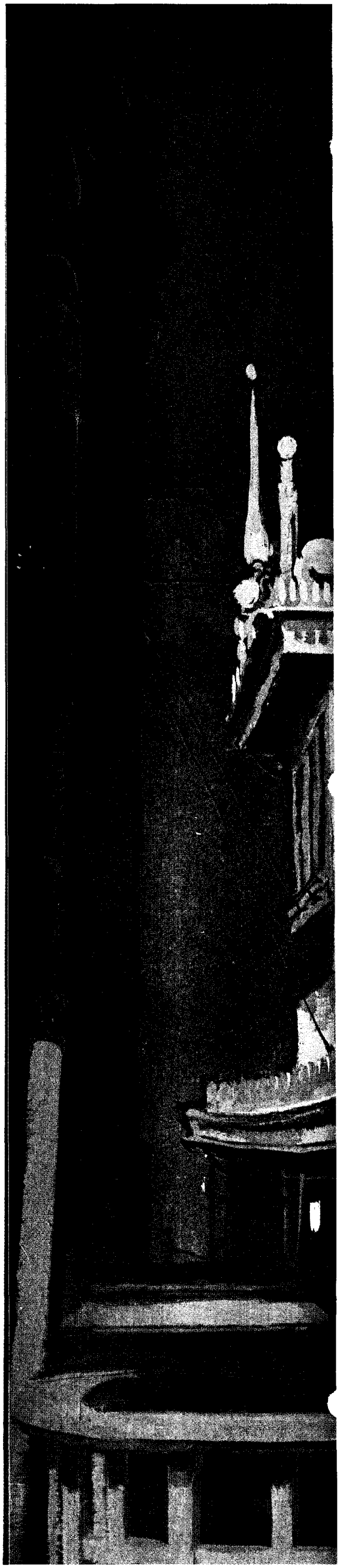
Kirby said quietly, "You aim to marry this one, Granville?"

Again the river-boat gambler laughed. "I have never been married to a schoolteacher." He chuckled. "It might prove interesting."

Kirby turned to look back at him, his tanned face paling with anger. He said in a low voice, "Granville, get out of my pilothouse or I'll tear you to pieces."

(Continued on Page 76)

Illustrated by Morgan Kane



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

I CALL ON
Debbie Reynolds

Debbie the young divorcée at home with her children, Todd Emanuel, 2 (named after the late Mike Todd), and Carrie Frances, 3. "If I ever remarry, I'll stop working," she says.

Debbie forlorn, Sept. 10, 1958. Earlier that day it was announced that she and Eddie Fisher had finally separated.

By PETE MARTIN

The young actress reveals how her highly publicized divorce from singer Eddie Fisher has affected her personally and professionally.

A mischievous Debbie appeared on the Jack Paar show last September. Above she is seen starting a playful tussle. Minutes later the play got rougher, and Paar wound up losing his tie, jacket, a shoe and almost his shirt.

The new, worldly Debbie, dressed for her role in *The Rat Race*, a film set against the background of a New York dance hall.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America habitually wears its heart softly throbbing on its sleeve. For this reason the courtship and marriage of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher was proclaimed "The Sweetest Love Story Ever Told." Headlines trilled: DEBBIE'S RING ON AT LAST. The Fisher-Reynolds romance was described as "fan-fracturing," and photographers shot a caress billed as "Their First Public Kiss." The young couple's nuptials at Grossinger's in upstate New York were wrapped in yards and yards of gooey sentimentality.

The shattering of the Fisher-Reynolds spun-sugar dream castle was as screamingly publicized. The fact that the darling little couple on top of the wedding cake at Grossinger's had become a triangle was regarded in certain circles as the biggest domestic tragedy since Douglas Fairbanks Sr. parted from America's Sweetheart, Mary Pickford.

The Fisher-Reynolds split reached its climax when Debbie dropped her interlocutory decree—it had almost a year to run before becoming final—so her husband could obtain a quick divorce and embark upon his second marital venture, this time with Elizabeth Taylor. Even then, however, the triangle refused to go away, vanish or get lost. In terms of cold, hard cash, Hollywood amply proved its belief that the whole thing had only served to make the two ladies involved far more valuable at the box office. The price tag of the discarded wife leaped to $125,000 a picture, then to $250,000. The sum demanded for the services of the new Mrs. Fisher zoomed from $500,000 to $750,000—then to $1,000,000. Nowise daunted by this very round sum, Miss Reynolds signed a contract for $1,000,000 herself, to compensate her for making three television appearances.

Currently Eddie Fisher, while he has temporarily fallen from the high estate of having his own TV show, is playing the night-club circuit and doing a role in M-G-M's *Butterfield 8*, a vehicle which oddly enough stars Miss Taylor, while talks are being held about a new TV show for him.

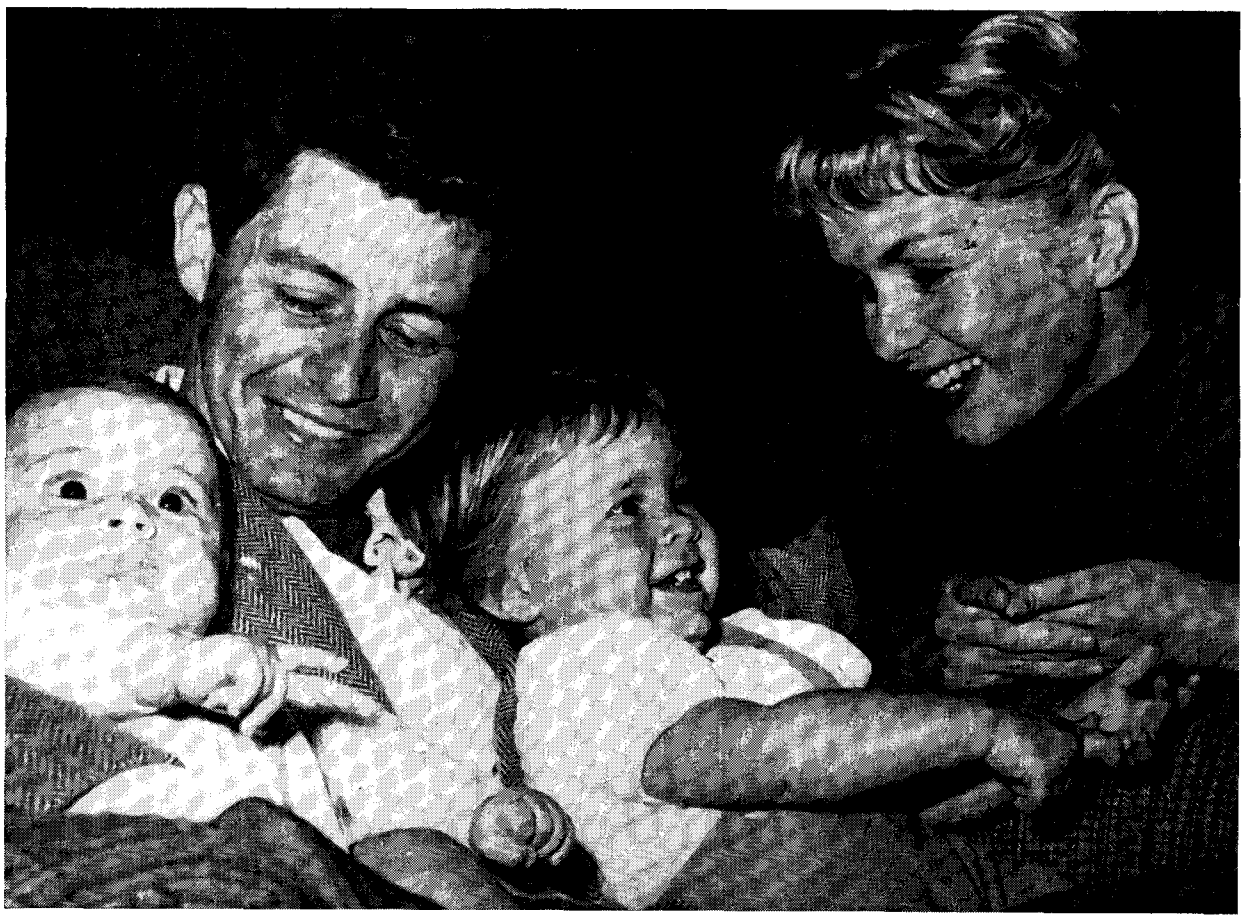
During the time when Debbie and Eddie, once the nation's most publicized newlyweds, were engaged in becoming the nation's most highly publicized divorcees, Fisher and Miss Taylor did most of the talking. I'd read various statements attributed to Debbie, but it was my thought that if I could get her to give me some of her ideas about the affair at first hand, it would still be newsworthy.

So when she visited New York to make location shots for the forthcoming Bill Perlberg-George Seaton film, *The Rat Race*, I made a date to talk with her in her hotel suite. Having been told that *The Rat Race* would be laid against the background of a New York dime-a-dance joint, I said to her, "I hear you spent last night in a local dime-a-dance place, getting to know the girls there and soaking up atmosphere."

"I did," she said. "The picture is all about how all New York is one big fat rat race. There's a young girl who has been in New York for five years, trying to get started in show business.

(Continued on Page 93)

Mike Todd, Elizabeth Taylor, Eddie and Debbie at Epsom Downs, June, 1957.
It was Mike and Eddie who were best friends, not Debbie and Liz, Debbie says.



A few months after this picture was taken in June, 1958, Hollywood's most publicized happy home became Hollywood's most publicized broken home.

The parties to the triangle—still outwardly friendly—met for Eddie's opening at a Las Vegas night club in June, 1958. It was Liz Taylor's first public appearance after the death of Todd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A Sebring start," says the author, "is one of the most exciting spectacles in American sport." Here the sixty-five drivers are shown dashing for their cars as the race begins.

The first car away is usually the one whose driver is the fastest sprinter and the quickest to throw himself into the seat.

The Spectacle of Sebring

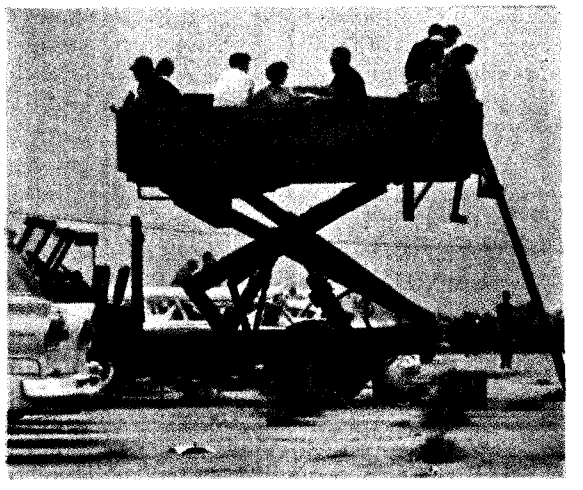
This week, at the Twelve-Hour *Grand Prix* of Endurance at a small Florida town, the world's greatest drivers will vie for international fame.

By KEN W. PURD

Of the hundreds of automobile races run in the United States every year, only three are sanctioned by the world governing body of the sport, the *Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile*, and listed as events carrying world-championship points. One is the annual 500 Mile Race in Indianapolis, established in 1911 and run almost every year since. The other two are the Twelve-Hour *Grand Prix* of Endurance for the Amoco Trophy and the *Grand Prix* of the United States, both run in Sebring, Florida. One of them dates back only to 1950, the other was run for the first time last December.

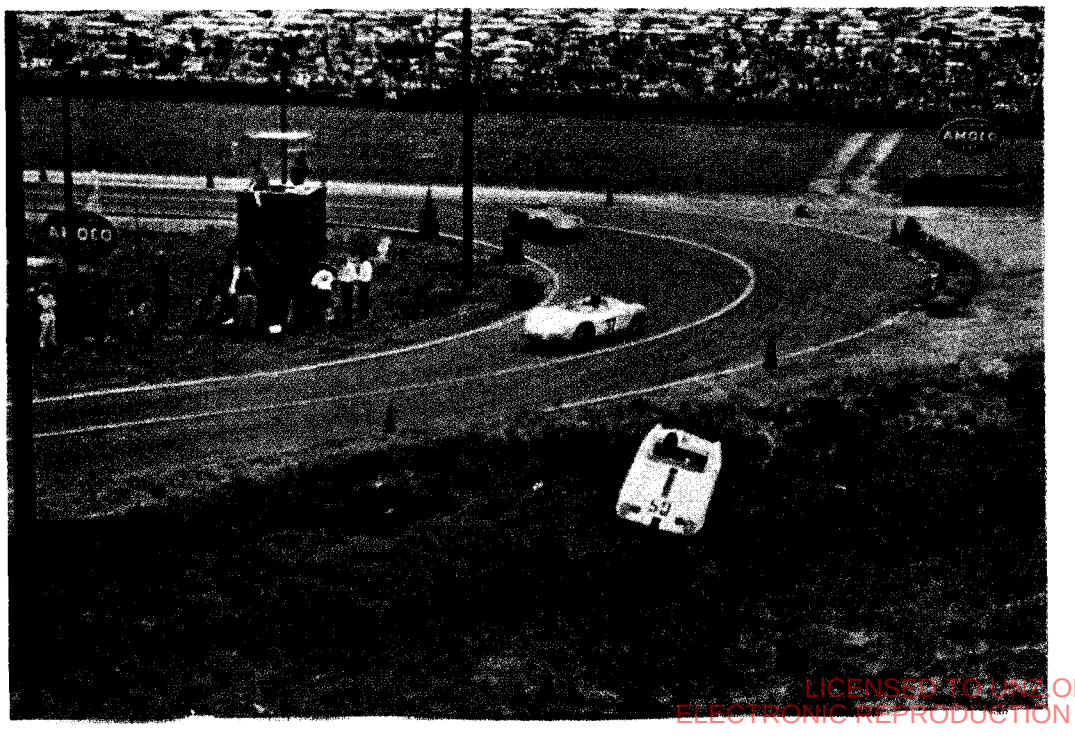
Indianapolis is a metropolis long associated with automobile activity, situated in the center of the country. It's a logical site for a big race. Sebring, population under 10,000, is tucked away in south-central Florida. In 1950 it was notable only as the seat of Highlands County. Last year reporters representing Argentine, American, British, Belgian, Cuban, French, German, Italian, Mexican, Swedish and Swiss publications covered the races there, and automobiles jammed into the town carried the license plates of almost every state in the Union.

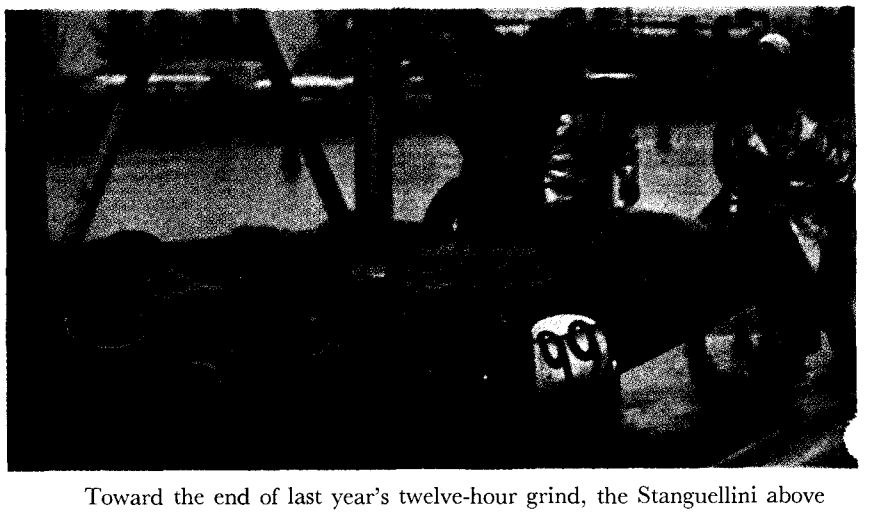
For thousands of American sports-car buffs the annual pilgrimage to the Twelve-Hour Race—usually run on a Saturday late in March—has been as regular an event as Christmas; and in (Continued on Page 112)



Sports-car buffs with a unique viewing accommodation—a hydraulic dump truck.

Photographs by Larry Keighley and Bill Shrout

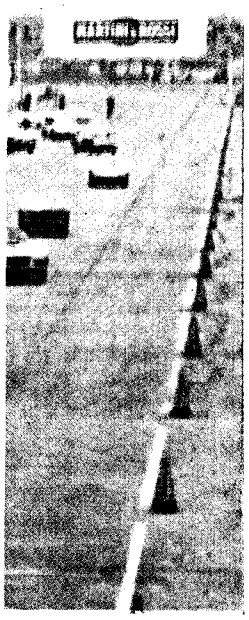




Toward the end of last year's twelve-hour grind, the Stanguellini above skidded and crashed into a bridge. The driver managed to escape unhurt.

At left is the hairpin turn and an Elva which failed to negotiate it. At this curve cars have to brake from approximately 100 mph to 35 mph.

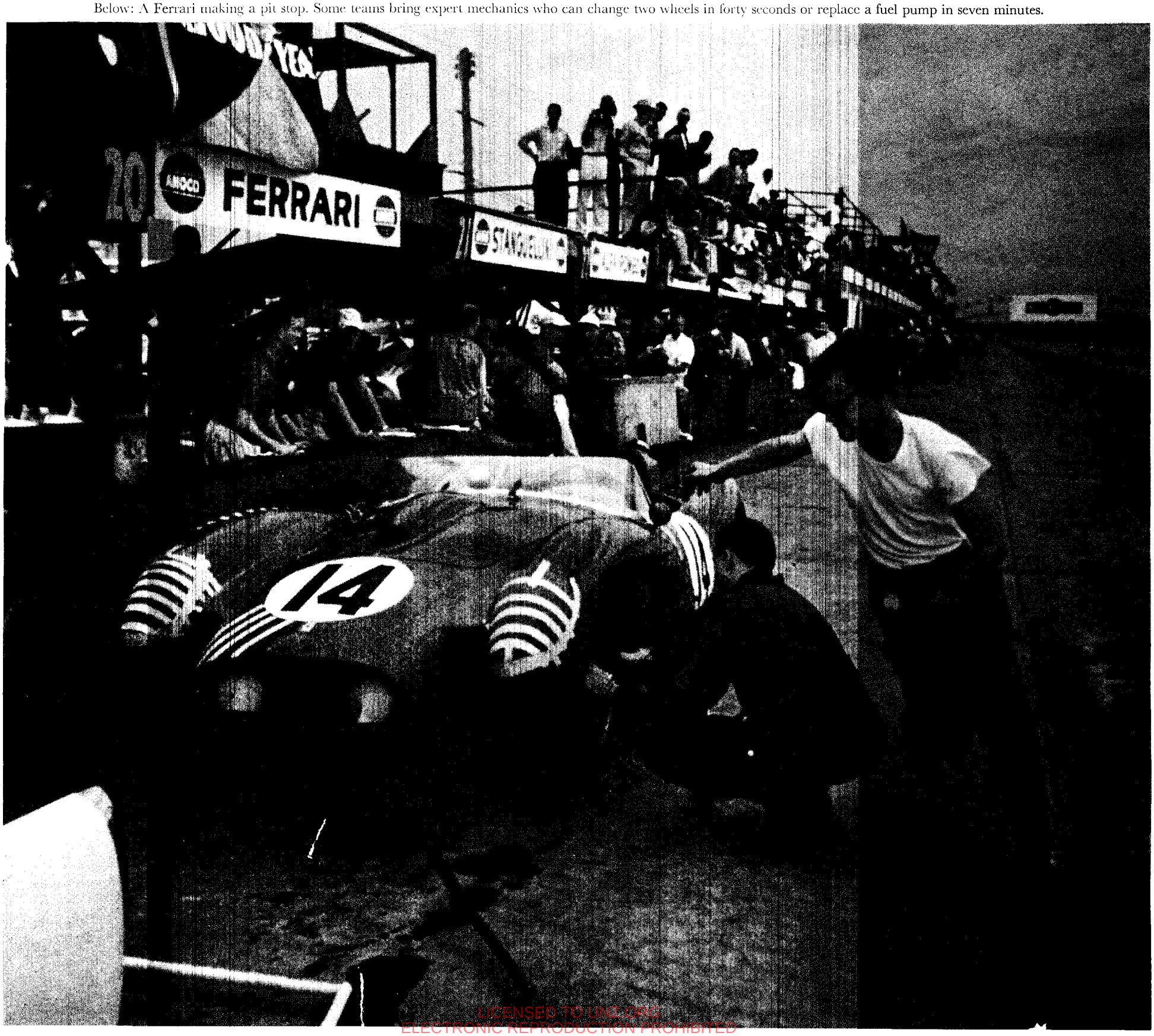
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



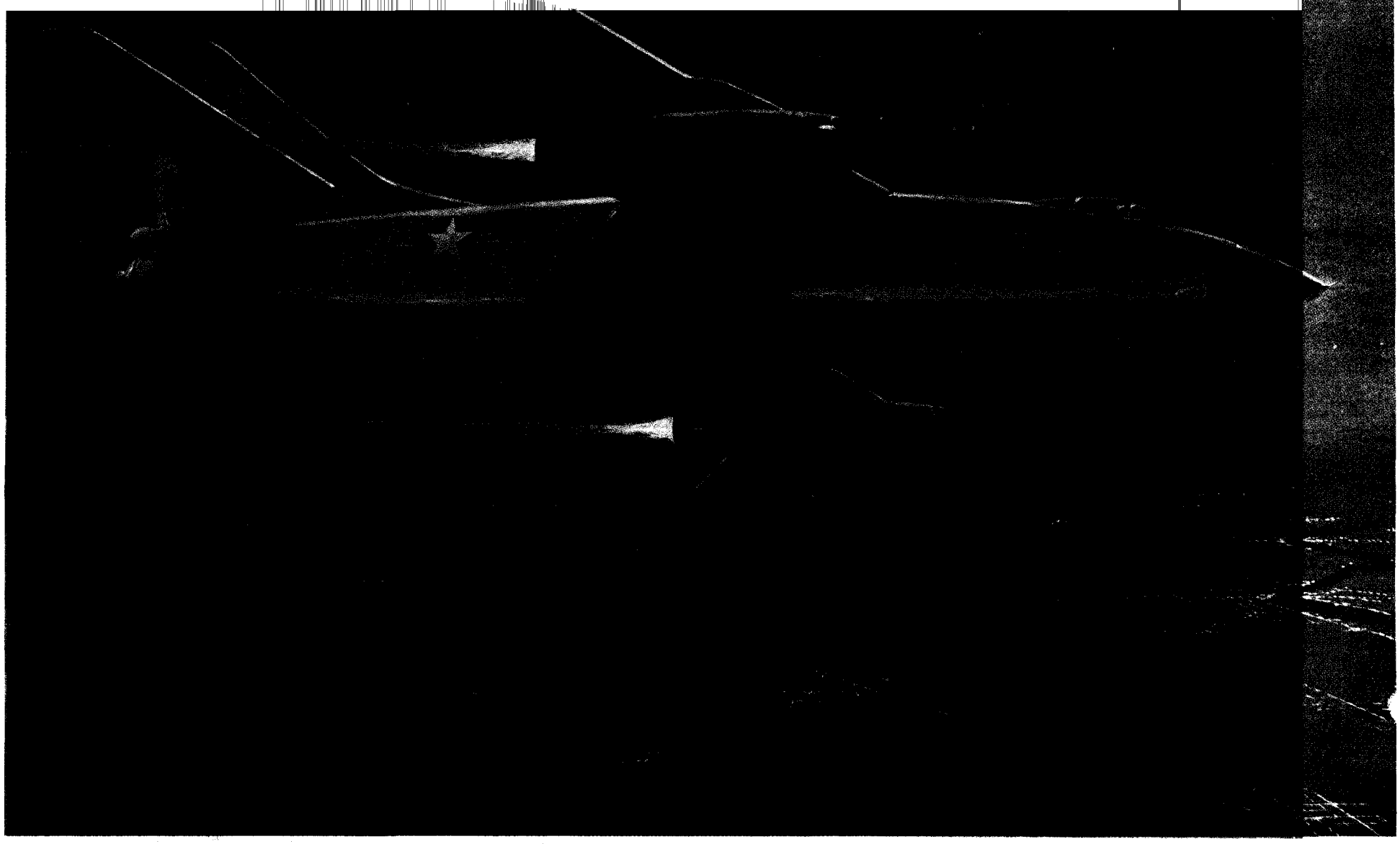
Cars streaking past the pit-and-paddock area at dusk. Rain does not halt or postpone the race. It merely runs off the crowned black-top sections and makes the flat concrete stretches very slippery.

Phil Hill, of the U.S. He drove for the winning team in March, 1959.

Below: A Ferrari making a pit stop. Some teams bring expert mechanics who can change two wheels in forty seconds or replace a fuel pump in seven minutes.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A little girl's life depended on winning a desperate race against time.

EMERGENCY FLIGHT

By RONALD SERCOMBE

For nearly ten minutes Myrt, the veteran night switchboard operator at Jacksonville Medical Hospital, had been paging Doctor Dennis Sullivan, the hospital's chief resident in surgery.

Her voice echoed over the amplification system from the basement, which housed the morgue, to the fourth and top floor—Physical Therapy and Solarium.

"Doctor Sullivan—Recovery Room, please. Doctor Sullivan— Recovery."

She buzzed Recovery Room, and the gloom-laden voice of Doctor Whittaker, Doctor Sullivan's assistant, responded with a quick, "Yes?"

"Has he showed up yet?" asked Myrt, who cared even less about grammar than she did orderlies and probationers.

"No, ' said Doctor Whittaker.

"Maybe he's retired," Myrt suggested. "He's had a rough day and it's after six o'clock."

"Not Dennis," Doctor Whittaker said firmly. "He never retires before making the rounds. Keep trying."

"I've been trying for years," Myrt grumbled. "Look where it's got me." She disconnected abruptly and resumed paging.

What they didn't know was that Doctor Sullivan, freshly scrubbed, shaved and smocked, was relaxing on a balcony that overlooked the St. Johns River, bathed golden by a setting sun. It was the first time he had relaxed in twelve hours.

A heavy stainless-steel door behind him opened quietly and a soft but accusing voice said, "They've been paging you all over Duval County. You're wanted in Recovery, Dennis. Luckily I know your Shangri-La."

Bette Sullivan, the doctor's wife, was a tall, slender brunette, devoted to her husband and dedicated to her job as night supervisor of nurses.

Turning and glancing down, because he was an unusually big man, Doctor Sullivan said, "Join me, darling. (Continued on Page 70)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY VOLUNTEER TO SUFFER

By HOWARD SIMONS

At the Clinical Center of the National Institutes of Health normal, healthy Americans willingly starve, freeze and get sick—to serve medicine and mankind.

Some months ago Gary Schrag, a twenty-one-year-old college student from McPherson, Kansas, popped a pill into his mouth. Soon he was caught up in a bizarre world. He became sleepier than he could remember ever having been before, but at the same time was much too restless to lie down. His hands seemed useless, and he kept squeezing them until they were numb. For a fleeting moment he wondered how he could crawl out the window of his fourth-floor room, but soon rejected the idea.

Next morning Gary was back to normal again, no longer tired and wakeful at the same time, but feeling rather hung-over. His friends teasingly accused him of having been on a binge.

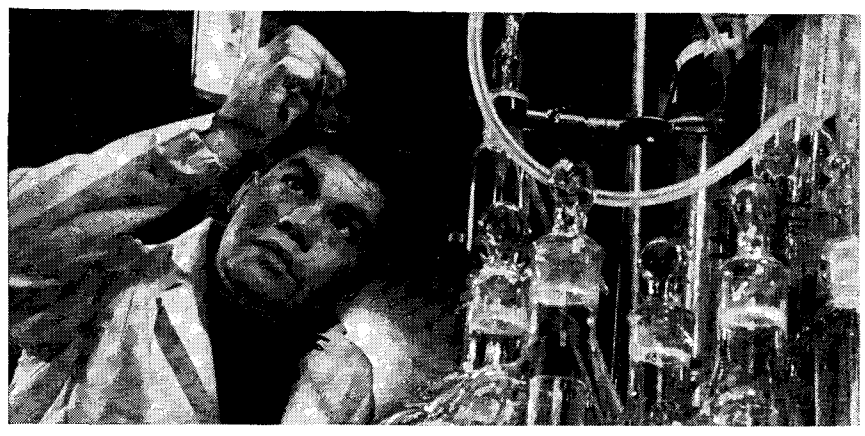
The friends knew the truth, of course—that Gary, a curly-haired extrovert addicted to cowboy boots and dungarees, is a teetotaler who willingly entered a nightmarish world as a volunteer for medical experiments at the Clinical Center of the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, D. C. He took the pill—a powerful tranquilizer—because a research scientist needed to know how a drug that aids sick minds would act upon a perfectly healthy mind.

The Clinical Center is a fourteen-story research hospital with twice as much space for laboratories as for patient care. It dwarfs the seven medical institutes which complete the National Institutes (Continued on Page 87)

Left: In a room where the temperature is kept down to 50 degrees, volunteer Bob Akers wears bathing trunks and sips milk. He is being tested for the effects of cold and eating on body metabolism.

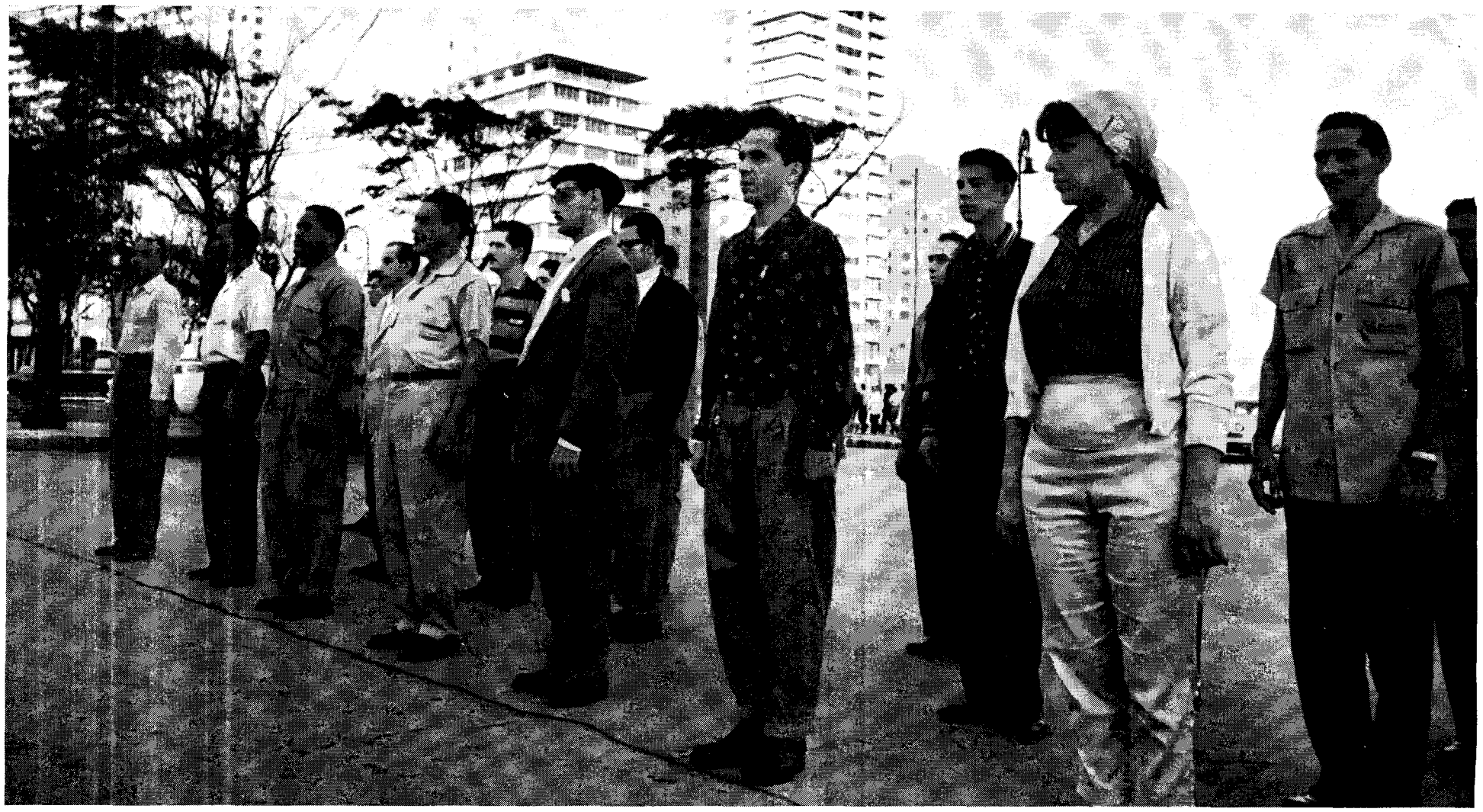
Below: Dr. Louis Gillespie shows Judy Schroeder, a volunteer from Kansas, how to use an instrument to measure respiration. This experiment is part of the center's heart-study project.

Dr. David Hamburg, chief of the adult-psychiatry branch, with Joan Benedict, a 19-year-old "normal" whose specialty is heart research.



Premed student Jim Conrad helps out in a lab when he is not on duty. A pacifist, he chose volunteer work in lieu of military service.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A people's army is part of Fidel Castro's new regime. Above, clerks, stenographers and waiters drill at dawn in the Park Nacional, Havana.

CUBA: State of Confusion

A *Post* editor reports from Fidel Castro's turbulent revolutionary republic, where good and bad things happen all at once and no one knows what happens next.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

HAVANA.

As Fidel Castro's Cuba goes into its second year of social revolution a fair appraisal of its achievements would be simply this: In an atmosphere of evangelistic fervor and vast confusion, great things have been accomplished with amazing speed by a disorderly government which so far has found tremendous energy and revolutionary enthusiasm to be an adequate substitute for wisdom, knowledge and experience.

Whether what has been done and is being done will eventually work out for the good of Cuba and all its people is at the moment extremely doubtful. One thing, however, is

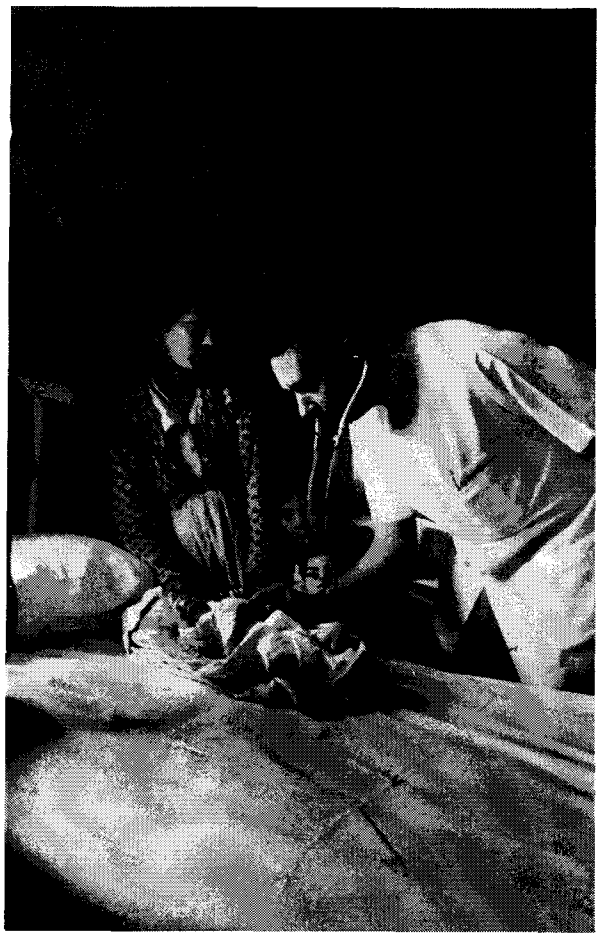
A normally crowded pool at one of Havana's plush resort hotels is seen above deserted at the height of the tourist season. While Castro's tourist organization spends millions to attract Yankee dollars, his anti-U.S. propaganda keeps travelers away.

Premier Fidel Castro and Soviet First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan during the latter's recent visit to Cuba.

National Bank head Che Guevara has implied there is no place for purely private enterprise in Cuba.

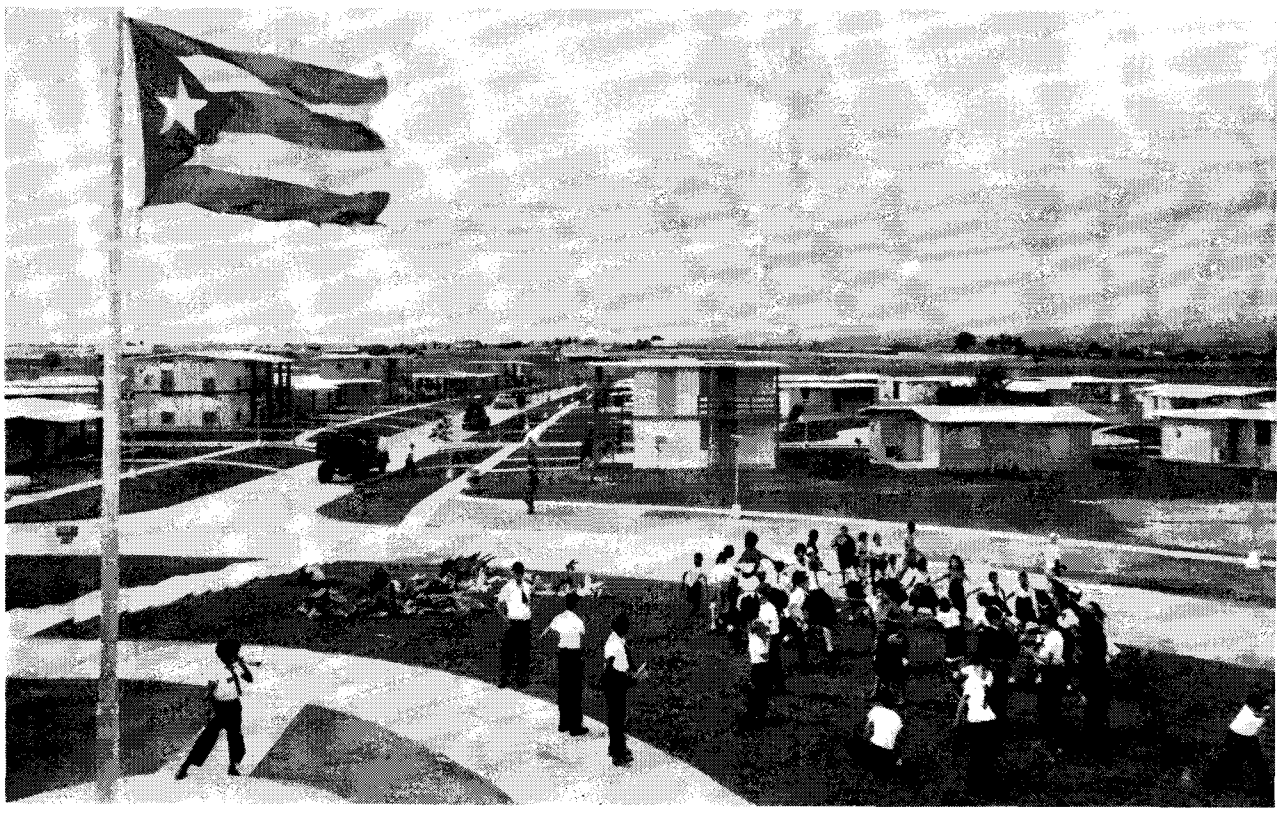
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Frank Ross



ıe new social reforms have made possible increased medical re for the poor, such as this government doctor is providing.

Castro has built 5000 schools in areas where children never saw a school before. This new two-room prefabricated country school is located in Havana Province. Bust is of national hero José Martí.



These newly built houses for tobacco workers are part of a farm co-operative in Pinar Del Río Province. Laborers are bewildered by such luxuries as electric lights, kerosene stoves and indoor plumbing.

obvious. With a driving urgency like that which seized the United States in the days after Pearl Harbor, the revolution in fourteen months has moved far along the road to its goals. A wealthy land-owning class has been destroyed. A landless peasantry has been lifted up to a status it does not yet know how to accept. The manna in the form of pesos which the *campesino* expected has not yet fallen from the heavens. But from Baracoa on the island's eastern tip to Pinar del Río in the west, roads and bridges, schools and hospitals have been built, crops have been planted and harvested, old towns have taken on new life and vigor, and new towns of neat prefabricated houses have sprung up around the huge government farms which once were the great plantations of the well-to-do.

How so much could have been accomplished in so short a time, and in such a slapdash manner, is a mystery to the outsider. A young American who came down to study the structure of the revolutionary government with the hope that he could write a dissertation which would earn him his Ph.D. went away muttering and shaking his head. The seat of government, he found, was wherever Mr. Castro parked his cigar—and no one, including Mr. Castro, knew from one day to the next where this might be. Each ministry worked from grandiose plans complete in minute detail, but no one minister was ever quite sure what the others were (Continued on Page 88)

William J. Miller Jr., manager of an American-owned sugar company. This could be his last harvest, because Castro may confiscate the company's land.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nonie took her problem to the countess, who was sure to know the answer.

LET YOURSELF GO

Is falling in love, she wondered, all there is to life?

By NANCY POPE MAYORGA

Sixteen is an age of emotional ups and downs, way ups, way downs. Aunt Minnie called it hysteria. It's an age for endless daydreaming. "Moping," Aunt Minnie called it, and she would not stand for it for a minute. Get up, get out, and do something—that was the solution. Something ladylike, of course.

Aunt Minnie's great weatherbeaten house slumbered, aloof and dignified, high on the Santa Monica Palisades overlooking the Pacific. The flower gardens bloomed vivid in the salt air; and on the lawn within the hedges, as handsomely blooming as the flowers, lay Aunt Minnie's two adopted nieces, daydreaming. Or moping.

Pet lay on her back with her pale hair spread out over the grass, her blue eyes lost in the blue heaven. She smiled. Nonie rested on her elbows, her head bent, her fiery hair falling toward the ground. She frowned.

"What do you suppose she's like?"

"Who?" asked Pet lazily.

"You know who. The countess."

"Who cares?"

"I care. Don't you think it's funny how vague Aunt Minnie has been for years about her? We don't know anything about the count, except that he's dead, or what she does back there in Buffalo, or why she's never come to see Aunt Minnie when they're such friends, or why she's coming now after all this time. Or anything."

"I don't care."

"Oh, Pet! Come off it! Is that what love does to you—makes you subhuman?" She rested on one elbow, with her other hand took a piece of Pet's fine, ash-blond hair and began to twist it around her finger. "How do you feel when Freddie kisses you, Pet? Really, I mean."

"Deliciously languorous," murmured Pet.

Nonie laughed and sat up. "Deliciously languorous!" she mimicked. "Well, that's not enough for me! I want something more heady than that! Something—well, frightening."

"George?" asked Pet, still murmuring.

"Maybe George, you little beast," answered Nonie mildly. "I suppose you can't help it. They all fall in love with you."

"They would fall in love with you—much quicker than with me—if you didn't laugh at them."

Nonie laughed. "They strike me funny. They get so hot."

"That's the very worst time to laugh."

Nonie laughed again and regarded her cousin fondly. It was no wonder they all fell in love with her. She was such a dear, blond, beautiful girl, with the air of a princess and, for added interest, a background of tragedy. Her parents had been drowned trying to save each other from an offshore rip tide right there below the Palisades. Pet had a photograph of them on her dressing table, on the very beach, in out-of-date bathing suits, arm in arm, laughing, timelessly young, looking off toward the wide sea which was to take their lives. Pet used to study it for long periods. Nonie could not bear even to look at it.

Aunt Minnie had adopted Pet. Then she had written to her brother, who was in Boston married to a redheaded Irish girl, "Send me one of your daughters to grow up with Pet." Jim had sent fiery-haired Nora, whom they called Nonie, and the cousins grew up together as sisters. But there was a significant difference in their natures, and it was this—Pet was a lovebird, tamed and content in Aunt Minnie's comfortable cage; but Nonie was a wild one and could feel the wings inside of her beating against the bars.

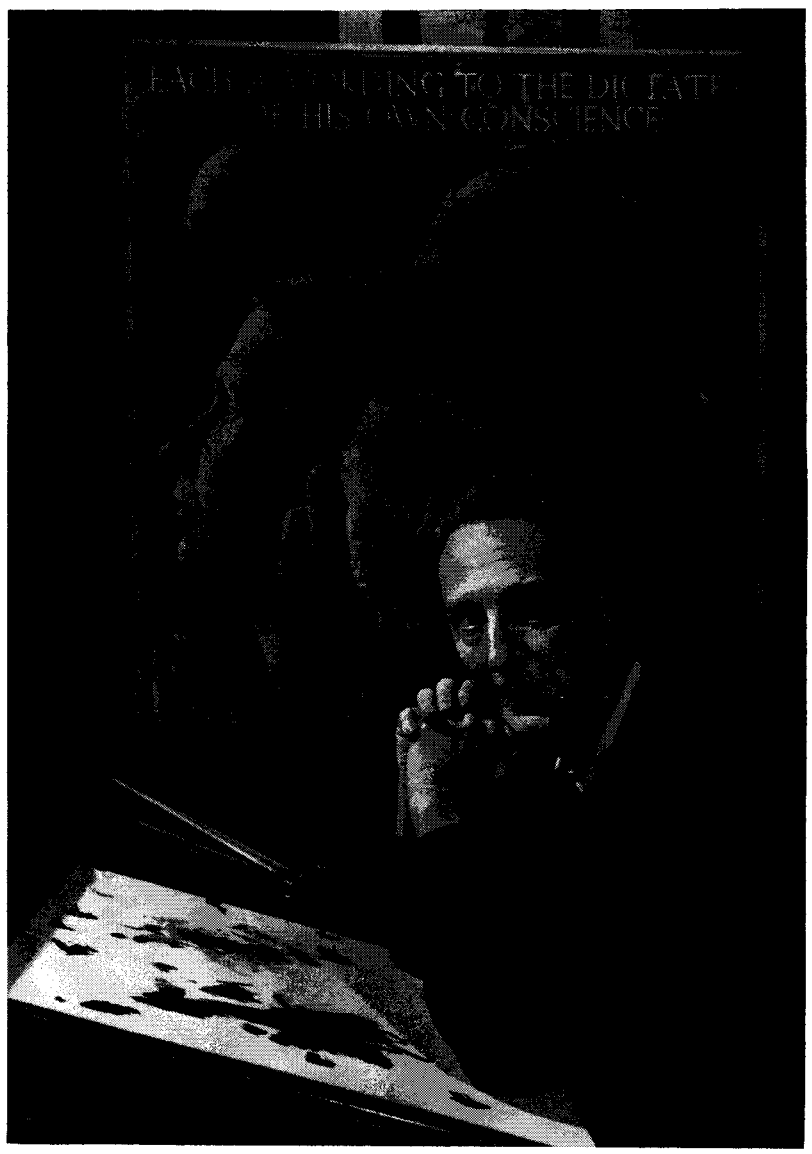
Suddenly Nonie shivered and got to her feet. She stood looking down toward the broad, flat sea, her arms hugged tight across her breast. "Is there nothing more (Continued on Page 48)

Illustrated by Mac Conner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rockwell and the choirboy model for the 1954 *Post* Easter cover.

In 1945 the illustrator himself and a Vermont neighbor posed for a *Post* feature titled THE COMMON COLD.



Norman Rockwell and one of his best-known works—*Freedom of Worship*. He struggled with the idea for two months before bringing it off.

The artist demonstrating how a waiter should pose for an ad depicting a farmers' Grange supper.

For this May 25, 1957, *Post* cover, Rockwell showed a male model how a counterman would take a whiff of a young coed's prom orchid.

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR

By NORMAN ROCKWELL as told to Thomas Rockwell PART SEVEN

My Four Freedoms

The artist tells how he conceived the inspiring paintings—and then had a tough time selling his idea to the Government.

Three months after our wedding Mary and I gave up the New York apartment and moved into my house in New Rochelle. Then Mary received a letter from a friend in California: She was so sorry to learn that Mary was unhappily married.

My *Post* cover of a husband and wife eating breakfast told the story, she went on. The husband was absorbed in his newspaper while the neglected wife—I'd used Mary as a model—stared wistfully into space. Obviously if I could paint such a cover, Mary and I weren't getting along.

It was a ridiculous assumption. In fact, Mary and I were very happy. For the first time in my life I understood what marriage means when two people really love each other. For one thing, I could talk to Mary about my work. Without her interest I might have gone under, because I was having difficulty with my painting.

Looking back, I guess the first sign of trouble was when I took up dynamic symmetry. Jay Hambidge, an illustrator with a scientific turn of mind, had decided that there must be some absolute principle which, if strictly followed, would invariably enable an artist to paint a beautiful picture. One day in the British Museum he had noticed some strange diagrams on the top of an ancient Greek column. He had deciphered them, he said, and found they contained the oracles' secret rules of beauty, which he called the theory of dynamic symmetry. (Continued on Page 117)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARKED FOR DEATH

A story of betrayal in the underworld.

By HUGH PENTECOST

To say that I was surprised to see Angelo Conti, known on the water front as King of the North River, standing outside the door of my studio apartment in Greenwich Village, is to put it mildly.

My instant reaction was to ask myself what I had done out of line, because The Angel's face was dark as a thundercloud. I am a newspaperman, a marine reporter for twenty years, and I know that we live as much by what we hear off the record as by what appears under a by-line.

"Hello, Mackie," Angelo said in his deep voice with the soft music of Sicily in it.

"Angelo!" I said. I glanced down the stairs and saw his shadow standing in the little entryway, a tough kid called Ding Dong Adano. Everybody has a nickname on the water front.

"I like to come in," Angelo said.

"Sure. Of course," I said, and stood aside for him.

I had known The Angel in only the most casual way through the years. I had interviewed him a couple of times. I'd seen him at union meetings and bargaining sessions, at public hearings of the Crime Commission. We said hello to each other when we bumped elbows, and that was about it.

I sensed a change in this vigorous man of sixty from the last time I'd seen him. His broad shoulders drooped a little, and his hair seemed grayer at the temples. Perhaps I imagined it. I hadn't seen him close to for some time.

"You want a drink, Angelo? Or coffee?" I asked him. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon.

(Continued on Page 54)

Little Hector lunged and sank his teeth into Ding Dong Adano's gun hand.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If I find you are lying,"
he said to Lyrae,
"I'll turn you over to the FBI."

LICENSED TO UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOON PILOT

He was an Air Force officer carrying a vital secret. And to protect it he might have to commit murder.

By ROBERT BUCKNER

"I heard a woman's voice in here," agent McClosky said.

Perhaps it was only fitting that Charlie, a space-pioneering chimpanzee, should be the one to choose the pilot for man's first flight around the moon. When General Vannemann asked for a moon-pilot volunteer to stand up and be counted, Capt. Rich Talbot had no intention of rising. However, Charlie unceremoniously unseated the airman-scientist with a sharp dinner fork. Rich jumped to his feet and became Vannemann's space guinea pig.

With the moon shot less than a week away Rich left the New Mexico missile base on a four-day leave with strict orders not to talk to strangers and to eat nothing but a concentrated space-formula food resembling tooth paste. Further orders: no girls, lots of sleep, no drinking and no smoking—and, "Enjoy yourself," the general told Rich.

II

The east-bound airliner took off from Albuquerque with the dazed victim in an aisle seat near the rear, next to a man who lay supinely asleep. Rich tried to achieve the same happy oblivion, but after ten minutes gave up in despair. His brain was still reeling with the extraordinary events that had zoomed him suddenly from his snug security to destiny's moon-bound pioneer. Would he ever sleep before next Thursday, he wondered.

No, all he could hope for, Rich saw gloomily, was to brave it out with his family and never let them suspect his fearful secret. A wonderful home-coming this would be. He felt sick at heart, and then, as the plane hit an air pocket, his old nemesis of altitude nausea gripped him again. A queasy feeling ran through his otherwise rugged frame. He felt himself turning pale and damp and was only glad not to be wearing his Air Force uniform.

A pert blond stewardess making her rounds noticed him mopping his face and its blanched look. She paused and inquired if she might bring something to relieve his distress.

"Thank you very much," he said, wanly grateful, "but nothing ever helps. My stomach just isn't air-minded."

The stewardess adjusted his pillow more comfortably, took a paper bag from the seat pocket, laid it in his lap and went away. Rich started to restore the bag, then decided to keep it handy and closed his eyes, waiting wretchedly for the inevitable disgrace. Perhaps in the rocket he would mercifully black out and stay that way until the end—whatever the end might be.

Across the aisle a young woman was watching him with veiled interest from behind a book, having overheard his exchange with the stewardess. Now she lowered the book, opened her purse, took out a small blue bottle and leaned toward him, touching his arm.

"I beg your pardon." She spoke with a slight foreign accent. "Would you care to try this? It will make you feel better."

Rich turned, opened his eyes and saw her for the first time. She was small and slender and her boyish face was lightly freckled. It was a nice face, in an unglamorous way, with large gray eyes beneath unplucked brows and a full generous mouth and with no make-up whatever. Her coppery brown hair was short and tousled, as if combed by fingers only; and her clothes gave the same effect of careless originality. She wore a plain white dress wrapped like a sari around a narrow waist, with no buttons or jewelry. Rich's appraisal ranged down to her trim bare legs and the flat leather sandals, then back to her face in some embarrassment as she spoke again.

"Please, take one." She offered the bottle. "You look to me green."

"I feel green." Rich smiled and shook his head. "It's very kind of you, but it's no use, really. None of these things ever work with me."

"This will." She was confident. "It has never been known to fail."

He hesitated skeptically, more fascinated by the girl herself than by her improbable statement. As a biochemist he knew there is no infallible cure for anything. But he also sensed that disaster was imminent. "Well, it can't make me feel any worse." He took the bottle and tapped a blue tablet into a palm. Then he handed back the bottle. "Thanks a lot anyway."

"No, you keep it," she said. "I have more. You may need it some other time."

Rich pocketed the bottle, popped the tablet into his mouth and waited while it dissolved, knowing that one gulp of water could tip his delicate balance. The rather peculiar taste aroused his professional curiosity. "By the way," he asked, "may I ask what these are made of?"

"I have no idea. They did not tell me," she replied and resumed reading her book.

Rich swallowed. Who were "they," he wondered and started to ask her when his eyes fell upon the cover of her book. The title was *English in Easy Lessons*, and it froze the young officer with a paralyzing suspicion. He studied her again from head to toe. Her nails were cut short and square. The purse in her lap was of some black metal, plain as a cartridge box. These belated discoveries sent him bolt upright. No American girl ever looked, dressed or spoke like that—or read such a book, naturally. With a guilty shock Rich recalled the Secretary of Defense's stern warning, "Do not talk to strangers." His gaze narrowed across to the girl until she became aware of it and observed his expression with uncertainty. (Continued on Page 98)

Illustrated by Walter Skor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts

Enfeebled English in the Diner

Yezzir. Wallet be?
Omna mood fra sanwish.
Baygin egg?
Na.
Wezzern?
Na.
Baygin, lessen tomato?
Yeah.
Holwee? Ryerwhy? Whytoes?
Whytoes.
Sumna drink?
Chawkle milk.

H'yar.
Hommush?
Semny cets. Odda dollar. Anks. Umma gen.
Beeseenya.

HERB GOCHROS

Fumbled Felicitations

You look simply marvelous since you went on your diet. Your clothes just *hang* off you!

You two absolutely were made for each other. I just can't imagine *either* of you being made for anyone else.

Even if you had to tear it down later and build another one, I'd *still* say you got a great buy in this house.

That dress is an unusual shade of green, but with your coloring it's *perfect* for you!

We're certainly going to miss you around here, Miss Murky. Somehow we never figured on *you* getting married.

Another baby! Good Heavens! Congratulations.

I love your little car, and it must be so easy to tow.

She's a pretty child, but I don't think she looks like either side of the family.

And the people *know* you, they *love* you, they *want* you even more than the last two times you lost.

So *this* is your husband! Well, I must say he certainly looks alive!

WALTER KIERNAN

Award News on the Local Scene

This week several Maple Street honors were awarded. Among them were these:

THE JAMES PARKER ANNUAL COMPLIMENT. This year the coveted Compliment went to Mrs. Alice Parker. The award came just after a five-course dinner, when Mr. Parker praised her for "a pretty good meal." Mrs. Parker seemed overcome.

Following his remarks, Mr. Parker presented Mrs. Parker with the traditional gold-rimmed cup, with the words, "Little more coffee, please."

THE ELSA STICKLER AWARD. The rarely given Stickler Award "for distinguished service" was today handed to Mr. Al Shag of Lightning Cabs. The elderly Mrs. Stickler cited Shag for agreeing to drive slowly and "for being cheerful as he waited while I went back for my glasses."

The award bears a cash stipend of fifteen cents.

Later Mr. Shag revealed he was accepting a job in his uncle's plumbing firm.

THE GEORGE ABERNATHY PRIZE FOR PEACE. In a late-evening ceremony, Mary Abernathy took the Abernathy Prize—two dozen red roses.

Mr. Abernathy cited Mrs. Abernathy for "astonishing calm and understanding, which undoubtedly avoided open hostilities. Though honestly, I did have to take this client out, and that's why I couldn't make it home for dinner."

Accepting, Mrs. Abernathy said she only hoped her actions might set an example for others, "such as when I tell George about the coat sale at Fenger's in the morning."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

Save Your Breath By WALT WETTERBERG

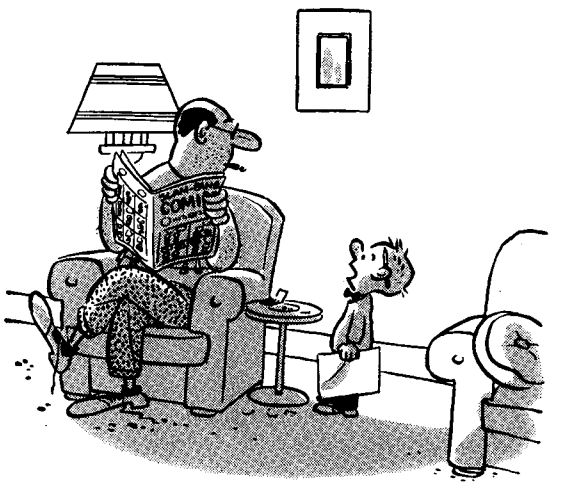
"Now this time watch carefully and listen to what I tell you: grab the first two fingers of the right hand like this. Then insert the hook. . . ."

"Sergeant, I've been in the service nearly six weeks, now, and my brother, Eldred, is getting married in Nashville next week, and I was wondering. . . ."

"And keep these points uppermost in your mind: drive under 35 miles per hour, get home early, leave some gas in the car. . . ."

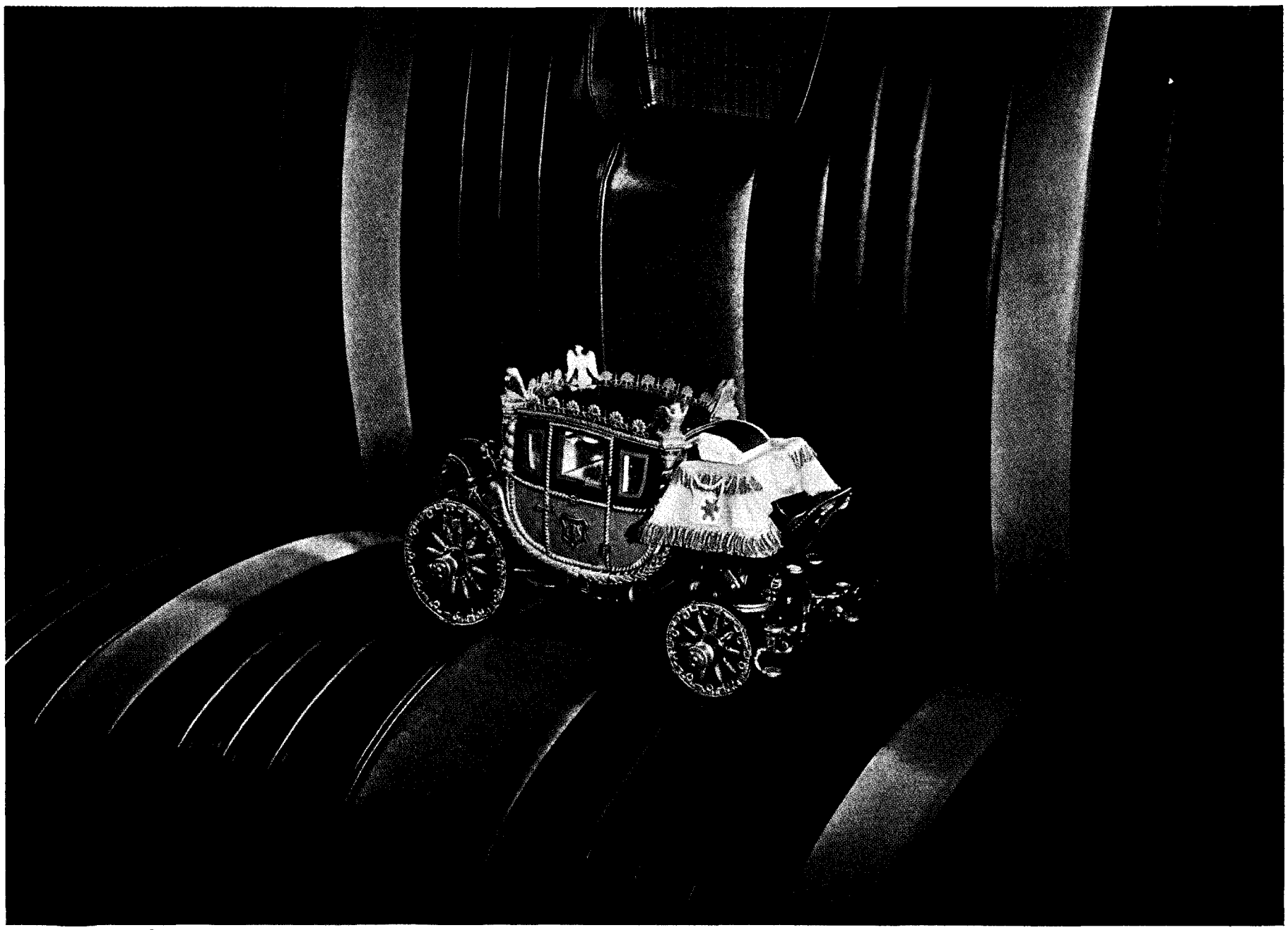
"Now, the delphiniums and nasturtiums go over here in the corner, with a kind of half-moon border of daisies as I've indicated here in the sketch. Next. . . ."

"In the face of these overwhelming facts and figures, sir, I'm sure you'll agree that I'm entirely within my rights in claiming my wife's cousin as a dependent."



"Uncle Harvey, who started the Second Punic War?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fabric magic

BUILT-IN QUALITY OF BODY BY FISHER

The Exclusive Extra of Body by Fisher in the Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight Convertible

Even the upholstery in a General Motors car reveals the added value of the Exclusive Extra of Body by Fisher. Fabric and vinyl are married in exquisite inlaid designs, deep-embossed for life by a special Fisher-developed process.

There's nothing like a new car and, when you get your next one, be sure you get the bonus value of all the built-in quality extras of Body by Fisher: Magic-Mirror Finish • Sound Barrier Build • Vista-Panoramic Windshield • Safety Plate Glass all around • Vault-Solid Doors Contour-Molded Carpets and Mats.

Body by Fisher

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
BUICK
CADILLAC

The Exclusive Extra
IN ALL GENERAL MOTORS CARS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fight Tooth Decay with Colgate Stop Bad Breath All Day!

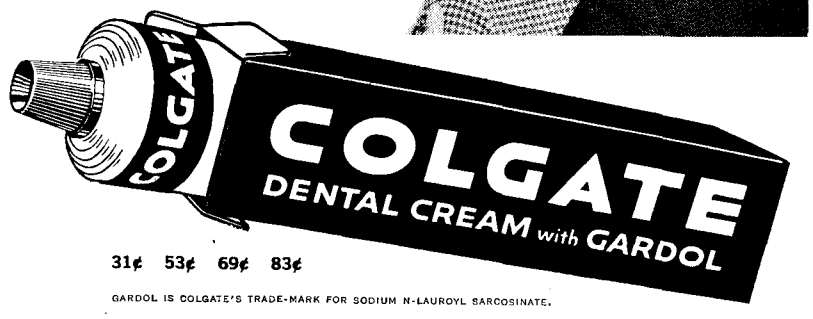
Every mother should give her family the benefits of Colgate with Gardol and its help against tooth decay!

In two-year clinical tests, young adults who brushed with Colgate Dental Cream averaged far fewer new cavities than those who used a plain toothpaste.

Of course, nothing completely stops decay. But, if you'd like your family to have *fewer* cavities, have them brush regularly with Colgate Dental Cream. Because Colgate contains Gardol. You can't see it—you can't feel it on your teeth—but it's there to help fight tooth decay.

Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. And for fewer cavities, brush regularly with Colgate Dental Cream. Remember, you fight tooth decay with Colgate, help stop bad breath all day.

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth. For most people, Colgate instantly stops bad breath originating in the mouth.



31¢ 53¢ 69¢ 83¢

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

Brush with Colgate Dental Cream to FIGHT TOOTH DECAY!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now all Corazzini had to do was let them drop into the crevasse.

NIGHT WITHOUT END

By Alistair MacLean

Standing close to the ice edge above them was Corazzini, with Mason's gun in his hand.

All right," Doctor Mason said. "Get your stuff together. We're leaving *now*."

Peter Mason and his colleague, Jackstraw, were attempting a 300-mile trek to safety with ten survivors of an airliner that had crashed near their scientific outpost on the Greenland icecap. Added to the hardships the group would face was the fact that there was a murderer in their midst.

As they began the grueling trip by snow tractor, Mason pondered the mysterious events that had taken place: The passengers had been doped before the crash. A pilot and a passenger had been shot. Then the outpost radio had been smashed beyond recovery. And finally, a critically injured crewman was murdered during the first night at the cabin.

Mason's earlier suspicions of Margaret Ross, the stewardess, had dissipated when she revealed she had been engaged to the murdered crewman.

Then, shortly after they had begun the trip, Mason discovered that one of the passengers was an acute diabetic. Unless the group reached civilization in time, Theodore Mahler would die.

VI

The brief twilight of noon came and went, the cold steadily deepened and by late in the evening it seemed that we had been on board that lurching, roaring tractor all our lives.

Twice only we stopped in the course of that interminable day, for refueling at four P.M. and eight P.M. I chose these times because I had arranged with Joss that I would try to contact him every fourth hour. But though we set up the apparatus outside while Jackstraw was refueling and Corazzini sat astride the bicycle seat and cranked the generator handle while I tapped out our call sign for almost ten minutes, no shadow of an answer came through.

By the time I made the second try, everyone, even Jackstraw and myself, was shaking and shivering in the bitter cold. Normally we wouldn't have felt it much—in very cold weather we wore two complete sets of furs, the inner one with the fur inside, the outer with the fur outside. But we'd given our extra pairs away to Corazzini and Zagero—furs were essential in that icebox of a tractor driving cabin—and suffered just as much as the others.

It grieved me to do what had to be done, what I saw must be done, but there was no help for it. The weariness, the cold and the sleeplessness could be borne no longer. When I finally gave the order to stop, it was ten minutes after midnight, and we had been driving continuously, except for brief fuel and radio halts, for twenty-seven hours.

WEDNESDAY: FOUR A.M.–EIGHT P.M.

Despite our exhaustion, despite our almost overwhelming need for sleep, I don't think anyone slept at all that night, for to have slept would have been to freeze to death.

But survive they did, for when I looked at my luminous watch, saw that it was almost four o'clock and decided that enough was enough, all of them were wide-awake when I switched on the little overhead light. Weak enough normally, that light was now no more than a feeble yellow glow—an ominous sign, it meant that even the tractor batteries were beginning to freeze up—but enough to see the crowded circle of faces, white and blue and yellowing with frostbite. As a spectacle of suffering and of sheer misery, I don't think I have ever seen its equal.

"Insomnia, eh, doc?" It was Corazzini speaking, his teeth chattering between the words. "Or just forgotten to plug in your electric blanket?"

"Just an early riser, Mr. Corazzini." I glanced round the haggard and pain-filled faces. "Anybody here slept at all?"

I was answered by mute headshakes from everybody.

"Anybody likely to sleep?"

Again the headshakes.

"That settles it." I struggled to my feet. "It's only four A.M., but if we're going to freeze to death, we might as well freeze on the move. Not only that, but another few hours in this temperature and that tractor engine will never start again. What do you think, Jackstraw?"

"I'll get the blowtorches," he said by way of answer, and pushed his way out through the canvas screen. Almost at once I heard him begin to cough violently in the deadly cold of the air outside, and in the intervals between the coughing we could clearly hear the dry, rustling crackling of his breath as the moisture condensed, froze and drifted away in the all but imperceptible breeze.

(Continued on Page 59)

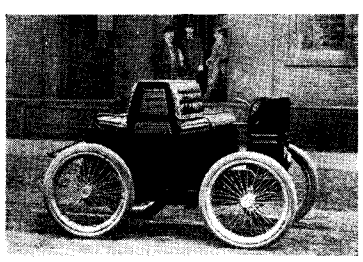
© 1960 by Gilach, A. G.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

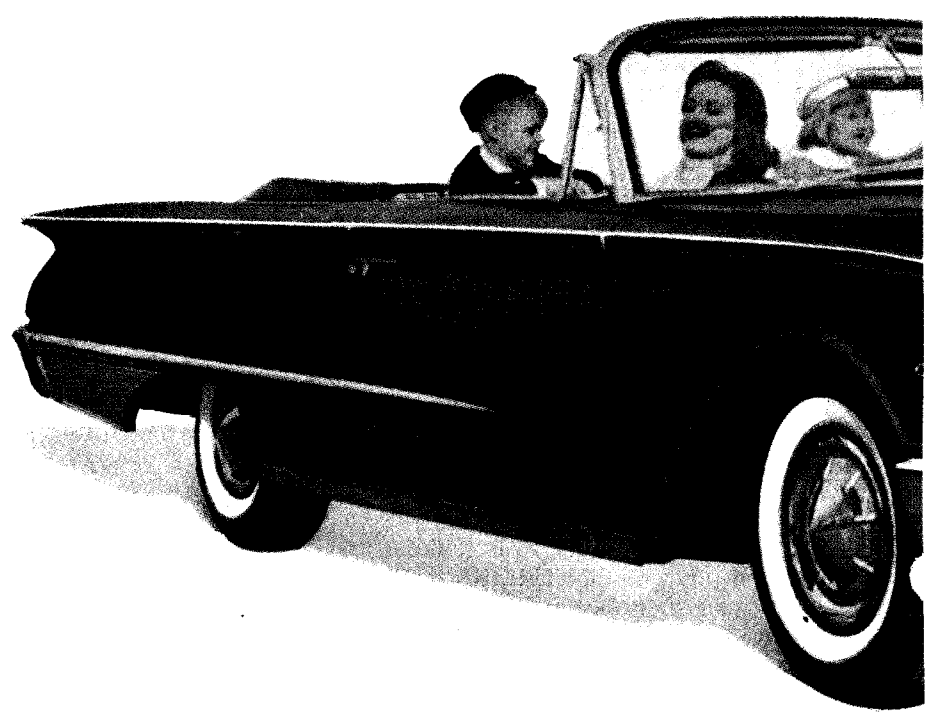
"No need to spend too much on tires—or risk your neck on 'bargains,' either—

buying the right tire is as easy as B-F-G

We can't blame you if you're confused by tire claims, grades and prices. But don't be. Basically, there are three kinds of tires for three kinds of drivers. Which one are you? Just see your B. F. Goodrich dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages). He'll see that you get the right tire for your kind of driving—at not a dollar more or a dollar less than you ought to pay. He stands back of every BFG tire. And we stand back of him. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio."



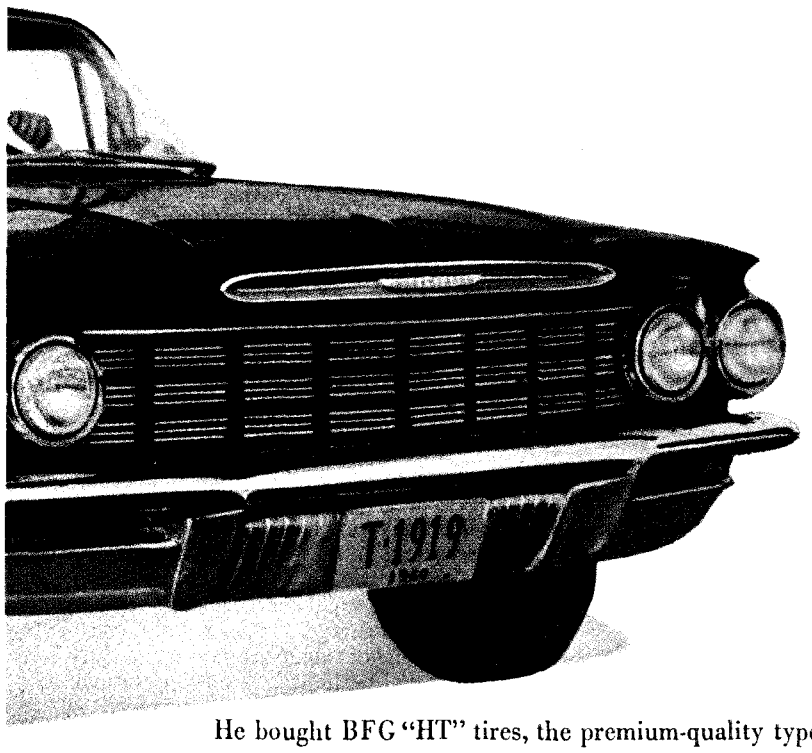
The first pneumatic tire for the first commercial auto (1896 Winton) was developed by B. F. Goodrich.



BFG
B.F.Goodrich

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICK YOUR BFG TIRE



He bought BFG "HT" tires, the premium-quality type.

Heavy driving:

A bargain tire's no bargain if you drive long miles week after week at turnpike speeds.

Wears out faster than a poor relation's welcome. You need a *premium-quality* tire like the B. F. Goodrich "HT," the new tire with the extra-wide, extra-deep, Quiet Rubber tread. Gives you 22% more mileage for about $3.00 more than regular first-quality tires.

She bought BFG "Long Milers," the economy type.

Light driving:

This girl doesn't need expensive tires. She drives the family's second car.

Her longest trip is to the supermarket. She can get along nicely with *economy* tires like the BFG "Long Miler." Puts as much non-skid rubber on the road as first-quality tires, but the body's not quite as rugged . . . and we don't recommend it for steady high-speed driving.

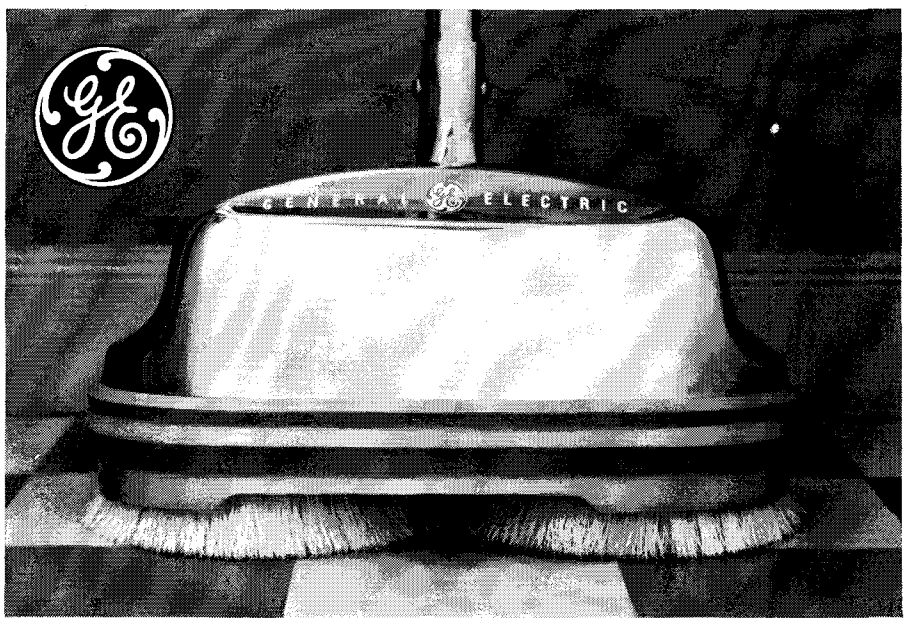
They bought BFG "Silvertowns," the first-quality type.

Normal driving:

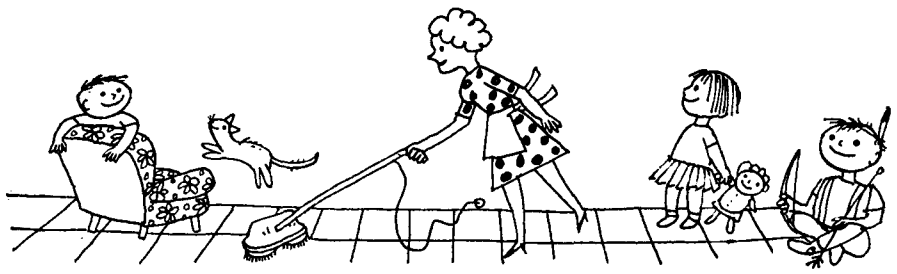
Most people use the family car for hundreds of short trips and a couple of long ones each year.

Their trusty buggy needs *first-quality* tires like BFG "Silvertowns" —the kind the 1960 models roll on. Big tread puts lots of non-skid rubber on the road. Built to give you more safe, trouble-free miles (we call it *Smileage*) than any other tire in its class.

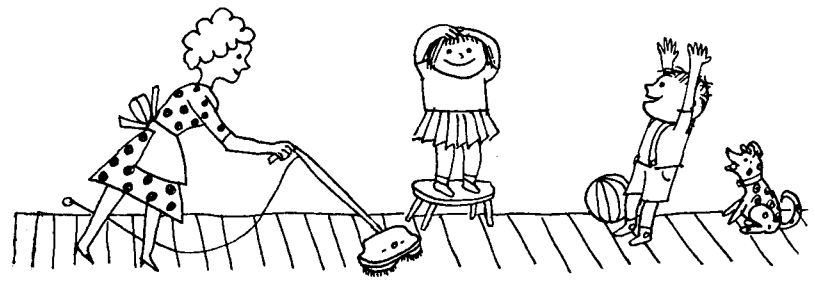
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



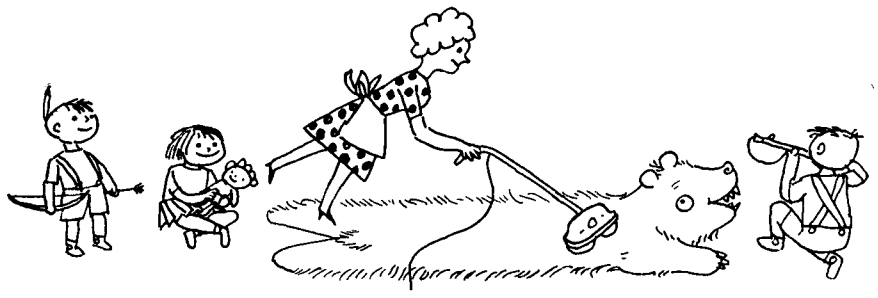
NEW! DO-EVERYTHING FLOOR POLISHER



THAT SCRUBS WITHOUT SPLASHING,



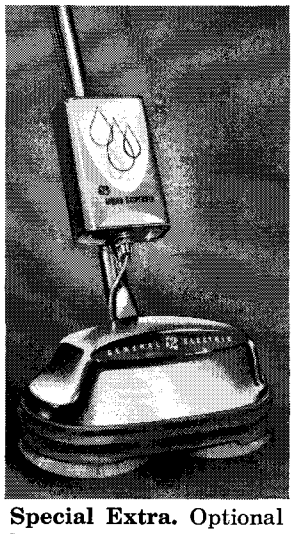
THAT WAXES AND POLISHES ALL KINDS



OF FLOORS AND EVEN CLEANS RUGS!

NOW General Electric brings you the new Do-Everything Floor Polisher. This remarkable polisher does every kind of floor-care job. Even dry cleans your rugs quickly and easily. Scrubs without splashing, thanks to new, exclusive Splash-Guard. Applies wax. Twin brushes polish and buff for long lasting protection. Gets close to baseboards and into corners.

Snap-on Attachments. All attachments snap on easily; Rug Cleaning Brushes, Floor Scrubbing Brushes, Lambs Wool Pads, Steel Wool Pads. *General Electric Company, Vacuum Cleaner Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.*



Special Extra. Optional Liquid Dispenser automatically distributes wash water and liquid wax.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Let Yourself Go (Continued from Page 37)

to life than falling in love and getting engaged?"

"What else?" murmured Pet.

"Don't you ever feel there must be a purpose—a something? Don't you have any ambition?"

"Yes. I'd kind of like to belong to the Santa Monica Couples Club. But you have to be married for that." She let her eyelids flutter sleepily.

"What an ambition! Oh, Pet, what ails me? I'm filled with such impatience! And when I'm not impatient, I'm depressed."

Pet had heard this many times. There was no answer to it. She closed her eyes tranquilly. When Nonie turned, she found her asleep. Nonie shivered again for no reason, and then started for the house.

Inside, Aunt Minnie, in hat and gloves, was coming regally down the broad stairs. Her step was firm, and her hand hovered just above the banister rail without touching it. Aunt Minnie was a short, trim woman of tremendous authority. No one would ever rock 'n' roll in her stately living room. No one would wear a T shirt or slip off his shoes while having tea with Aunt Minnie. Only very special persons, anyway, received the accolade of being invited to tea by her.

Nonie asked her, "Why is the countess coming to California all of a sudden?"

"Because she won two thousand dollars on the last Irish Sweepstakes, that's why."

"Oh, my goodness!" Nonie dropped into the nearest chair. "I thought she was filthy rich."

"Mind your language!" said her aunt severely. "No, she's not wealthy. She runs a rooming house in Buffalo. I thought I had told you." She blushed a little, for she knew very well that she had purposely never mentioned it. Nonie sat staring ahead with stony face, trying to keep her laughter down. She stood in awe of Aunt Minnie. They all did.

"Go and tell Pet to get ready. Joseph is getting the car warmed up. We'll be leaving any minute for the bus station."

"Airport?"

"Bus station," repeated Aunt Minnie.

Nonie flew to the garden, dropped down beside Pet and let herself go in silent laughter. She put her mouth close to Pet's ear. "The countess is coming by bus!"

Pet's blue eyes opened and gazed wonderingly at Nonie.

"She's coming on money she won in the Irish Sweepstakes. Two thousand dollars. She runs a rooming house, and Aunt Minnie blushed when she told me."

She let her head drop forward, and all her beautiful red curly hair fell over her face, which was red, too, from suppressed laughter.

"Aunt Minnie says you better go get ready. We're leaving. For the bus station! Isn't it beautiful, Pet? Isn't it beautiful?"

Aunt Minnie owned a limousine, every bit as venerable and well-kept, and almost as big, as her house. It was a remarkably uncomfortable car, with sliding glass windows between the driver's seat and the back, and little, hard, square, pulldown seats facing the back seat. It got hot inside and it droned, and Aunt Minnie didn't like to drive more than twenty-five miles an hour. Sometimes they would take a ride up the Coast Highway toward Malibu. Aunt Minnie always sat on the right because she liked to hold the window strap. Pet sat contentedly in the middle. Nonie sat on the left with the window down because the heat and the droning gave her a headache. She kept her nose in the breeze, and tried hard not to scream with impatience.

Some afternoons there might also be Freddie Delaney and George Guarnero on the pulldown seats facing the women. Freddie's family was oil, of course, for generations. George was only a little less eligible than Freddie. His family owned the coast-to-coast Sara Sue Dress Shops. Both young men were in love with Pet, though Pet was promised to Freddie.

Aunt Minnie's limousine was driven by a gray-haired, liveried chauffeur whom she called Joseph. Joe Braven his name was, and he was a spare, mellow man, nearing sixty. For a while, when Nonie was thirteen, she had thought she was in love with Joseph. Now she just loved him, loved him dearly. Both girls did. He had been a hoofer on the same vaudeville circuit with Aunt Minnie years ago. But he stood in awe of her, too, and never presumed, on the strength of their professional sympathy, to fraternize or to call her anything but Mrs. Snow. He kept his personal autonomy, though, even to the point of teaching the two little girls tap dancing on the immaculate cement floor of the garage. For, as he said, overruling with immediate firmness Aunt Minnie's initial hesitance, "Everyone should know the basic time steps, Mrs. Snow."

Being what she was, or rather what she had been, Aunt Minnie could not deny the fundamental soundness of this. She had been Minerva Appleby of Appleby and Snow, until Gus Snow went into the agency business and made a mint of money. She and Gus had started on Poli's circuit in New England and ended

---

There are some things money can't buy; principally, what it once did.

JOHN C. VIVIAN

---

up headliners at the Palace in New York. Ziegfeld wanted them, but Gus had his heart set on living in California. There was no kinder, cleverer, funnier person than Gus Snow. Little, gray and rumpled, he always played straight to the crisp, cool, aristocratic Appleby. But he wrote all their stuff and was the brains of the team. When he died, Aunt Minnie tied a purple ribbon across the arms of his chair at the dining-room table to keep anyone else from ever sitting on it. Gus would not have approved of that.

Well now, the countess was a shocker from the moment she stepped off the bus. The blaze of her tangerine hair put Nonie's natural flame to shame. She wore it in a million puffs under a wide-brimmed black hat set back on her head above a hard brown face. She wore a sleeveless batik dress showing the outline of bones, and her freckled arms jingled with bracelets. She took the young faces of the girls, Pet and then Nonie, between her skinny hands and scrutinized them. Pet dropped her eyes. But Nonie found herself responding to that warm, keen look with a surge of eager friendliness.

"You have a handsome pair of kittens, Minnie," the countess said in a voice as hard as her face. "What can they do? Sing? Dance?" She didn't wait for an answer. "Well, Joe," she said to Joe Braven, "long time no see. Remember the time they sent for you from Worcester to replace a brother act that had flopped? Four little boys billed as the Four Marx Brothers, remember, eh?"

"Worcester was good to me," recalled Joseph. "Whatever became of the Marx Brothers?" His face was perfectly deadpan.

Nonie felt something like a joyful balloon inside (*Continued on Page 51*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't make a mountain out of a Martini!

Pour right on-the-rocks. (Or stir with ice and strain into cocktail glass.)

You can produce a masterpiece of a Martini . . . with next to no effort at all! A *Heublein* Martini, ready-mixed . . . ready to serve. Made from pot still gin and finest vatted vermouth. No measuring. No waiting. More important still—no embarrassing "flops!" Any cocktail by Heublein hallmarks you the perfect host. No wonder more than 20,000,000 Heublein Cocktails were proudly served last year!

JUST HOME FROM WORK? Two's company . . . relax! Now's the time for a frosty Heublein Manhattan. Ready-mixed from choice private stock whiskey and finest vatted vermouth.

A "BAR" WHEREVER YOU ARE. Enjoy your favorite cocktail—miles from anywhere! Take along a bottle of Heublein's and a cooler of ice . . . and you're in business as a barman.

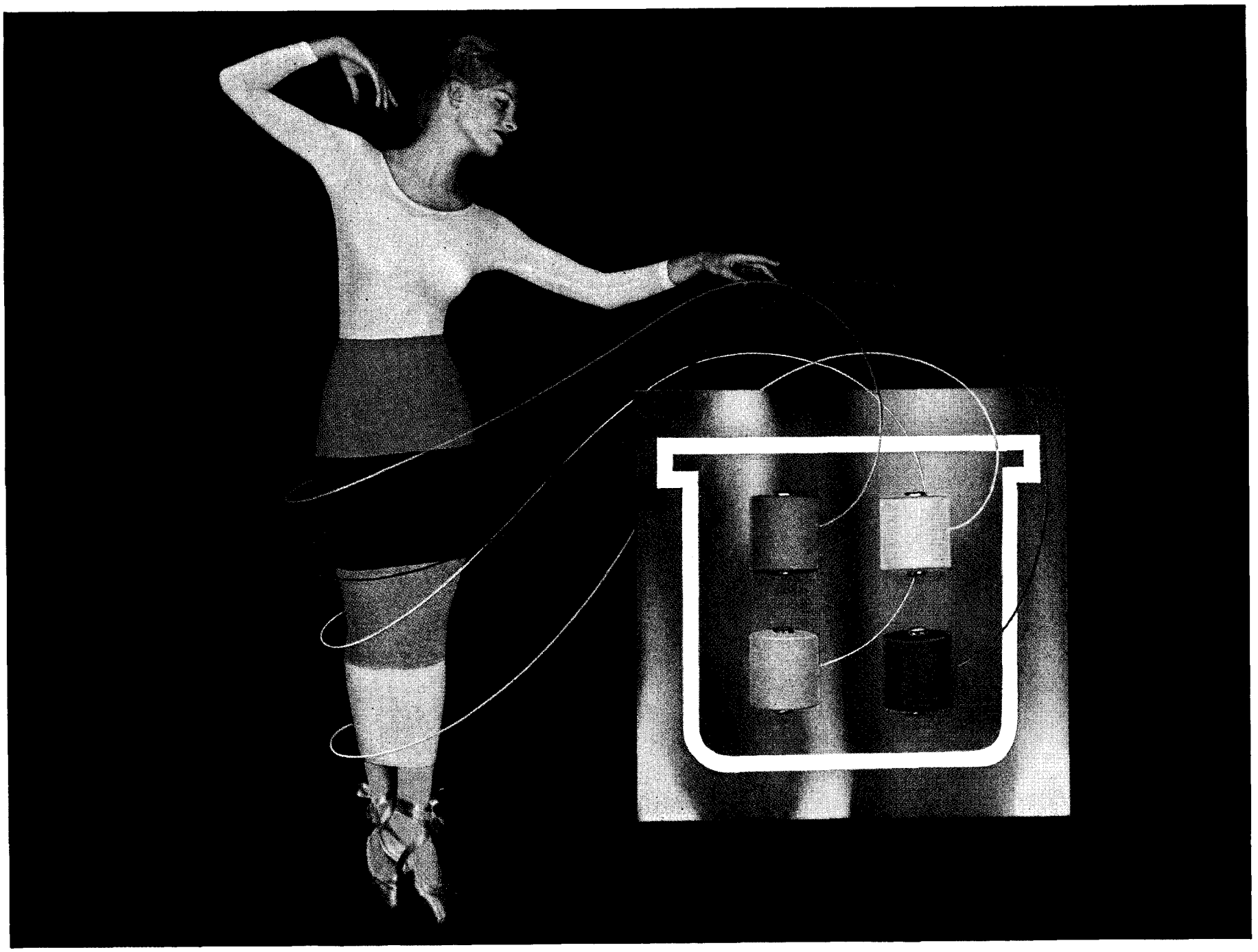
P.S. After dinner-serve delicious Heublein Cordials. Marvelously minty Creme de Menthe (54 proof) and 19 other full-flavored favorites. All at modest domestic prices.

You've got it made with HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

(PRONOUNCED HUGH-BLINE)

EXTRA DRY MARTINIS 75 proof—MANHATTANS 65 proof—DAIQUIRIS 60 proof. And 7 other popular kinds. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What made the Rainbow Makers stop seeing red

Your life is wrapped in a rainbow of fabrics—your clothes, your car upholstery, your home. And nobody today thinks of questioning their true colors any more than one would challenge nature's rainbow.

But there was a time when textile dyers saw nothing but red! Because of spoiled, off-color dye jobs from tubs that couldn't be completely cleansed of dye residue. Perhaps you remember when the old "dip bleaching" used to result in several shades of white in one bolt of cloth. Dyers and bleachers were risking large amounts of money trying to obtain true colors and pure whites.

In 1932, Republic Steel sent a metallurgist to the Philadelphia Textile Institute for intensive research in cooperation with the textile industry. Squadrons of bleaches and dyes were hurled against an array of stainless steels. Largely as a result of this work, today non-absorbent stainless is virtually the only metal used by dyers and bleachers. Colors are true. Whites are pure. And the industry has done a superb job of mechanizing. Bleaching is done in one continuous operation. Delivered fabrics exactly match sample swatches displayed the previous year.

This kind of investment in better methods and equipment pays off for you, for everybody. It enables management to cut costs. It permits them to produce better products and give you more for your money. This is the real way to get prosperity—not through the self-delusion of inflated wages. The tremendous prosperity expected during the next few years can come only through industry—by management making the most efficient use of equipment and manpower for the benefit of everyone.

Republic Steel, World's Largest Manufacturer of Stainless and Alloy Steels is today supplying stainless throughout the textile dyeing and bleaching equipment industry.

REPUBLIC STEEL

The Stainless STEELMARK on a product tells you it is made of stainless steel. Look for it when you buy.

Stainless Steel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 48*) of her. She was filled and light at the same time.

The countess had one suitcase. Joe Braven carried it to the car. When the countess saw the car, she stopped dead in her tracks. "Minnie," she said, almost reproachfully, "what is this?"

"Get in, Rene, and behave yourself," said Aunt Minnie sharply.

"Oh, well ——" The countess laughed and climbed in. "Everyone has his own way of killing bedbugs, said the old man as he shot off his toe."

"What?" said Nonie.

"Get in, Nonie," ordered Aunt Minnie.

Nonie got in and pulled down one of the little seats. As she sat down, she felt suspended between two worlds, filled with laughter, filled with the conviction that life was not going to be the same again, ever. Pet sat on the other seat, facing Aunt Minnie. She had on her frozen face. Nonie considered pinching her, but was afraid the countess might notice. Nonie could control herself when she was pinched, but Pet always jumped.

If the countess was amused by Minnie's car, she could find no fault with her home. She walked around it enthusiastically, saying, "Yes! Yes!" in her deep voice. And Nonie followed her, bewitched by this bizarre figure, so shockingly vivid in the subdued old house. Finally, in the room that was to be hers, the countess faced Nonie with her warm smile.

"I can see it's kind of a mean trick I've played on old Minnie," she laughed. "Like finding a bachelor's-button in the daisy bed, eh? Stop staring, child. What does your aunt do for amusement?"

"She entertains. And goes for rides in the car."

The countess gave a little shriek, of laughter or pain, it was hard to say. "Well, and what do you children do for amusement?"

Nonie considered. "Pet's engaged," she said slowly.

"Yes. I suppose that's all there is. Don't you paint? Dance, sing? Do anything creative?"

"Joseph taught us how to dance."

"Good. Did you ever work up an act?"

Nonie hesitated. Then she said, "We used to do a Siamese-twin act, strapped together at the waist, back to back. Aunt Minnie never knew."

"Wow!" said the countess, unsmiling. "Well, that's enough. We better go downstairs."

"That was years ago. Pet would never do it now."

"Don't worry. I'll never ask for it."

The countess was the pleasantest guest they had ever had. She liked everything. She was agreeable to every plan. She had little projects of her own too. Every morning, clad in just a halter and the briefest of shorts, one of her big hats back on her head, her million puffs in place, she went for a vigorous walk, sometimes down the Palisades and along the hard, glistening sand, sometimes leaping like Diana along the staid residential streets of Santa Monica. Aunt Minnie stayed in bed trying not to think of it. Pet was not disturbed because she had determinedly removed herself into a world where the countess did not exist.

But Nonie was grappling with the situation, struggling with herself and the snobbishness that had been educated into her. Her final conclusion, which was as clear as speech in her consciousness, was this: *If she asks me to go with her, I'll go. I like her. I don't care what people think about her. Or about me. She's worth the whole town of Santa Monica.*

Now, the old Greek playwrights had a dodge which they used quite frankly and shamelessly. It was a little god who was lowered from heaven on a crane to straighten out human entanglements. The *deus ex machina* is out of favor today. Modern playwrights are too capable, too sophisticated. But, you know, strangely enough, God Himself still uses the trick. And in a certain sense, at one time or another, when it becomes necessary, we all become little gods in the machine.

Maybe the countess just played out the role that was given her, in the way most consistent with her character. Or maybe she really sensed her role in that house. Certainly she had a longer view, and a high hand if she wanted to use it. Intuition, too—for just at the right moment she said to Nonie, "Are you going to walk with me tomorrow morning?"

"Yes," replied Nonie. She could feel Pet's eyes wide upon her, and she refused to look.

The next morning there were two redheaded Dianas in the sedate, tree-shaded streets of Santa Monica.

"You do this every day," said the countess, "and you'll live to be as old and as ugly as I am."

"I hope so," said Nonie fervently. "I want to be just like you. Why is that?"

Green Fence in Manhattan

By Ruby Fogel

In concrete jungles, stony gray,
The pigeons perch like birds of prey,
Or walk with rusty pigeon feet
On the brown, brick-rusty street.

A man, with clumsy diffidence,
Is painting green an iron fence:
While pigeons tut-tut in the eaves,
Green tendrils sprout from iron leaves.

The countess just laughed. Then Nonie asked frankly and curiously, "Why do I like you so much?"

She got a frank and curious answer, "Because I'm not full of horse feathers like most people. And you're not either."

There was something comforting about this, though she did not quite understand it. She decided to confide in the countess. "Is falling in love all there is to life?"

"Yes," said the countess.

Nonie was very surprised and a little disappointed. "I thought —— But I feel so impatient and frustrated all the time."

"Of course you do! You should!"

"I should?"

"Certainly. You should be bursting with the desire to fall in love—to fall in love with everyone and everything."

"That's not possible."

"Not with a shell around you, no. You have to break through your little shell. You have to expand. It's an attitude, Nonie. Love, and love bigger and broader until you've made the whole world your own. When you come to feel that everyone is your own, then you have the cure for frustration. Then you have rest from impatience. Then you have God and heaven. It's the only answer."

"It's not possible," said Nonie, almost in a whisper. She was frightened by this sudden sweeping vista.

"It is possible," affirmed the countess in a tone that would not be denied.

"Aunt Minnie ——"

The countess stopped her with a smile. "But you don't know your Aunt Minnie at all. It's a pity. There's more than one kind of shell, you know. You should have known Appleby and Snow, child."

"It's too late for that now."

The countess was silent. But at dinner a few nights later she said, "Don't you ever play poker, Minnie?"

Aunt Minnie's lips smiled involuntarily. "Not for years."

"I don't suppose the girls ——"

"Irene!"

"We could teach them. Just among ourselves we have a five-handed game—you and me, the girls and Joe."

"I have a date," said Pet coolly. "Freddie's coming. We're going out."

"Oh, well," said the countess inconclusively. . . . "Minnie, remember the time in Albany when we played all day and all night? . . . Never was a town so closed shut as Albany on a Sunday," she informed the girls. "Remember? There was a knock on the door, and we thought we were being raided."

Aunt Minnie gave a funny half-laugh, half-choke. "I just remember that McGill kept playing La Golondrina on his teeth with his fingernails."

"The count's name was Miguel," explained the countess to the girls, "but everyone called him McGill. The only thing he was good for was playing La Golondrina on his teeth."

"No, Rene," remonstrated Minnie with quiet firmness.

"His being dead doesn't change facts, Minnie. Well, he could dance," she conceded. "We wowed them with the maxixe. But the fact is, you know it, Minnie, I picked a lemon in the garden of love." She paused, then looked over at Nonie with a twinkle in her eyes and added, "Where they said only peaches grew."

Nonie felt as though a favor had been conferred on her. She did not laugh. The countess went on.

"Remember how we all looked when the sun finally came up? Your Aunt Minnie was always the most elegant one of us. Especially with that aigrette, eh Minnie? Until along toward morning when it began to hang down in your eyes."

Now Minnie could not help laughing. "I kept trying to blow it up out of the way," she recalled. "What a run of luck I had. Three times I drew to an inside straight and made it. Gus was so mad. He said I'd never learn to play poker with such luck, and you said with such luck I wouldn't need to learn. Oh, my!"

The countess looked over at Minnie and drooped her left eye in a slow wink. "Remember Jack Wilkins, Minnie?"

"Wilkins the Magician? How could I forget? That awful night after the last show in Stamford, in that lousy restaurant he picked up a cockroach and made it disappear, and then produced it out of my hair. I was so horrified I made Gus take me back to the hotel, and I took down my hair and brushed it and brushed it. Of course, it never really was there, but ——" She shuddered.

In her new astonishment Nonie looked for sympathy to Pet, but Pet had drawn a psychological veil across her pale blue eyes. She stared back at Nonie without expression. Then the doorbell rang, and she jumped up to let Freddie in. With him was George Guarnero.

The countess, having been the perfect house guest for two weeks, suddenly seemed determined to throw a monkey wrench with her own two hands. She looked the two young men over, and said to George, "You play poker?"

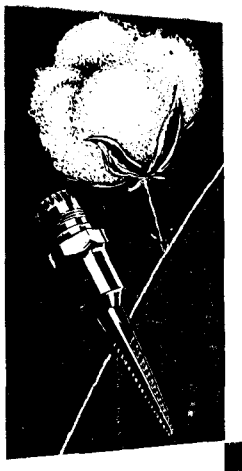
"Sure." George grinned. He seemed delighted with the countess. Nonie loved him for it.

Pet took Freddie firmly by the arm and led him off.

"That one's a hopeless stuffed shirt," remarked the countess, and Nonie dared

WHATEVER YOU WEAR

Republic Steels helped grow or eject or weave it

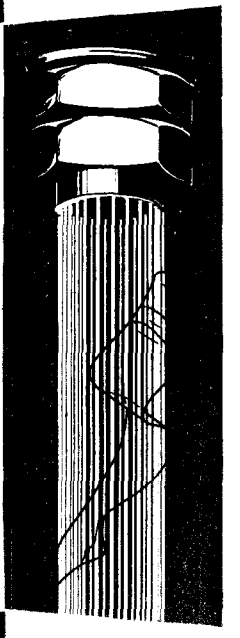


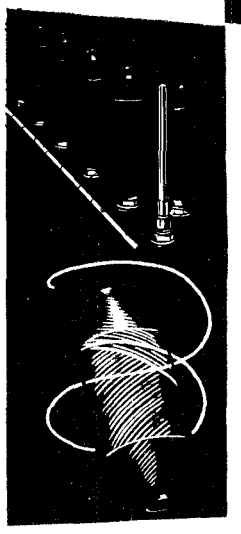
COLD DRAWN STEEL BARS

...become the precise, lightning-fast, dainty-touch fingers that are the cotton-pickinest pickers ever. And they *card wool or flax or* any other natural fiber —making the cost less to you because they work fast, efficiently, and go on and on and on.

STAINLESS STEEL

...ejects the fluids that turn, as if by the magic of chemistry, into the wonder fibers man has created for himself. Stainless is used because it is the favorite metal of the chemical *industry for its refusal* to get mixed up in the chemical processes themselves. Republic Steel, world's largest maker of stainless and other alloys, furnishes tons and tons of stainless to producers of synthetic fibers.





ELECTRUNITE STEEL TUBING

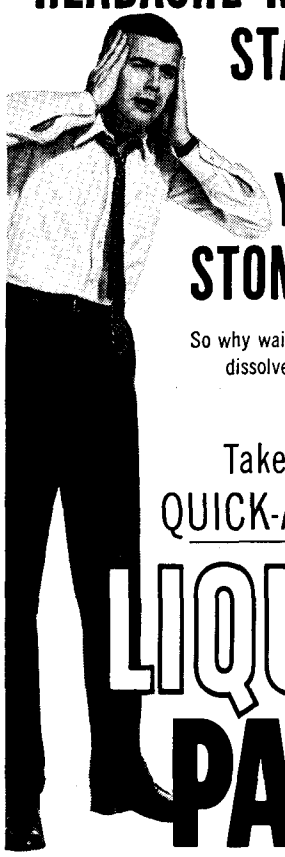
Complete concentricity and total wall uniformity are reasons why Republic ELECTRUNITE® Steel Tubing is specified for textile mill spindles which whirl at 10,000 rpm. Out-of-balance wobbles could be disastrous. But, ELECTRUNITE tubing makes up into spindles completely uniform and in balance. Hence, textile production goes at high speed, at lowest cost.

REPUBLIC STEEL

CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

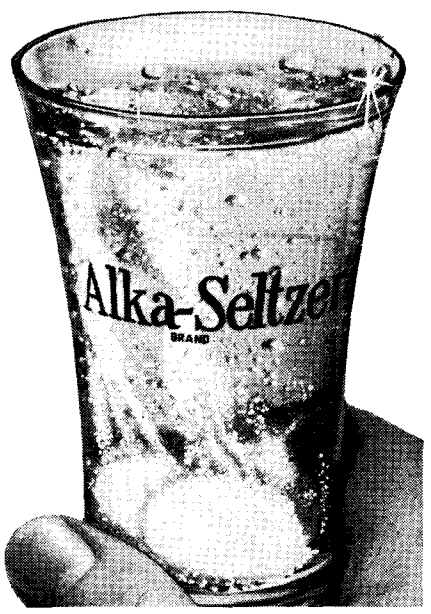
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEADACHE RELIEF STARTS IN YOUR STOMACH



So why wait while pills dissolve there?

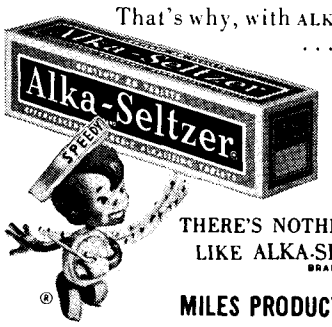
Take the QUICK-ACTING LIQUID PAIN RELIEVER



There are pills for headache and neuralgia. But they must dissolve in the stomach (this is sometimes a slow process and delays relief).

But ALKA-SELTZER in a glass of water is a pleasant, easy-to-take liquid pain reliever. ALKA-SELTZER gives you more complete relief because it contains more medication . . . special ingredients not obtainable in pills. These ingredients quickly relieve pain of headache and neuralgia, *and* soothe away upset stomach.

That's why, with ALKA-SELTZER . . . "Relief is just a swallow away."



THERE'S NOTHING QUITE LIKE ALKA-SELTZER®
BRAND

MILES PRODUCTS
Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

not guess whether she meant Freddie or Pet.

Then, at that remark, Aunt Minnie looked soberly at the countess, and the countess looked back soberly, and they seemed to be exchanging some thought. Finally the countess said, "Nonie, go get Joe. Tell him to bring his poker chips."

"Never mind the poker chips," said Aunt Minnie. "I have my own."

Joseph came, looking startled. He had hastily put on a sport jacket. He gave Aunt Minnie a long, questioning look.

She smiled at him. "Come on, Joe," she said gently. "Shuffle and deal." She placed a deck on the table.

He sat down without a word. His face had gone a little white. Nonie felt a tightness in her throat.

With a swift, deft movement, the countess removed the purple ribbon from Gus's chair and pulled the chair forward. "I'll sit here. You sit beside me, Nonie."

Aghast, out of the corner of her eye, Nonie saw Aunt Minnie stiffen. But before she could speak, the countess, with her warm smile, leaned across the table and said dryly, "Plenty of girls have sat on Gus's lap, Minnie. He didn't mind it when he was living. I don't suppose he'll mind it now that he's dead. Gus was full of horse common sense, as McGill used to say."

There was a tense moment of conflict. No one moved. Then Nonie, who had not dared to take her eyes off the table, felt rather than saw her aunt relax. Then Joe began expertly to shuffle the cards.

"You can put the ribbon back when I've gone home."

Minnie laughed easily. "Horse common sense," she repeated.

"Start with a pair, Nonie," said the countess briskly. "That's the lowest value in a poker hand. On to two pairs, three of a kind—pay attention, child. It may mean life or death."

"I don't approve," said Aunt Minnie, and laughed again.

"You never did," said the countess.

It was an evening! The picture of that table under the hard light of the chandelier was as vivid as a vision. Nonie felt that when she was an old, old lady, she would see those dear people with her mind's eye as plainly as she was seeing them tonight. The two men, with permission, had removed their coats. Joseph revealed pink satin garters holding up his sleeves. He played his cards with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth and one eye half closed by the smoke that rose up. Across the table George had taken off his tie and unbuttoned his collar to reveal hair on his chest. Frequently she felt his eyes upon her with new interest. She said witty things. It was easy because the countess, so cleverly, so kindly, played straight to her.

While the cards were being dealt the countess sang, just under her breath and slightly off key, a sad little song about a name that was never spoken, a mother's heart half broken, and a picture with its face turned toward the wall. Aunt Minnie turned out to be no fool at poker. Her artless smile was deadly, and all she ever seemed to say in her cool little voice was "I'll play these."

That was not all. There was the smooth feel of the cards and the pleasant sound of the chips, which were handsome ones with Uncle Gus's monogram on them. And exhilaration, a great new exhilaration, even though she lost.

They were playing the last round when Pet and Freddie came back.

"Well, I think I'll go home tomorrow," announced the countess. "I've done all the harm I can here, and I better go before it backfires on me."

"Go down in the cellar, Joseph," said Aunt Minnie, "and bring up a magnum of Gus's champagne."

Aunt Minnie had hollow-stemmed champagne glasses. The golden bubbles came up the center clear from the bottom.

"Here's to our wives and sweethearts," said Joe. "May they never meet."

"Here's to the middle class," said the countess. "That's us, eh, Minnie?"

"All right, Rene," said Minnie, "all right! You've made your point."

Nonie touched the wine to her lips. She didn't want to spoil a natural exhilaration with an artificial one. George toasted her with a look across the rim of his glass.

Poor Pet, thought Nonie. *How dull to be engaged!*

Pet drank the whole glass. Freddie had two.

"There's just one man now since Will Mahoney," Joe was saying to the countess, "and that's Gene Kelly."

"Oh, Will Mahoney, Kelly-schmelly!" said the countess. "I haven't seen anyone, ever, to equal Joe Braven in a soft-shoe."

"Come on, Joe," said Aunt Minnie.

Joe laughed a little, embarrassed, but got to his feet with relish. "I'll have to whistle it between my teeth," he said.

He was an artist, no doubt about it. They all applauded. Then Pet said suddenly, "We used to have an act, remember, Nonie?"

Nonie, startled, looked at the countess. She nodded, laughing soundlessly. "Go ahead."

They used the purple ribbon off Uncle Gus's chair. It was handy and no one took note of it. They tied themselves back to back at the waist.

"I can't remember," said Nonie, flustered.

But Pet was as cool as a cucumber. She started singing in a high, edgy, vaudeville voice, which made Freddie's eyes open wide in surprise. "Si-yam, it's so lonesome where I-yam, don't you miss your Omar Khayyám. . . ."

Nonie picked it up, singing through her nose, "Come to my Persian garden, we'll ask the gods for pardon, as before the temple door we stand, hand-in-hand. . . ."

Then Nonie alone, with large gestures, "There's lots of room here on this rug of mine for two. . . ."

Then Pet, loud and clear, "I only want my little jug of wine and you-u-u. . . ."

Then both of them, "Si-yam, it's so lonesome where I-yam. . . ."

And so on. They followed it up with a tap routine. And they ended breathless, limp with laughter, not even awed by Aunt Minnie's stunned astonishment.

The countess threw herself back in Gus's chair and laughed till the tears came. "It's a lucky thing for the American public that vaudeville went out when it did," she said. Her bracelets jingled as she wiped her eyes.

Later, in their room, as they were getting ready for bed, Nonie said, "We were pretty good, weren't we? Whatever got into you, Pet?"

"I guess it was the champagne." Then Pet sat very still on the edge of the bed, holding a stocking that she had just taken off. The champagne! She was remembering the kiss that Freddie had given her when he said good night. Never like that, never before like that. She hadn't expected it of Freddie. She hadn't expected it of herself. "When we get married," she said dreamily, "I'm going to give Freddie champagne every night for dinner."

"Pet!" Nonie pretended to be shocked. Then she laughed. "You and your delicious languor!"

"Delicious languor?" Pet was surprised. No, it wasn't that. It was more heady than that. More frightening.

"I'm going home with the countess!" Nonie crowed. "Aunt Minnie said I could. For two weeks! We're going on the bus. And when I come back, I'm going to do big things! Creative things! You'll see." She did a funny little time step all around the room.

Pet sat, still holding her stocking. He was stronger than she had known. Actually he had made her head swim. She hadn't expected that of Freddie. Not at all. Nor of herself.

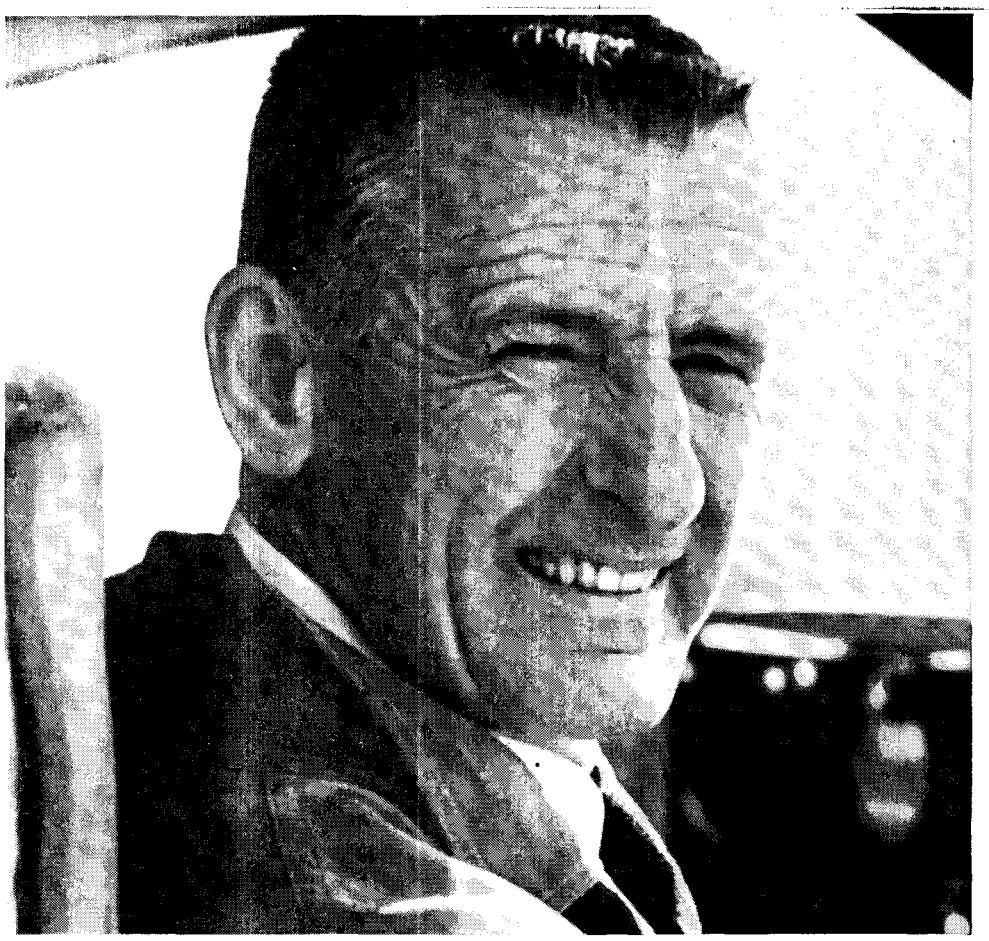
"Off to Buffalo, dopey!" Nonie danced close and put her face right in front of Pet's. "I'm doing an off-to-Buffalo with the countess! Hear?"

Pet smiled calmly, aloof, superior. "Everyone has his own way of killing bedbugs," she said. THE END

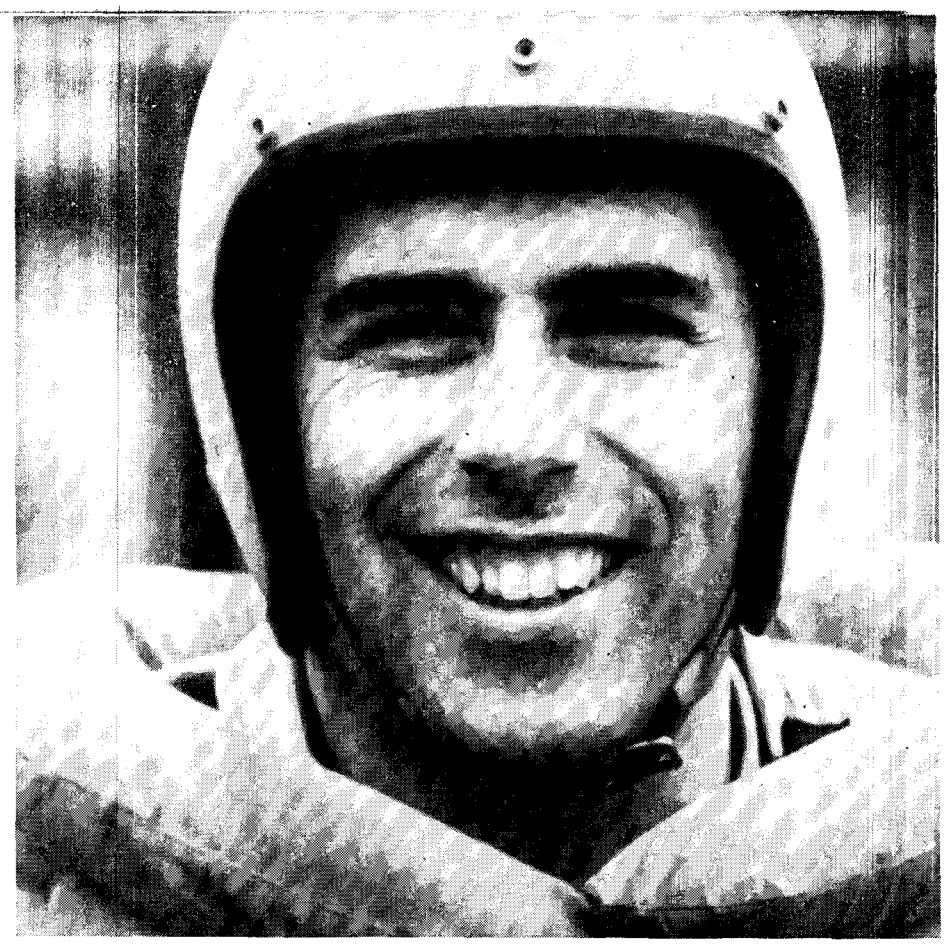
"Mr. Kennecott! We got any soft muted Paisleys?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

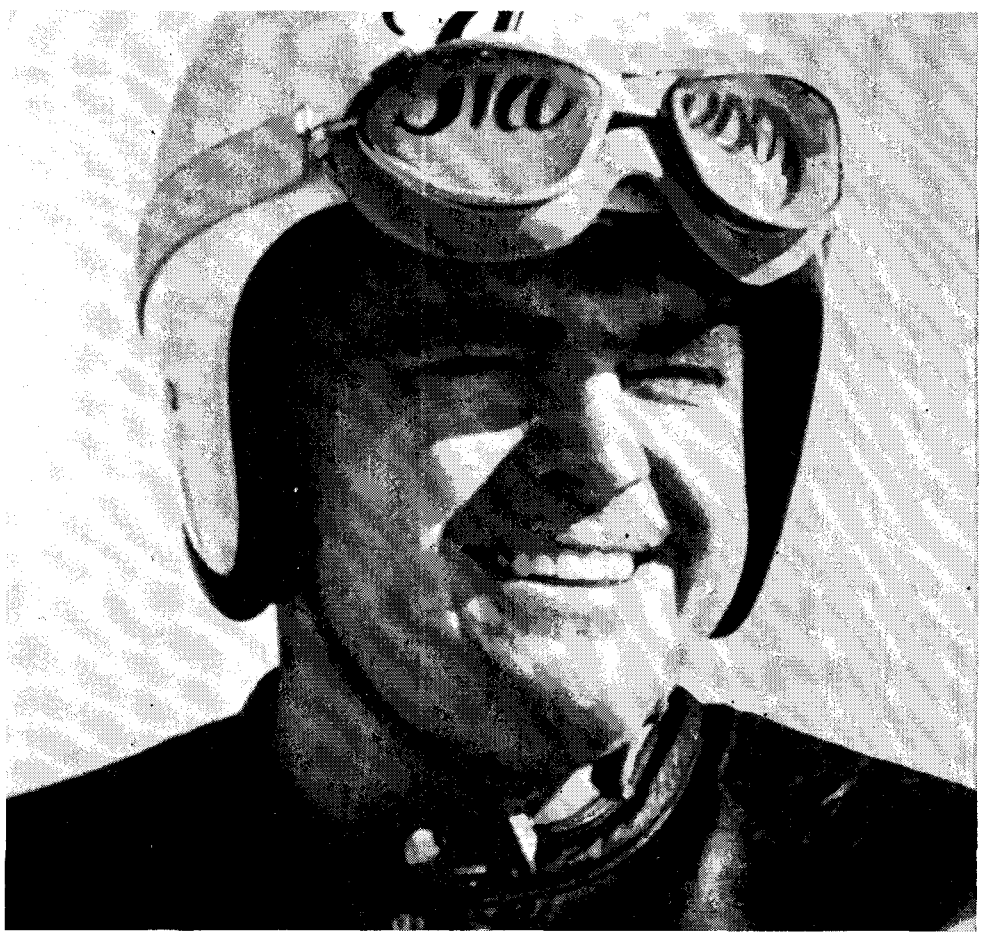
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



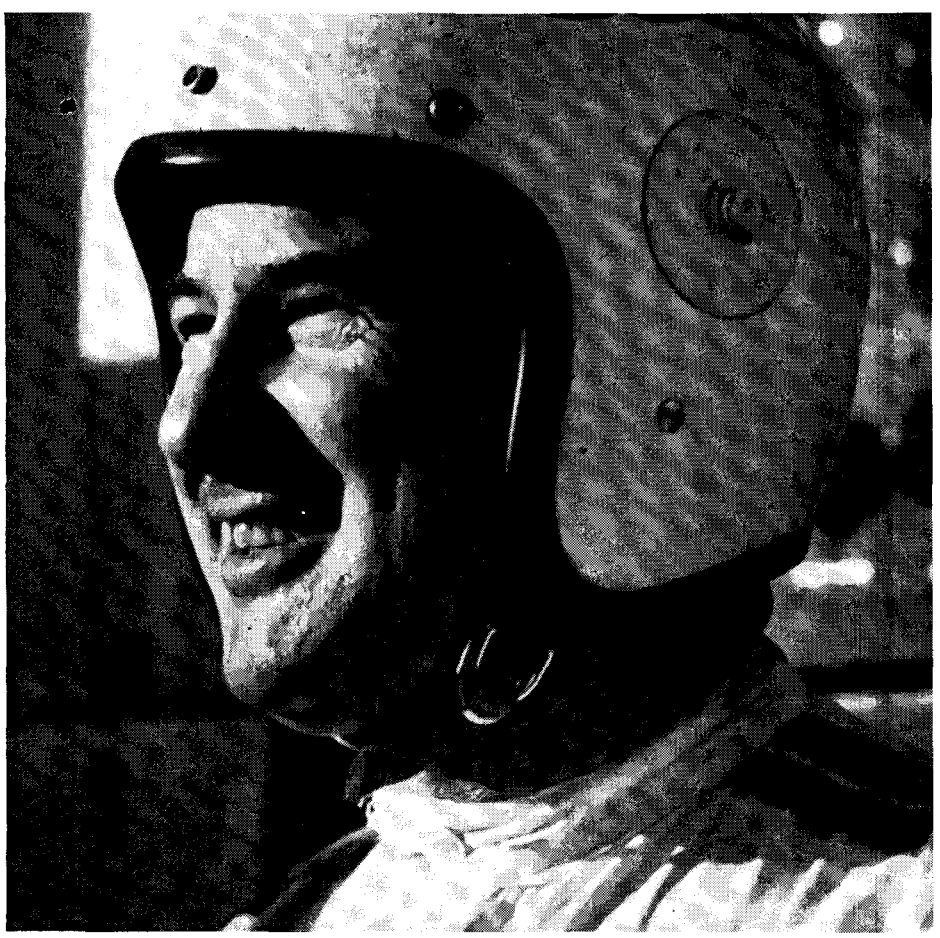
Light plane record holder uses Champions! Max Conrad set a new endurance record for single-engine, light planes . . . 7,668 miles non-stop! Champions sparked his Lycoming-powered Piper Comanche.



Outboard record holder uses Champions! Hugh Entrop holds the world's outboard motor record with a dazzling 107.8 miles per hour. His stock Mercury outboard was powered by Champion spark plugs.



Land speed record holder uses Champions! Mickey Thompson set a new American speed record of 363 m.p.h. at Bonneville Salt Flats. His car's 4 Pontiac engines were sparked by Champions.



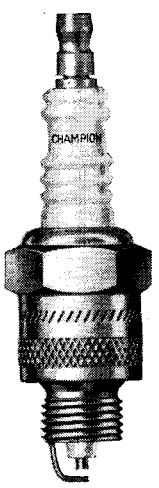
Indianapolis "500" record holder uses Champions! Rodger Ward set a new record at Indianapolis last year of 135.8 miles per hour. Rodger, like 9 out of 10 race car winners, uses Champions!

Q. Why do the record breakers, in field after field, use Champion spark plugs?

A. Because they know they can depend on Champions to wring every bit of performance out of every drop of gas. Your car will perform better, too (and save money on gasoline) with new Champions. Put in a set every 10,000 miles!

Worn spark plugs waste lots of gas—so check your plugs every 5,000 miles!

CHAMPION®



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marked for Death (Continued from Page 39)

"No drink. You got coffee, strong, black coffee, it would be a pleasure," he said. He sat down in my big leather armchair, and as I glanced at him from the stove in my kitchenette I saw his eyes were closed. He looked exhausted.

There's always coffee on my stove, and it took only seconds to heat it and bring him a cup. He took a sip of it and then he looked at me steadily. His dark eyes were hot, angry. And yet I could have sworn that fear lurked in their depths.

"I know you a long time, Ed Mackie," he said. "I know with you what's off the record is off the record. And so I come to you—for help."

"Me help you?"

That would have been a laugh, except for the dark anxiety that lay behind it. The Angel had lived his whole life on the water front, and the fact that he had survived as king of his little section of the port to the age of sixty was a sign he'd been tough, quick on his feet and had had a capacity for demanding loyalty—good or evil—from enough people to stay in business all these years.

The water-front world of Angelo Conti is divided up into a series of little kingdoms, each presided over by its own king—the luxury-liner kingdom, the Chelsea section, around the horn at the Battery, the East River, Brooklyn, Staten Island, Jersey City, Hoboken and Port Newark. It may be incorrect to say that Angelo Conti was the only ruler in this world of bribe giving and bribe taking, of petty thievery and grand larceny, of violence and murder, who did not have a criminal police record. If it is incorrect, I apologize to the injured parties. Oh, The Angel had been arrested, he'd been subpoenaed, he'd appeared before crime commissions and special prosecutors. But he'd never refused to answer questions, never ducked a direct accusation. He had controlled his little empire for thirty years while the other kings of the port either died violently or wound up in jail, to be succeeded by crown princes who went the same way.

Angelo needing help from me? It was a laugh.

From the very beginning Angelo Conti had been a champion of labor's cause, in a world where the exploitation of labor by its own leaders has been the most vicious. When it came to bargaining for contracts, The Angel was one of the toughest, but threats of violence and blackmail had never been his weapons.

I remember hearing a pretty good D.A. say at a press conference once, "I don't think Angelo is a crook. Sure, you get in his way and he'll knock your teeth down your throat with a baseball bat. But I don't think he's a crook."

"You don't think he ever killed a man—or had a man killed?" one of the reporters asked.

The D.A. looked at the questioner over the top of his horn-rimmed glasses. "If I had proof of it, he'd be in Sing Sing."

The other kings had tried to force Angelo to play the game their way and met with stubborn resistance, except when "their way" seemed the best course to take for the general good. On the water front there are simple ways to deal with men who stand out against the mob like Angelo Conti—your feet in a barrel of cement at the bottom of the river, you and your car riddled with machine-gun bullets, your beaten and broken body found buried in a vacant lot or your heart ripped out of your chest cavity with a cargo hook. But in a world where the code is silence, men talked to The Angel because, whether they were on his team or not, they secretly believed he was their one best hope. Angelo could lead them to some kind of better life, and they believed in him more than they did the big-shot union leaders, more than the Waterfront Commission, more than the Port Authority, more than the D.A.'s office or the Police Department. The result was that Angelo Conti had always been prepared for violence directed against him.

Until today.

There is an odd thing about the community of violence that is the water front. Its members are great family men, and most of them great churchgoers. Angelo, like most longshoremen, had married early. Long before he had become a power, he was married—and deeply in love with his wife, Anna. Their greatest sorrow was that they had no children. And then, by some miracle, when Anna was forty-two years old, she conceived and bore Angelo a son. Angelo was forty-eight. The boy was named Hector—the warrior. But the aftermath of his coming was tragic for The Angel. Anna gave him a son, the apple of his eye, but the effort cost her her life. So there was The Angel with an infant son and a great emptiness inside him.

At fifty The Angel was a square, dark, muscular, vital man, still full of the juices of living—and lonely. One night he saw a beautiful Italian girl named Sofia Scarletto singing in a little night spot somewhere in the Village. She was just twenty years old. Angelo, out of loneliness and out of maleness, fell desperately in love with her. Sofia Scarletto had been reared on the water front, and she knew this man, knew his power, knew that he was wealthy, if not as wealthy as the thieving kings. There was prestige to becoming Mrs. Angel. And so Sofia married Angelo.

From all reports they had lived a happy ten years. Sofia had taken over the rearing of little Hector and had done a fine job of it. People said Angelo was growing soft as he grew old. If it was growing soft to be in love with his beautiful young wife and his handsome, sturdy boy, then Angelo was growing soft.

Hector, the warrior, was twelve years old the day Angelo came to me for help.

"This is off the record, Mackie," Angelo said to me urgently. "Very much off the record."

"O.K., Angelo. Off the record."

He drew a deep breath. "Tonight at ten o'clock in a big mansion in the Catskills there is to be a meeting. A meeting of names you would know, Mackie. You would call it the Mafia. I would call it a kind of bastard Mafia. To this meeting I am invited. You know why?"

"You're a big wheel," I told him.

"I am invited to die," he said without emotion. He gave a short, mirthless laugh. "We have a big spread. We eat and drink. We pretend to talk the business of the port. Then sometime I die. Maybe a knife in the ribs. Maybe a bullet. Maybe my head is smashed in and they find me in my car on the way home. A highway accident. This I know, you understand. In thirty years I have learned to smell these things. They will tell me, 'Angelo, we have decided to back you to become head of the union.' They know this has always been my dream, to clean up the union. I am supposed to be delighted. I will drink and eat and be very happy—and I will die. This I know."

"Then why go?" I asked.

"I would laugh in their face in the old days," he said. "I am too wise an old mouse to nibble at cheese in so plain a trap. But I will go, Mackie. I will leave here tonight at eight o'clock unless you can help me."

I just stared at him.

"Even if I couldn't smell it," he said, "I'd know it was so from the silence. People who always talk, Mackie, suddenly don't know from nothing. People who always talk suddenly cross the street when they see me. When I send for them, they are at home, sick, or they went to visit a relative in Philadelphia. But you got your sources, Mackie. Different sources. Maybe they will still talk to you."

"You want me to find out if you really are marked for death, Angelo?"

He rose up out of the chair and shouted at me like a wounded bull. "No, no, Mackie! I know all this. I have told you." He closed his eyes and drew a deep, shuddering breath. "Listen to me, Mackie. Yesterday my boy Hector—he is twelve years old. You've seen him, Mackie? You know what a fine boy he is?"

"I've heard, Angelo."

"He's crazy about baseball," Angelo said. "Yesterday he wants to go to Yankee Stadium to see the, how you call, 'crucial series' with Cleveland. I never let him go alone before. I take him. Ding Dong takes him. Sofia, God bless her, does not know a baseball from a watermelon. But I cannot take him yesterday, and I need Ding Dong. I have had this invitation, and I prepare for trouble. I'm not going, you understand, so I am already planning for the next move. Hector has to grow up. No? So Sofia and I say, let him go by himself. I give him money so he can go in a taxi, come back in a taxi. He is bursting with excitement, with happiness. If the Yankees win, I am not sure he will survive the joy of it, and if they lose, I am not sure he can stand the grief. But he has to grow up. No?"

"Yes," I said.

"So he went. My boy, my Hector; he went. Well, he does not come home for supper. I turn on the radio, and I know the game is over. The Yankees have won. Hector is, I know, very happy. But he does not come home and he does not come home. Sofia begins to be out of her mind. I send Ding Dong to try to find him. Then comes a phone call. It is a soft Italian voice. Maybe I know it, maybe I don't. I am a little out of my mind, you understand. This voice tells me, 'Angelo, you will attend the meeting in the Catskills. Your boy is safe and well. But he will not be safe and well if you are not there at ten o'clock tomorrow night.'"

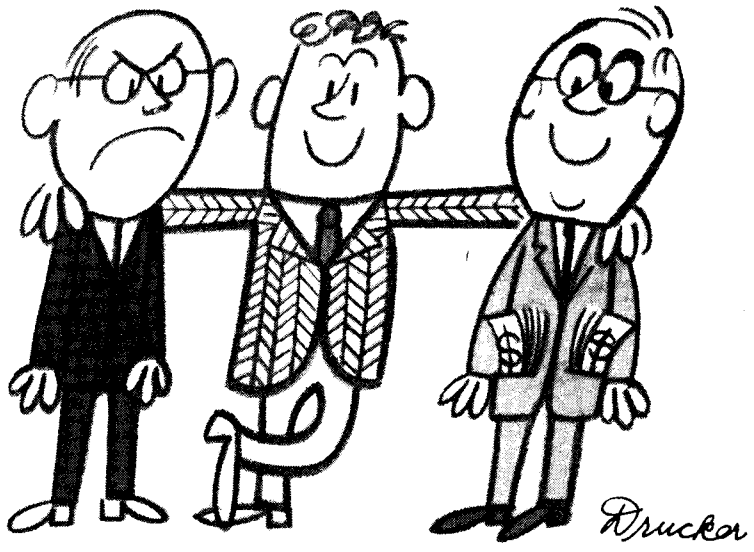
Angelo brought his hard fist down on the arm of the leather chair. "For thirty years there is no way to get at me, Mackie. It has been so, and I am getting old and thoughtless. I have never thought Sofia or Hector could be used against me. It was unthinkable to think it, you understand. Yet here it is."

"A kidnaping!" I said.

He nodded. "It is now two-thirty," he said, glancing at his watch. "At eight o'clock tonight I have to leave to get to the place in the Catskills by ten. Eight o'clock at the very latest."

"The cops?" I said.

"If I had a month," Angelo said bitterly. "Yes, the cops—the FBI. I have less than six (*Continued on Page 56*)



The Perfect Squelch

Preston, a penny-pinching member of the school board, started his own career with nothing and figured everyone else should do the same. He roared like an irritated sea lion whenever a teacher complained at being underpaid.

He was especially irritated when an able young physics instructor announced he was resigning to take a job in industry at twice the salary. After lecturing the teacher on his wonderful opportunities for service and his duty to the youth of the community, Preston sharpened his spurs and dug in.

"Young man," he said sternly, "there are things money can't buy. Can you think of anything more rewarding than to be able to face your fellow citizens and say, 'I have repaid the trust you placed in me'?"

"Yes," the young man said cheerfully, "to be able to face my creditors and say the same thing."

Jessica Dreasen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FASHIONS FROM THE IMPERIAL COLLECTION, DESIGNED BY NINA RICCI

IMPERIAL CUSTOM FOUR-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON

Styled for an era just beginning

The *look* of an Imperial will very likely change from time to time . . . but its *style* will never be measured by the calendar.

Style, as any good fashion designer will tell you, is more than a matter of looks. The things that give a fashion design its style are the detail of its cutting and construction . . . the knowing how to make it drape well and move and feel exciting to wear.

This is Imperial's style, too. The patient, time-consuming attention to the fit and action of a door . . . the slow hand-cutting and fitting of interior leathers . . . the persistence of inspectors who check the production of every car more than six hundred times before it's finished.

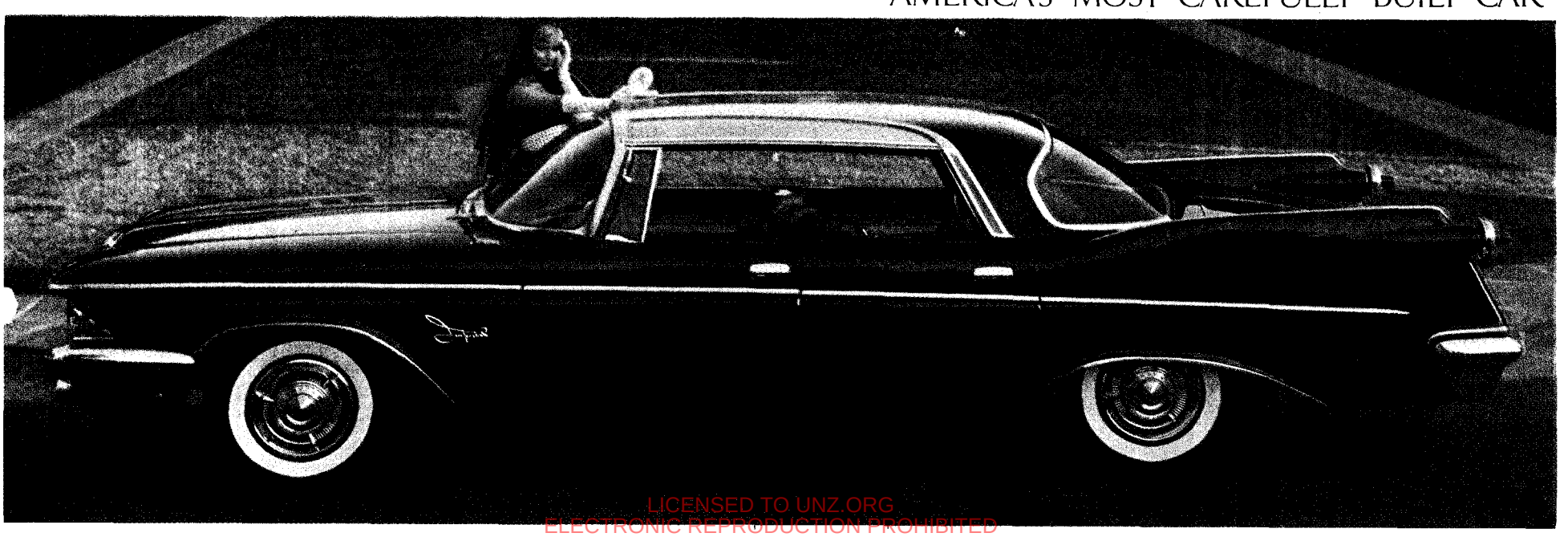
This is style that has nothing to do with time or model years . . . or even miles. It has everything to do with how this remarkable automobile drives and handles, and with the allowable pride you can have in owning America's most carefully built car.

the exclusive

IMPERIAL

PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 54*) hours, Mackie. There is one chance. Someone might talk. They won't talk to me, because to talk to me may be to die themself. But maybe they have already talk to someone who will talk to you. You have your sources, Mackie."

"Yes, but ——"

"Someone may know," he said, "where Hector is being held. Someone may even have seen the boy without knowing who he is." He was grasping at the feeblest of straws. It was such a terrible long shot it made my gut ache.

"I'll do what I can," I said, not having the faintest idea what it was I could do. In five hours I would have to find just the right person out of thousands.

"If I could find out where he's being held—what then?" I asked.

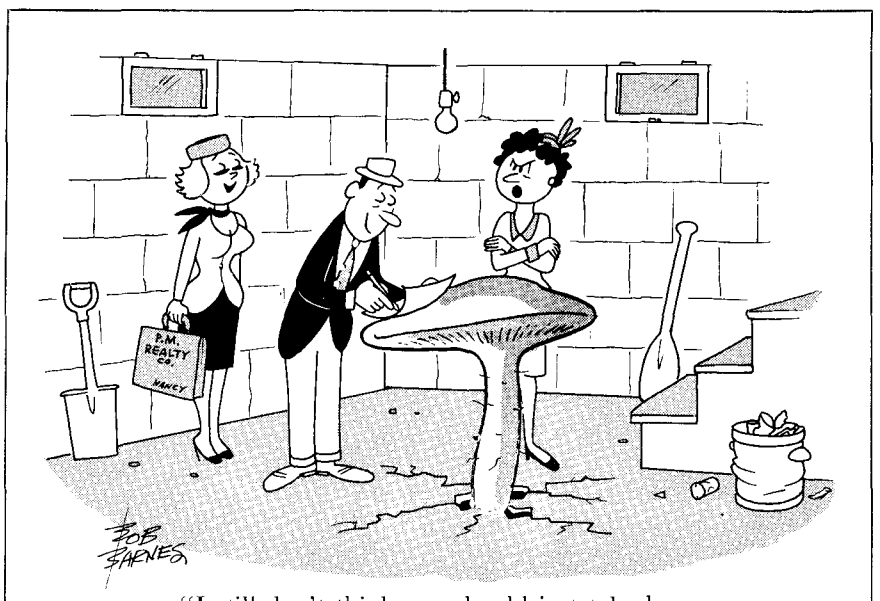
Angelo's voice shook with the impotence of his rage. "I got five hundred men who will go get him," he said.

"As you said, somebody may have seen the boy and not added it up," I said. "Have you got a picture of him?"

"I got a hundred pictures of him—at home," Angelo said. He was on his feet. "Come with me, Mackie. I will give you one."

I went with this shattered colossus of a man, knowing how futile it was to hope for anything from me. But to point this out to him, to say no to him, would be to remove the last tiny spark of hope he had.

Ding Dong Adano drove us in Angelo's black limousine to the lavish apartment on West End Avenue where Angelo lived. Ding Dong was a handsome young Sicilian, tall, almost dashing. Italians make up a big part of the water-front population. There were many young men like Ding Dong working the piers, but not many who had risen to a position to match his in importance—The Angel's trusted lieutenant. Ding Dong had a future in the harbor if he was tough enough and wary enough. He looked all that to me. He treated Angelo with the respect of a son. He was almost tender in his sympathy for The Angel in this hour of doom.



"I still don't think you should just take her word that there's no dampness in the cellar."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Ding Dong was obviously a member of the family. He came up to the apartment with us, an apartment furnished expensively with the very best of merchandise, and without a scrap of personality betrayed in the big living room overlooking the Hudson. There I met Sofia Conti for the first time. She had been a beautiful girl when she married Angelo at the age of twenty. At thirty she was a magnificent woman. She was taller than The Angel, with a luscious figure. Under normal conditions, I thought, her sheer animal vitality would be breathtaking. Now she seemed frozen into a statue by her fear.

She went back into the rear of the apartment to fetch a picture for me. She brought me one in a small frame. Hector was a handsome boy, with a shadow of his father's rocklike strength in his mouth and eyes.

"You think you can do anything, Mr. Mackie?" Sofia asked. Her voice was low and rich, a little unsteady.

"There's so little time," I said. "I can try. That's all I can do, Mrs. Conti."

She swayed slightly. "Please, my handbag there on the table," she said. "There are some smelling salts ——"

All three men in the room made for that handbag. It was one of those things with a shoulder strap—more a shopping bag than a purse. Somehow Angelo and Ding Dong and I reached it simultaneously and managed to knock it on the floor, spilling its contents over the wall-to-wall carpeting. It was the usual junk you'd expect to find in a woman's bag. Ding Dong retrieved the smelling salts and took them to Sofia. Angelo was down on his knees recovering keys, lipstick, compact and other odds and ends. I found myself holding a small, shiny electric engine.

I glanced at Sofia and saw terror in her eyes. She was looking, not at me or Angelo, but at Ding Dong. Ding Dong had frozen, too, and his dark eyes were suddenly cold and murderous. Angelo, on his hands and knees, saw none of this.

"I am perhaps a fool, Mr. Mackie," Sofia said. "That is one of Hector's favorite toys. At twelve they are still babies as well as men. He loved that engine for so long I—I somehow felt close to him, carrying it in my bag." She reached out for the toy.

I handed it to her—a nice new engine with a nice new price tag still sticking to it.

And then I knew—I smelled it, just the way Angelo had been able to smell things in his prime. I smelled the treachery in that room. Ding Dong, the trusted lieutenant, and Sofia, the adored wife. Grotesquely, in that moment, I imagined them in each other's arms. The old man, down on his knees groping for gimcracks out of the handbag, was being sent to the wolves by his wife and his friend. And they were using his son as a lever. Just as sure as God they knew where Hector was, and just as sure as God that nice new, shiny engine was intended to be delivered to Hector as a present.

Dixie Cup's brand-new 5-ounce Dispenser in glowing bronze tones serves up colorful Dixie Cups for every between-meal use: milk, soda pop, kids' bedtime treats. 5-oz. Dispensers and Refills in red-label packages. Save 10¢

SAVE 10¢! I would like a 10¢ refund on my new Five-Ounce Dixie Cup Dispenser. I enclose red cut-out label from front of the plastic bag package.

Dixie Cup Div. of American Can Co., Dept. P-3, P.O. Box 207, N.Y. 46

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Offer void in Canada and any state, territory or municipality where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Expires 6/30/60.

DIXIE CUPS ARE PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN CAN CO.

© 1960 Dixie Cup Div. of American Can Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Angelo came up from the floor with the handbag and its contents. I looked at him and I knew something else with equal certainty. If I told Angelo what I suspected—no, what I knew—he would kill me before I had the words all out of my mouth.

"Don't waste time, Mackie, please," Angelo said. "You have the picture." He took a pencil and a small notebook out of his pocket and wrote something. Then he tore the page out and handed it to me. "The address and telephone number of the garage where I keep my car," he said. "And the number here. I shall wait here till seven. I will then go to the garage. I shall wait there till exactly eight. If I have not heard from you by eight ——" He shrugged.

I stole a quick glance at Sofia and Ding Dong, and I felt the sweat running down inside my clothes. Suddenly everyone looked blurred, out of focus.

"I'll do my best," I told Angelo, in a voice I didn't recognize. Then I got out of there.

Across the street and a little way down the block a taxi was parked. I got in it.

"I'm expecting someone to come out of that building," I said. "When they do, I want to follow them."

"I don't want any trouble, bud," the driver said.

"If a twenty-dollar bill is trouble, you've got it," I said.

That seemed to settle that.

Sure enough, about a half hour later Ding Dong Adano came out of the big apartment building. He stood under the canopy, looking up and down the street, then he turned right and started to walk briskly toward the corner.

"That's my boy," I told the driver.

The driver made a U-turn, and by then Ding Dong had reached the corner and turned east. He looked back once, but he didn't seem to pay any attention to my cab. There was a lumpy bulge in his pocket, and I made a bet with myself that it was a small, shiny engine with a nice new price tag pasted to it.

It was laughable, in a way. My twenty-dollar ride carried me less than a block. Ding Dong, after one more backward glance, went up the steps of a brownstone house and let himself in with a key. My driver took me to the end of the block and I paid him off. The Angel's dearly beloved son was less than a block away from where he waited and sweated.

I walked back down the block and past the house. I turned into the next alley between buildings and stood there, wondering what my best move was. If I went back and told Angelo what I suspected, without having positive proof, I'd have my ears pinned back. Perhaps the best thing was to go to a phone and tell him—where he couldn't get at me. Surely he'd check for himself. It was his party, poor devil, not mine.

And then I felt something round and hard pressed into the small of my back.

"I figured you'd tumbled to things, Mackie," Ding Dong Adano said from behind me. "We better talk it over, huh."

I walked, with a gun in my back, down the alley and through a gate in the board fence into the back yard of the house I'd seen Ding Dong enter. I was taken into a basement kitchen and up the stairs into a sitting room at the rear of the house. There little Hector Conti sat happily on the floor, playing with an electric train. An old Italian crone sat in a rocking chair, knitting on a sock. She looked frightened when she saw me. Little Hector seemed just casually interested.

"I found this one hanging around the back yard, Hector," Ding Dong said. "It's lucky, for he is one of the ones we've been afraid of."

"A kidnaper?" Hector asked, his dark eyes widening.

"A thoroughly bad guy," Ding Dong said. "One of the men who wants to kill your father." He cut loose with a flood of Italian to the old woman, who scurried out of the room. I took a guess.

"Sending her to get instructions, Ding Dong?" I asked. "What to do with a newspaperman?" I looked down at the boy. "It isn't healthy to kill a newspaperman, Hector. That's what I am. A newspaperman. Ed Mackie, a friend of your father."

"He's a liar," Ding Dong said without heat. "Sit down over there, Mackie. We have a little waiting to do."

I sat down in the chair the old woman had vacated. Ding Dong sat on the couch facing me, his gun leveled at my breastbone. The boy scrambled up on the couch beside Ding Dong. He evidently was fond of and trusted his father's No. 1 boy. He stared at me with hate in his young eyes.

"You're trying to make papa go to a meeting where he'll be killed," he said. "Why? Why do you want him killed?"

I looked back at him, a brave little kid fighting his normal fears, facing me, a supposed killer, with the kind of courage Angelo would have wanted him to show. I began to burn inside.

"You had a good time at the ball game yesterday," I said. "The Yankees won."

He didn't answer.

"Ding Dong picked you up on your way home—maybe outside the apartment house and brought you here?"

"Sofia brought me here," he said. "But Ding Dong lives here to be near papa."

"Oh, sure. He'd want to be near papa. Close, close to papa. So it was your mother brought you here?"

"My stepmother."

"Ah, yes. Lucky you. She's only your stepmother."

"All right, knock it off, Mackie," Ding Dong said.

I felt a little crazy, I guess. I didn't have the slightest idea I was going to get out of this mess, newspaperman or no newspaperman. After Angelo was dead there couldn't be any loose tongue around to tell The Angel's many friends that he'd actually been betrayed by his trusted lieutenant and his beloved wife. I'd had it. A loose tongue was the only weapon I had.

"Has your papa been to see you since you've been holed up here?" I asked little Hector.

"He can't come," Hector said, "because he knows you and—and your friends—are looking for me."

"To kidnap you so he'd have to go to the meeting?"

"You know that!" the boy flared at me.

"Yeah. And you know your papa would die to protect you, so you're staying here nice and quiet so his enemies can't get hold of you."

He nodded.

"With Ding Dong to protect you?"

"And old Mrs. Collucci," he said. "She cooks the meals and things."

"Fun, eh?"

"I don't mind if it'll help papa."

"I'll bet you don't. You love your papa don't you?"

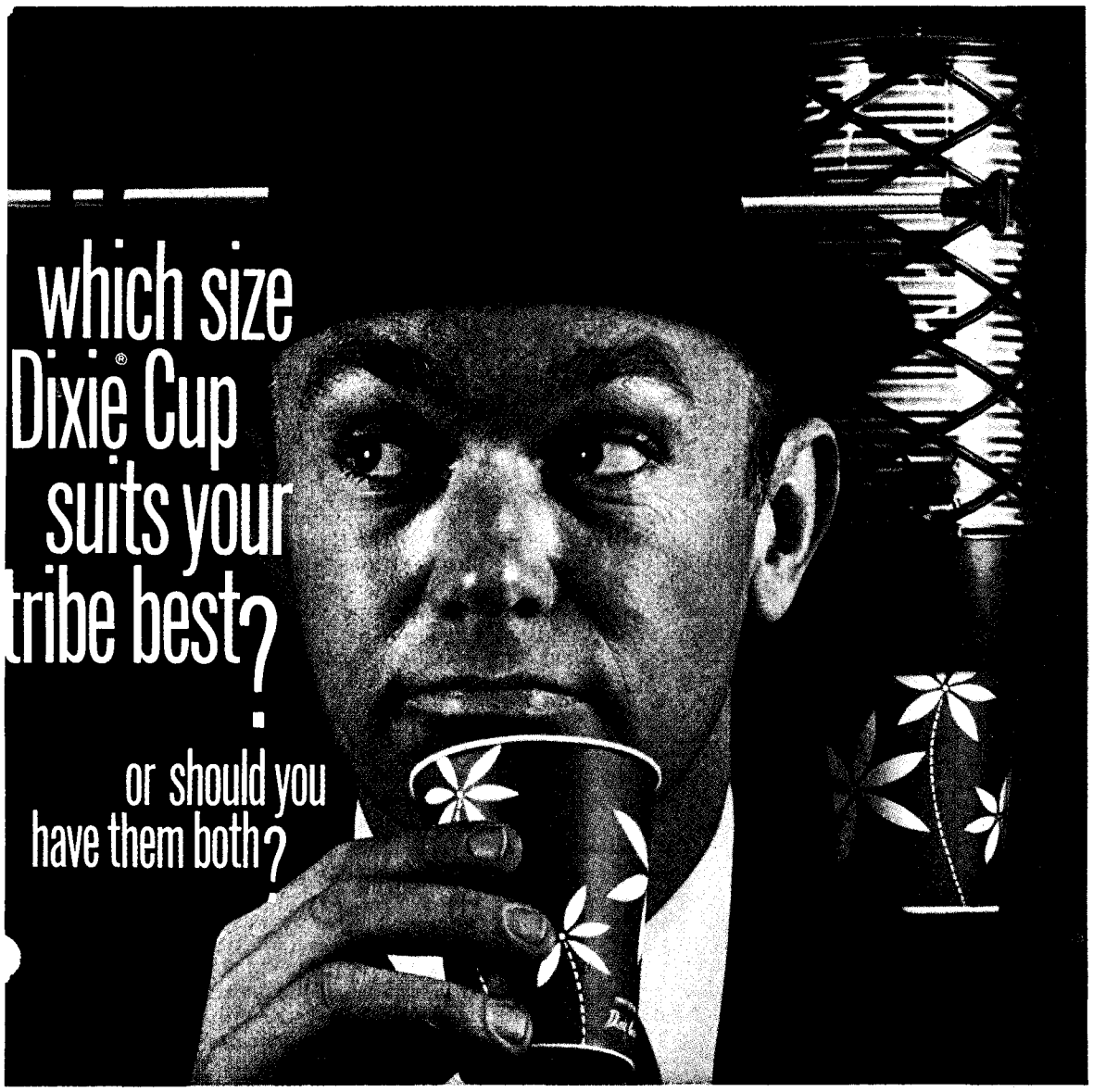
"He's tops," the boy said, his eyes very bright.

"There must be a phone here, Hector. Why don't you get Ding Dong to let you phone your papa and ask about me. He's home now. I just left him. He's very anxious to hear from you."

The boy turned his head. "Could I, Ding Dong? Could I call papa?"

Ding Dong shook his head, smiling faintly. "He's just trying to stall for time, Hec," he said.

"Do you speak Italian, Hector?" I asked the kid.



Dixie Cup's brand-new larger Dispenser serves up heap-big 9-oz. cup. So, now both big and little Indians help themselves to bigger drinks. And, you save glass washing! 9-oz. Dispensers and Refills in green packages. Save 25¢

SAVE 25¢! I would like a 25¢ refund on my new Nine-Ounce Dixie Cup Dispenser. I enclose green cut-out label from front of the plastic bag package.

Dixie Cup Div. of American Can Co., Dept. P-3, P.O. Box 207, N.Y. 46

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Offer void in Canada and any state, territory or municipality where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. Expires 6/30/60.

DIXIE CUPS ARE PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN CAN CO.

© 1960 Dixie Cup Div. of American Can Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A little. Papa taught me."

"Then you know Ding Dong sent Mrs. Collucci to someone to find out what to do with me." He didn't answer, and I went on. "You know he didn't send her to your papa. Didn't you think he always took orders from your papa, and not anyone else? Why wouldn't he just call your papa on the phone? Why send Mrs. Collucci to someone else?"

The boy looked at Ding Dong with a little questioning frown.

"I told you to knock it off, Mackie," Ding Dong said.

I turned away from the boy and gave Ding Dong a sort of frozen smile. "The King is dead, long live the King!" I said. "You not only take Angelo's life and his kingdom, you also take his wife and his kid here. Kindly old Ding Dong loves everybody. You double-crossing louse."

A faint flush rose in Ding Dong's cheeks. "You better take it easy, Mackie."

"Why? What'll it get me?" I asked. "But maybe you ought to kill the kid, too, Ding Dong. He's only twelve years old now, but he'll begin to put the pieces together after a while. He'll remember this day—the day his father died. He'll hear somewhere that I'm not a bogeyman, that I was an honest hack who really was his father's friend. Then maybe he'll remember someday how you looked at Sofia when Angelo wasn't around, and how you'd accidentally touch her hand, and the sound of your voice when you talked to her. Right now he's big enough to make two and two add up to four."

"You better shut up, Mackie!" Ding Dong said.

"Make me a deal," I said, and I laughed at him. "Make me a deal so I don't tell what I know. Persuade me not to tell anyone how Angelo walked quietly into an ambush he knew was there because he loves this kid more than anything else on earth. You wouldn't understand that kind of love, Ding Dong. Greed for another man's power and another man's woman is all you understand."

The color had drained from his face. "I'm warning you, Mackie!"

"Don't kid me," I said. "You can't do anything to me till Mrs. Collucci comes back with orders. You'll make a lousy king in Angelo's place, Ding Dong. You can't make your own decisions. You'll never be able to, because the big boys'll know you're a double-crosser at heart and can't be trusted. You'll be a dummy king. And Sofia will see that you're just a punk and ditch you for someone with real guts. She's used to a man, even if she did fall for your pretty blue eyes."

"I'm warning you for the last time, Mackie!"

"Why don't you give the boy the engine Sofia bought him to keep him happy? It may help him to forget the day you killed his father and me, and wept your crocodile tears, and took over Angelo's world for yourself."

"I told you, Mackie! I warned you!" Ding Dong cried. He started to get to his feet, the gun pointed straight at me, his finger whitening on the trigger.

And then the unexpected miracle happened. Little Hector lunged at Ding Dong and he sank his strong white teeth into Ding Dong's gun hand. Ding Dong screamed with the unexpectedness of it and the pain of it, and he dropped his gun.

"Quick, Mr. Mackie!" Little Hector shouted at me.

Somehow I reacted. I grabbed the gun. I was all thumbs, and I couldn't get my finger through the trigger guard. With a cry of anger Ding Dong lurched toward me. I did the only thing I could. I hit him across the side of the head with the gun barrel, and when he staggered to his knees I hit him on the back of the head with it two or three times. He went down and lay still.

I grinned stupidly at Hector. "Let's get out of here, little warrior," I said.

Angelo opened the door of the apartment to us. When he saw Hector, I thought he was going to faint. And then, with a cry of joy, he swept the youngster into his arms.

"Sofia! Sofia!" he shouted. "It is Hector! He is safe."

He carried the boy into the living room and set him down on his feet. Sofia Conti was standing over at the far wall of the room, facing us.

The boy stood there, staring at his stepmother.

"Sofia!" Angelo said. "She has been dying of fear for you, Hector. Go to her, my boy!" He didn't wait to see that Hector remained motionless. He turned to me, his eyes shining. "May the saints bless you, Mackie! Where did you find him? And so soon!"

I wet my lips. "You're not going to like this, Angelo," I said. "I found him about a block away—in the care of Ding Dong and an old Italian biddy. Ding Dong sold you out, Angelo. Ding Dong and your wife. It was they who ——"

A fist like a sledge hammer hit me squarely in the middle of my mouth. I went down to my knees, the salty taste of blood in my teeth.

"It is true, papa!" I heard the boy cry.

I shook my head and looked up. Sofia stood with her back to the wall, clawing at the plaster as though she hoped to fight her way through brick and steel, out into space. Angelo was staring at her—and he knew!

Then Angelo was bending over me, with a curious kind of stilted politeness. He helped me up. "Mackie—Mackie, I'm sorry. It—it was just automatic. I owe you my life, Mackie. It might have been better had I lost it. Now, if you will be good enough to go ——"

At the door I turned and looked back. Angelo, his arm firmly around the boy's shoulder, bowed to me gravely.

The arrest of twenty-odd water-front hoodlums in a Catskill Mountain mansion was a newspaper sensation for weeks. Someone had broken the code of silence—I could guess who. FBI and local police struck a smashing blow at water-front corruption. Apalachin was small by comparison.

Angelo Conti is no longer king of the North River. You might say he abdicated. He and his little son Hector are living in Italy. One of the boys on my paper saw them there. He tells me Hector is preparing for the priesthood.

Sofia Conti, the last time I heard, was singing in a cheap night club in Chicago.

Nobody has ever seen or heard of Ding Dong Adano since that black day of revealed treachery. As the D.A. said long ago, when he was asked whether The Angel had ever killed a man or had a man killed: "If I could prove it, he'd be in Sing Sing." I doubt very much that anything can ever be proved about the death or disappearance of Ding Dong Adano. Your guess about it is as good as mine.

THE END

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Time Bomb

By Herbert Merrill

A gray cocoon hung in a
tree,
Quite insulated from the
pinch
Of circumstance; a tiny, free
And independent cubic inch
With business of its own; a
womb
No bigger than a baby's
thumb;
A temporary little tomb
Until the Easter angels
come.
And so I broke a silver twig
To ease tomorrow from its
socket,
Went off feeling somehow
big
With resurrection in my
pocket,
And hurried home to you
to bring
This promissory note of
spring.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Why do the nation's leading manufacturers of garden equipment specify Tecumseh-built engines?

Quick starts, super-quiet operation, dependable, trouble-free performance . . . that's what Tecumseh-built engines deliver. Why? Because Tecumseh puts nearly 70 years of good engineering and quality production into them. The customer also gets Tecumseh service . . . around the corner or around the world. The next time you buy gasoline-powered equipment, be sure it has a Tecumseh-built engine.

TECUMSEH
PRODUCTS COMPANY
BUILDERS OF
LAUSON-POWER PRODUCTS

Home Office: Tecumseh, Michigan • Engine Plants: Grafton, New Holstein, Wisc.

Tecumseh is also the world's largest manufacturer of compressors for the air conditioning and refrigeration industry

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Night Without End (Continued from Page 45)

Corazzini and I followed, choking and gasping in turn as that glacial cold seared through throat and lungs, adjusting masks and goggles until not a millimeter of flesh was left exposed. Abreast the driving cabin I drew out my flashlight and glanced at the alcohol thermometer—ordinary mercury froze solid at thirty-nine degrees below zero—then looked again in disbelief. The red spirit inside the glass had sunk down to within an inch of the bulb and stood on the line of sixty-eight degrees below zero—exactly one hundred degrees of frost.

It seemed that the tractor had already packed up. I had had my first intimation of trouble to come when I had switched on the ignition and pressed the horn—the faint, mournful beep could hardly have been heard twenty yards away. The batteries were so gummed up by the cold that they couldn't even have turned over a hot engine, far less one in which the crankcase, transmission and differential were all but locked solid in lubricating oil that had lost all power to lubricate anything and had been turned into a superviscous liquid with the consistency of some heavy animal glue. Even with two of us bringing all our weight to bear on the starting handle it was impossible to turn even one cylinder over the top.

We made to light the kerosene blowtorches, but they, too, were frozen solid—kerosene freezes at just over fifty degrees below zero, and even at forty degrees below it flows like heavy gear-case oil. We had to thaw them out with a gasoline blowtorch; then we placed all five of them on wooden boxes and behind canvas aprons to retain the heat, two to thaw out the crankcase, two for the gearbox and transmission and the last for the differential. After an hour or so, when the engine had begun to turn fairly easily and we had brought out the heavy battery which had been thawing out by the stove, we tried again. But it gave no sign of life at all.

None of us, not even Corazzini, whose Global tractors were all diesel-powered, was an expert in engine maintenance, and this was when we came very close to despair. But despair was the one emotion we couldn't afford, and we knew it. We kept the blowtorches burning, returned the battery to the stove, removed and cleaned the plugs, eased the frozen brushes in the generator, stripped and removed the fuel lines, thawed them and sucked out the frozen condensation by mouth, scraped away the ice from the carburetor intake and returned everything in place. It was murderous—but it was worth it. At six-fifteen the big engine coughed and spluttered into life. I felt my split lips cracking into a painful grin under my mask, thumped Jackstraw and Corazzini—for the moment quite forgetting that the latter might be one of the killers—on the back, turned and went in for breakfast. Or what passed for breakfast. It was little enough, heaven knew—coffee, crackers and the contents of a couple of corned-beef tins shared among the twelve of us, the lion's share going to Theodore Mahler. That left us with only four more tins of beef, four cans of vegetables, about ten pounds of dried fruit, a little frozen fish, a small tin of biscuits, three packets of cereal and—it was the only thing apart from coffee of which we had an adequate supply—more than twenty tins of unsweetened milk. We had, of course, seal meat for the dogs. But the dogs had first claim on that. It was more important to preserve their strength than our own—should the engine of the Citroën break down completely, our last hope lay with the dogs.

Breakfast over and the dogs fed, we started off just before moonset, Corazzini driving.

As soon as we were under way I had a look at Mahler, and his appearance certainly did nothing to inspire any great confidence in his chances. Even though he was fully dressed, lying in an eiderdown sleeping bag that was zipped all the way to his chin and covered in blankets, his pinched face was a mottled blue-white and he was shaking continuously with the cold. I gave him what I hoped was an encouraging smile.

"Well, how do you feel, Mr. Mahler?"

"No worse than anyone else, I'm sure, Doctor Mason."

"That could still be bad enough. Hungry?"

"Hungry!" he exclaimed. "Thanks to the generosity of these good people here, I couldn't eat another crumb."

It was typical of what I had come to expect of this gentle Jew in the past few hours. Despite the relatively generous amount of food he'd had for his breakfast, he'd wolfed it down like a famished man. He was hungry all right—his body, lacking the insulin to break down the mounting sugar in his blood, was begging for nourishment, yet unable to find it, no matter what his food intake was.

"Thirsty?"

He nodded. Perhaps he thought he was on safe ground there, but it was another and invariable symptom of the developing acuteness of his trouble.

"Your feet?" I asked Mahler. "How are they?" (*Continued on Page 63*)

New GO-FARTHER formula
GOLDEN VIGORO

THE FOOLPROOF LAWN FOOD NOW GOES 3 TIMES AS FAR

GUARANTEED Will Not Burn

Covers 5,000 sq. ft. of lawn per bag.

• **NOW matches the feeding habits of grass**—gives your lawn a complete, balanced diet of everything it needs except sun, air and water . . . puts back everything your grass takes out of the soil . . . maintains soil fertility and lawn beauty, year after year.

• **NOW easier to use**—made in a new, golden particle form for easy, smooth, dust-free spreading.

It's the foolproof way to have a lovely lawn made right for family living. Thick, springy turf . . . deep, vigorous roots . . . and the fresh-green look of springtime all summer long. For the best lawn in the neighborhood try Golden Vigoro this spring.

For California dichondra lawns, use special Golden Vigoro Dichondra Food.

Look for the handy handle bag that pours like a pitcher—at garden centers, variety stores and supermarkets.

My, how things grow with

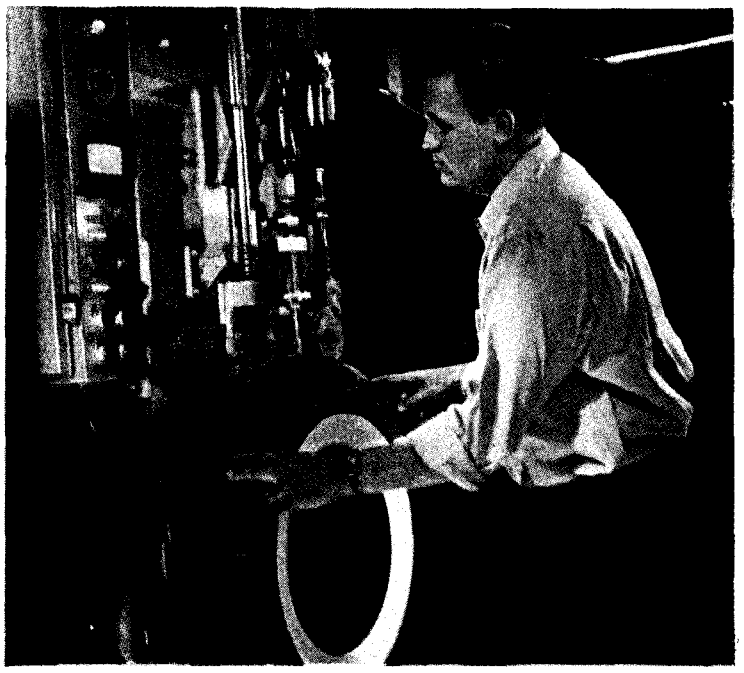
VIG...VIG...VIGORO

Vigoro is a trademark of Swift & Company.

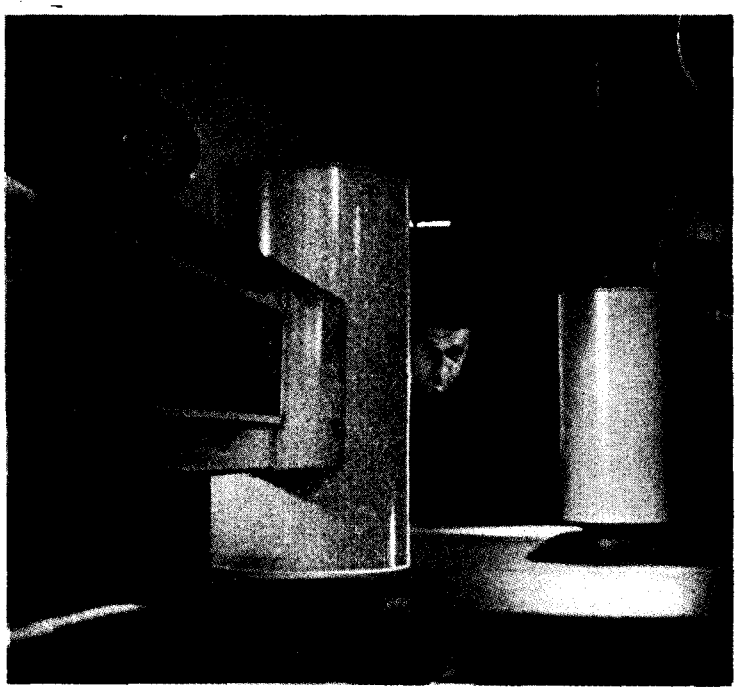
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOODYEAR TIRES

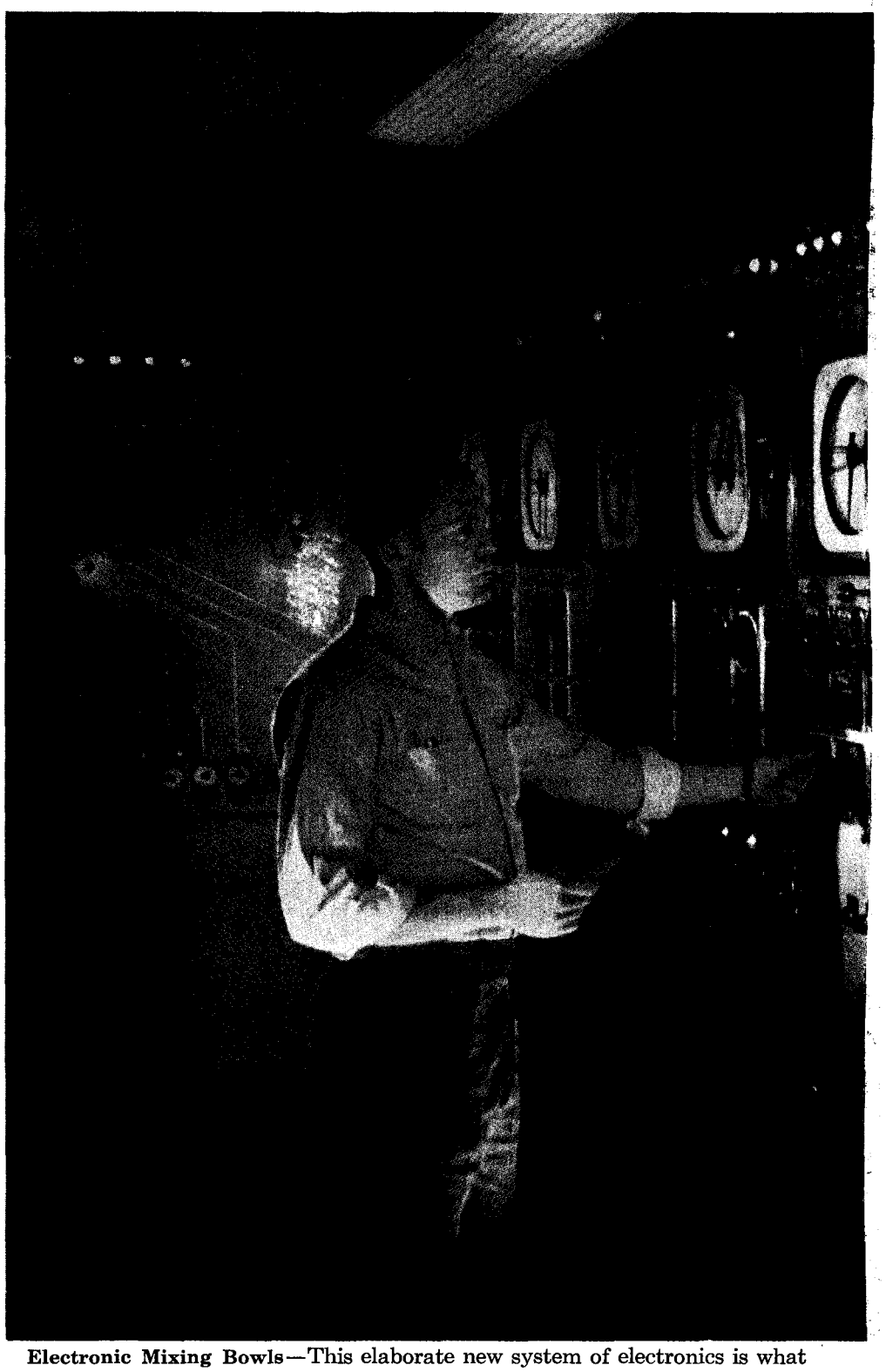
Now PRECISION-BUIL



Thickness Gauge—The slightest variation in tire thickness is instantly recorded on this machine, developed and built by Goodyear's own electronics laboratory. Measuring and recording tread thickness over the entire circumference, this device enables us to keep variations in tire thickness within 50 thousandths of an inch.



Seeing-Eyes—Nuclear energy activates these two detector heads to measure thickness of rubber compound as it is applied to Goodyear's 3-T Cord. Precision quality control like this provides you with a quieter, softer-riding, longer mileage Goodyear tire than ever before possible.



Electronic Mixing Bowls—This elaborate new system of electronics is what controls Goodyear's compounding of rubber, carbon black and chemicals in what are known as "Banbury Mixers." This is the beginning of precision control through the major steps of building Goodyear tires . . . quality safeguards that give you up to 25% more mileage, a softer, quieter ride and better traction.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

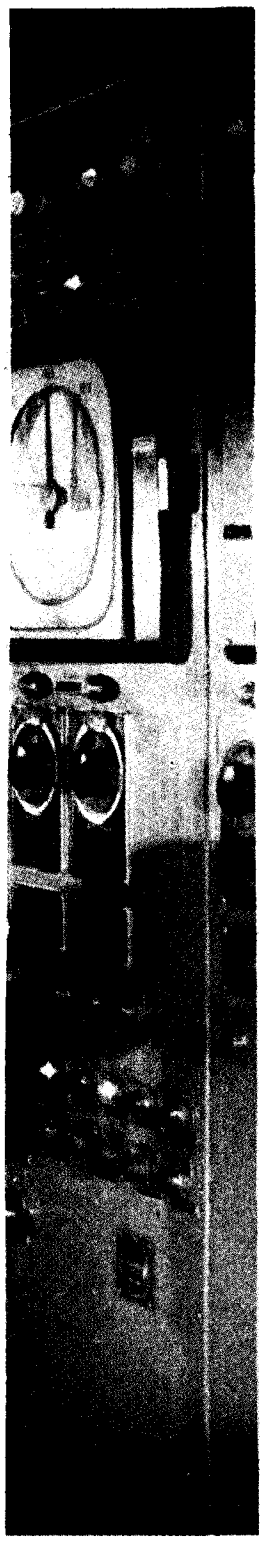
GOOD

Watch the award-winning "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

March 26, 1960

with ELECTRONIC CONTROLS



...the world's first TURNPIKE-PROVED TIRES

Now electronic quality control—a new way of *precision-building* a tire—has been added to the superior materials Goodyear puts *into* a tire: new rubbers, new chemicals, new 3-T Cords.

What it means to you is this. You get:

1. Up to 25% more safe mileage—anywhere. Now, the mixing of Goodyear's new chemicals and tread rubber—into a tougher, more "intimately mixed" compound—is controlled by electronics. And the other major reason for Goodyear's Turnpike-Proved mileage—exclusive, triple-tempered 3-T Cord (Rayon or Nylon)—is produced and built into tires with the precision quality control of electronic eyes.

2. New whisper-quiet, cushion-soft ride. We discovered certain new chemicals that permitted us to soften the tread of our tires *without sacrificing mileage.* You'll hear a lot about this in 1960, but it actually started with Goodyear some 30 months ago.

In fact, because we've been able to produce a rubber that's softer, yet tougher, Goodyear tires now give you up to 25% *more* mileage than before.

3. New 3-way sureness on the road. Quicker starts—safer stops—better car control on turns. You get sealed-down traction you'll notice most on wet pavements. Again, this 3-way Goodyear advance comes not only from design factors—tread design, and the rubber and 3-T Cords used—but also from the precision we get from *electronic controls.*

Without question, these new precision-built Goodyear tires are the finest we've ever built. You can get them now at your nearby Goodyear dealer's—*and they won't cost you one cent more.* Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

CUSTOM
SUPER-CUSHION

YEAR

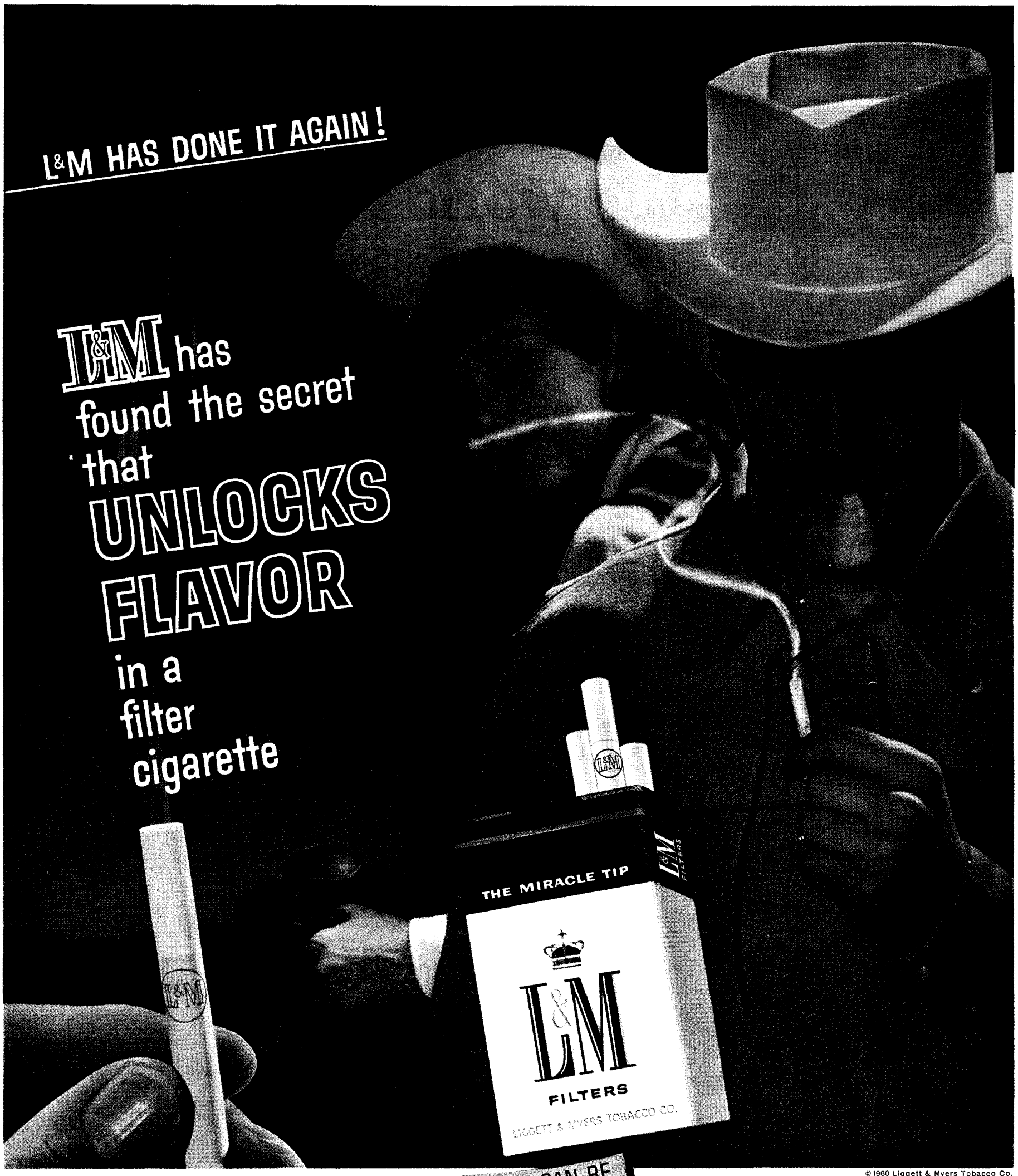
This year, the average motorist will do more than half his driving on modern throughways, freeways and turnpikes—at high legal speeds.

Super-Cushion, T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

L&M HAS DONE IT AGAIN!

L&M has found the secret that UNLOCKS FLAVOR in a filter cigarette



© 1960 Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

YES, IN TODAY'S L&M ... FINE TOBACCOS CAN BE BLENDED NOT TO SUIT A FILTER BUT TO SUIT YOUR TASTE. RESULT: MORE TASTE BY FAR!

Reach for flavor...Reach for L&M

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 59*) "I don't think they're there any longer." He smiled.

"Let me see them," I asked abruptly. He protested, but I overruled him. One look at that dead-white, ice-cold flesh was enough.

"Miss Ross," I said. "From now on you are Mr. Mahler's personal Gunga Din. We have a couple of rubber bags in the sled. I want you to keep these alternately filled just as soon as you can get water heated—unfortunately it takes a long time to melt that darned snow. They're for Mr. Mahler's feet." Again Mahler protested, objecting to what he called "this babying," but I ignored him. I didn't want to tell him, not yet, that frostbite in the feet of an untreated diabetic could mean only one thing—gangrene and amputation, at the least.

Just then Corazzini came in. After only fifteen minutes at the wheel of the tractor that he had just yielded to Jackstraw he was in a pretty bad way. The bluish-white bloodless face was mottled with yellow frostbite blisters, his lips were cracked, the fingernails were beginning to discolor and his hands were a shocking mess. I helped him to a vacant seat by the stove.

"Feel anything below the knees?" I asked quickly.

"Not a thing." He tried to smile, but the effort was too painful. The blood started to well again from the open cuts on his lips. "It's pretty vicious out there, doc. Better rub the old feet with some snow, huh?" He stooped and fumbled uselessly at laces with his numbed and bleeding fingers, but before I could move, Margaret Ross was on her knees, easing off his boots with gentle fingers. Looking down at that slight figure lost beneath the bulky layers of clothing, I wondered for the hundredth time how I could ever have been crazy enough to believe about her all the things I had.

"In your own idiom, Mr. Corazzini," I said, "snow is strictly for the birds. Just an old wives' tale as far as these temperatures are concerned." I nodded at one of the snow buckets on the stove. "When the temperature there reaches eighty-five degrees, stick your feet in it. Wait till the skin turns red. It won't be pleasant, but it'll work. If there are any blisters, I'll puncture and sterilize them tomorrow."

He stared at me. "Is this sort of thing going to go on *all* the time, doc?"

"I'm afraid so."

At noon I halted the tractor. While the women were heating up some soup and using a blowtorch to thaw out two cans of fruit, Jackstraw and I rigged up the radio transmitter, strung out an antenna and started triggering out our GFK call sign. Normally on these hand-cranked, eight-watt jobs a Morse key was used for transmission, while reception was by a pair of earphones, but thanks to a skillful improvisation by Joss, the set had been rigged so that the key was used only for the call-up sign. After the link was made, a hand microphone could be used for transmission; and simply by throwing the receiving switch into the antenna lead, the microphone was transformed into a small loud-speaker.

Calling up Joss was only a gesture. I'd made a promise and was keeping it, that was all. But at this time, I estimated, we were one hundred twenty miles distant from him, near enough the limit of our small set.

Ten minutes passed, ten minutes during which Jackstraw industriously cranked the handle and I sent out the call sign. At the end of the ten minutes I sent out the last call, pushed over the receiving switch, listened briefly, then stood up, resignedly gesturing to Jackstraw to stop cranking. It was just then, almost in the very last instant, that the mike in my hand crackled into life. "GFX calling GFK. GFX calling GFK. We are receiving you, faint but clear. Repeat, we are receiving you. Over."

I nearly dropped the mike in my excitement. "GFK calling GFX, GFK calling GFX." I almost shouted the words. "Doctor Mason here, Doctor Mason here. Receiving you loud and clear. Is that you, Joss?" I threw the switch.

"Yes, sir. Glad to hear from you." Static lent a flat impersonality to the crackling words. "How are you? What weather? How far out?"

"Going strong," I replied. "Cold intense—minus seventy degrees. Approximately one hundred twenty miles out. Joss, this is a miracle! How on earth did you fix it?"

"I didn't," he said unemotionally. "Captain Hillcrest is waiting to speak to you, sir."

"Captain Hillcrest! What on earth is Captain Hillcrest ——" I broke off abruptly, not through astonishment, great though that was, that Hillcrest, whom I had believed to be almost two hundred fifty miles to the north of our I.G.Y. cabin, should have suddenly turned up there, but because the warning glance from Jackstraw had found an echoing answer in the back of my own mind. "Hold on," I said quickly. "Will call you back in two or three minutes."

We had set up the transmitter just to the rear of the tractor cabin, and I knew that every word said on both sides could be heard by those inside. It was just then that the curtains parted and Corazzini and Zagero peered out, but I ignored them. I never cared less about the hurt I was offering to anybody's feelings. I just picked up the radio and generator while Jackstraw unstrung the antenna, and walked away from the tractor. Two hundred yards away I stopped. Those in the tractor could still see us—the brief light of noonday was flooding over the ice-cap—but they could no longer hear us.

We rigged the radio again, and I tried to tap out the call sign, but it was hopeless; we'd been out too long in that dreadful cold and my hand was beating an uncontrollable tattoo on the key. Fortunately they knew or guessed at the other end what was happening, for Hillcrest's voice, calm, confident, infinitely reassuring, came through as soon as I pressed the receiving switch.

"Surprise, surprise," the mike crackled mechanically. "O.K., Doctor Mason, from what Joss has said—and the recent delay—I guess you're a good way from the tractor. At seventy below you won't want to stay there long. Suggest I do the talking. I'll keep it brief. Receiving me?"

"Loud and clear. What on earth are you —— Sorry, carry on."

"Thanks. We heard Monday afternoon, on both British and American broadcasts, of the overdue airliner. Tuesday morning—yesterday, that is—we heard from the Uplavnik base. They say this hasn't been announced officially, but both the United States and British governments are convinced that the plane has not been lost at sea, but that it has landed somewhere in Greenland or Baffin Island. Don't ask me why they're convinced—I've no idea. Anyway, they've mounted the biggest air-sea rescue search since the war.

"Merchant vessels of several nationalities have been diverted. American, British, French and Canadian fishing trawlers are moving in to the Greenland coast—the west coast mainly, the east's already blocked with ice. A dozen U.S. Air Force search bombers are already operating from Thule and Sondre Stromfjord. U.S. Coast Guard cutters are on the job, a flotilla of Canadian destroyers have been rerouted from mid-Atlantic and are steaming at full speed for the southern entrance of the Davis Strait—although it will take them at least thirty-six more hours to get there—and a British aircraft carrier, accompanied by a couple of destroyers, has already rounded Cape Farewell: we don't know yet how far north she can get, the ice is solid on the Baffin side, but it's open at least to Disko on the Greenland coast, maybe as far as Svartenhuk. All I.G.Y. stations in Greenland have been ordered to join in the search. That's why we came back nonstop to the cabin—to pick up more petrol."

I could contain myself no longer, and threw over the receiving switch. "What on earth's all the mad flap about? You'd think the President of the United States and half the Royal Family were aboard that plane. Why no more information from Uplavnik?"

I waited, and then Hillcrest's voice crackled again. "Radio transmission impossible during preceding twenty-four hours. Will raise them now, tell them we've found the missing plane and that you're on your way to the coast. Any fresh developments with you?"

"None. Correction. One of the passengers—Mahler—turns out to be an advanced diabetic. He's in a bad way. Radio Uplavnik to get insulin. Godthaab will have it."

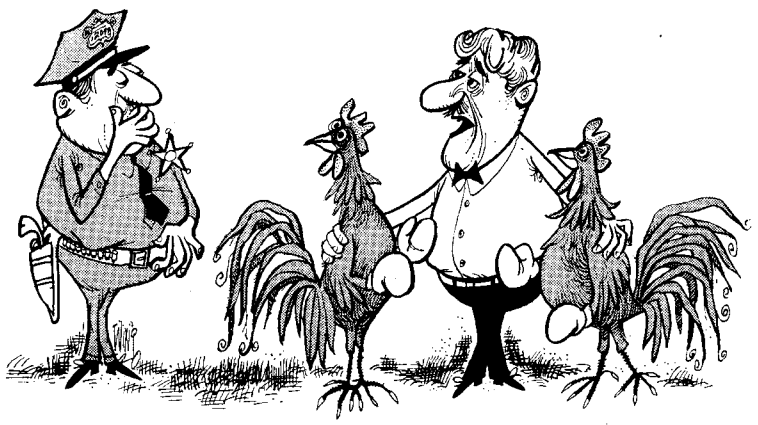
"Wilco," the microphone crackled back. A long pause, during which I could faintly hear the murmur of conversation, then Hillcrest came on again. "Suggest you return to meet us. We have plenty of petrol and food. With eight of us on guard instead of two, nothing could happen. We're already forty miles out, so we're not more than eighty miles behind you. We could meet up in five or six hours."

I felt elation wash through me like a releasing wave. This was wonderful; this was more than anything I had ever dared hope for. All our troubles were at an end. . . . And then the momentary emotion of relief and triumph ebbed, the cold, dismaying processes of reason moved in to take their place, and it didn't require the slow, definite shake of Jackstraw's head to tell me that the end of our troubles was as far away as ever.

"No go," I radioed back. "Quite fatal. The minute we turned back the killers would be bound to show their hand. And even if we don't turn, they know now that we've been in contact with you, and they will be more desperate than ever. We must go on. Please follow at your best speed." I paused for a moment, then continued. "Emphasize to Uplavnik essential for our lives to know why crashed plane so important. Tell them to find out the passenger list, how genuine it is. This is absolutely imperative, Captain Hillcrest. Refuse to accept no for an answer. We *must* know."

Back in the tractor cabin curiosity had reached fever pitch, but at least three minutes elapsed—three excruciatingly uncomfortable minutes while Jackstraw and I waited for the blood to come surging back through our frozen veins—before anyone ventured to speak. The inevitable question came from the senator. The very fact that he spoke showed, I suppose, that he didn't regard himself as being heavily under suspicion. He was right enough in that.

"Made contact with your friends, Doctor Mason, (*Continued on Page 65*)



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Charley prospered as the operator of a cockfighting arena until the police arrested him under a state law which made it a crime to "torture, torment, mutilate, cruelly kill or cruelly drive or overwork any animal. . . ."

"That law was meant for horses, mules and creatures like that, not fighting cocks and other birds," Charley pleaded. "Cockfighting is an old and traditional sport in this state, like broncobusting, calf roping, and bulldogging steers."

"A gamecock is an animal," the prosecutor replied, "and by turning gamecocks loose on each other with sharp spurs on their feet, Charley causes them to torture, torment, mutilate and cruelly kill each other."

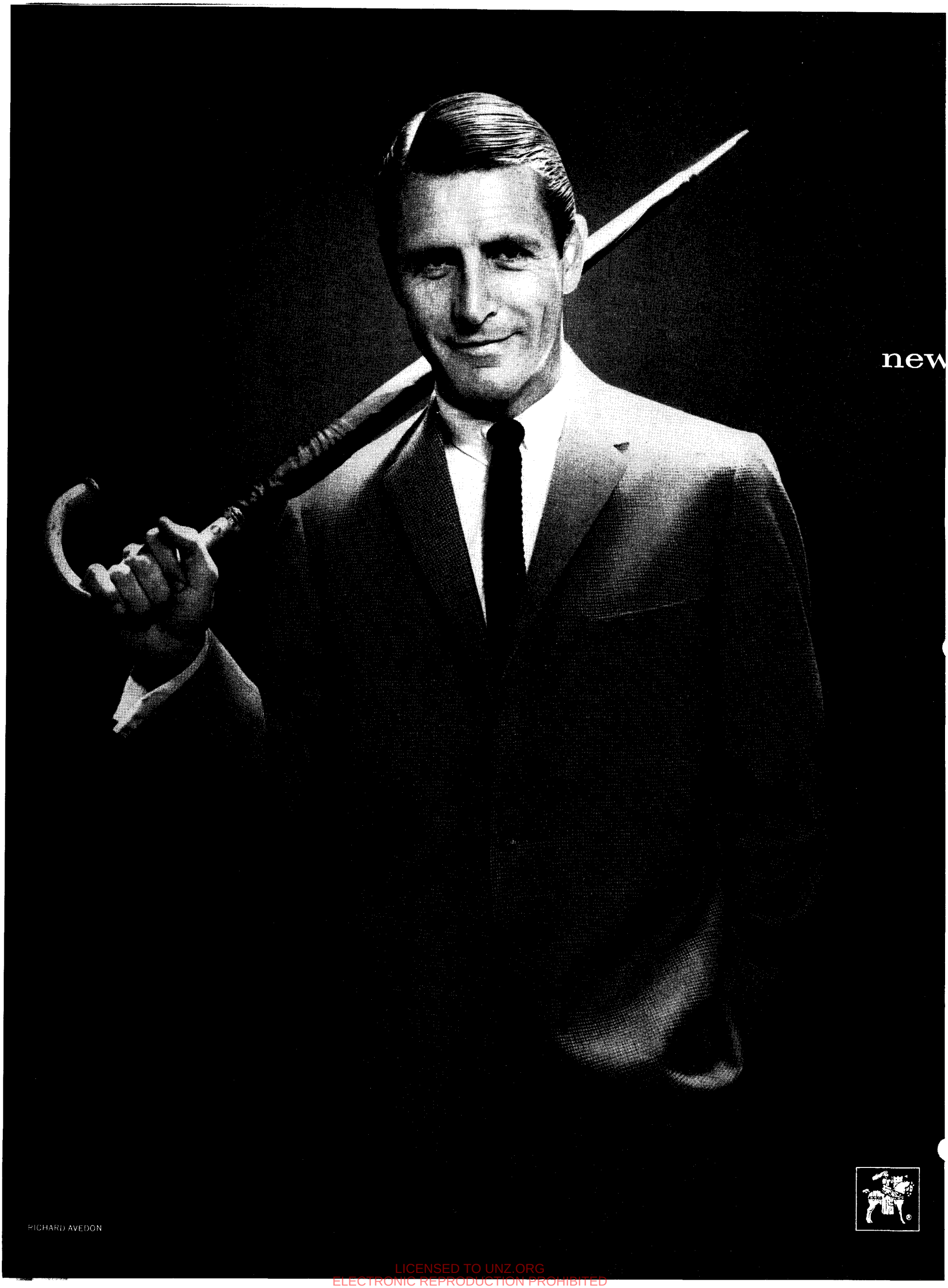
If you were the judge, would you jail Charley?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Charley went free. The court said that the legislature, in enacting the law, apparently did not "intend it to cover cockfighting." To hold otherwise, it added, "might lead to the prosecution of every boy who might use live minnows to bait a hook, every lady who might impale a butterfly, or every man who might drown a litter of kittens."

Based upon a 1958 New Mexico decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RICHARD AVEDON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The worldly look of

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

...has a youthful point of view. Tall, trim, natural. Lapels are narrower, shoulders less exaggerated. The coat is slightly shorter, and the look you get is taller. The Continental influence is subtly reflected. The effect is dressy, sophisticated. Spring and Summer garments are tailored in light-as-a-feather fabrics...the finest the mills of the world can offer. Frosty cottons and silks from Italy, worsteds from England, the miracle blends of American know-how. Add to this the priceless ingredient of every HS&M suit—the old-fashioned care lavished on its tailoring—and there you have it.

The worldly new look of Hart Schaffner & Marx, bearing that famous label which you'll find inside more suits than any other fine label in the world.

(*Continued from Page 63*) eh? The field party, I mean." His voice was hesitant, unsure.

"Yes," I nodded. "Joss—Mr. London—got the set working after almost thirty hours' nonstop work. He raised Captain Hillcrest—he's in charge of the field party—and managed to establish a relay contact between us." I'd never heard of the phrase "relay contact" in my life, but it sounded scientific enough. "He's packing up immediately and coming after us."

"Is that good?" the senator asked hopefully. "I mean, how long ——"

"Only a gesture, I'm afraid," I interrupted. "He's at least three hundred fifty miles away. His tractor's not a great deal faster than ours." It was, in fact, almost three times as fast. "Five or six days, at the least."

Brewster nodded heavily and said no more. He looked disappointed, but he looked as if he believed me. I wondered which of them didn't believe me, which of them *knew* I was lying because they knew that they had so thoroughly destroyed all the spare condensers and tubes that it would have been quite impossible for Joss to repair the radio.

The long, bitter day—a day filled by nothing except that dreadful cold and endless suffering and the nerve-destroying, thunderous roar and vibration of that big engine—crawled by like a dying man.

It was then, inevitably, that the tractor started to give trouble. It was only a matter for wonder that it hadn't broken down long before that. What I feared above all was the shearing of some moving metal part, made brittle by that intense cold, that would have been the end of us. It needed just one of these parts to go, and we would be gone also.

We were spared these lethal mishaps, but what we had was almost as bad. Carburetor ice was a constant problem. The steering box froze up and had to be thawed out by blowtorches. Generator brushes stuck and broke, but fortunately we carried spares enough of these. But the biggest trouble was the radiator. Despite the fact that we had it heavily lagged, the cold penetrated the lagging as if it were tissue paper, and the subsequent metal contraction produced distortion. Soon it began to leak, and by three o'clock in the afternoon we were losing water at dismaying speed.

I doled out some of our precious reserves of heat pads for Mahler's feet, with the instructions that the water from the snow buckets on the stove was to be kept solely for the radiator. But even with blowtorches assisting the heat of a stove, the melting of superchilled snow is a discouragingly slow process. Soon we were reduced to pouring half-melted slush down the radiator cap, and finally to cramming snow itself down in order to keep going at all. All this was bad enough, but the frightening thing was that for every pint of radiator liquid lost and every pint of snow water used to replace it, the antifreeze became that much more diluted. And though we carried a small reserve drum of ethylene glycol, its weight diminished perceptibly with every halt we made.

In the tractor cabin the senator sat slumped in a corner, a dead man but for the fits of violent shuddering that overtook him at regularly recurring intervals. Mahler appeared to sleep. Mrs. Dansby-Gregg and Helene lay huddled in each other's arms—an incredible sight, I thought, but then, next only to death itself, the arctic was the great leveler.

Marie LeGarde, the lovable, indomitable Marie LeGarde, was a sick old woman, weakening by the hour. Her attempts at cheerfulness in her fully wakeful moments—she was asleep most of the time—were strained and almost desperate. There was nothing I could do for her. A day or two more of this would surely kill her.

Solly Levin had taken over the blowtorches which played constantly against the sides of the snow buckets. Wrapped and huddled in clothes until only one eye was visible, he looked a picture of abject misery. But the way my thoughts had been running all day, I had no sympathy for Mr. Levin. Margaret Ross dozed by the side of the stove, but I turned my eyes away quickly; even to look at that thin, white face was a physical hurt.

The marvel of them all was the Rev. Mr. Smallwood, yet another instance, I thought wryly, of how wrong I could get. Instead of being one of the first to go under, he showed every sign of being the last. Three hours ago, when I had been in the cabin, he had brought up his bag from the tractor sled, and as he'd opened it I'd caught a glimpse of a black gown and the red and purple of a divinity hood. He'd brought out a Bible, donned a pair of rimless spectacles and, for several hours now, had been reading as best he could in the dim overhead light.

During the course of the evening two blows fell. The first of these was not in any way figurative. I still have the scar on my forehead to prove it.

We stopped just before eight o'clock that evening, partly in order to keep our radio schedule with Hillcrest and partly—because I wanted to make a long halt and give Hillcrest all the more opportunity to overtake us—on the pretext that the Citroën's engine was overheating badly in the temperature that had been rising steadily since the early afternoon.

I was driving when we stopped. I switched off the motor, walked round to the back of the tractor and told those inside that we were making a halt. I asked Margaret Ross to heat some food on the stove—soup, dried fruit and one of our four remaining tins of corned beef—asked Jackstraw to rig up the antenna for the radio, then went back to the tractor, stooped and turned the radiator drainage cap, catching the liquid in a can. The antifreeze in the water had been thinned down so much in the course of the day that I was pretty certain that, in those temperatures, it wouldn't take half an hour for the radiator water to freeze up and split open the cylinder jacket.

I suppose it was because of the gurgling of the water into the can that I didn't hear the sound behind me until the last moment, and even so I had no particular reason just then to be suspicious of anything. I half-straightened and turned round to see who was there, but I was too late. The consciousness of a vague blur in the darkness and the blinding white flash of light and pain as something solid smashed into my forehead, just above the goggle on my right eye, came in one and the same instant. I was out, completely unconscious, before I crumpled down onto the surface of the icecap.

Death could easily have supervened then. It would have been easy, ever so easy, for me to drift from unconsciousness into that numbed sleep from which, with eighty degrees of frost in the ground, I would never have awakened. But awake I did, slowly, painfully, at the insistence of urgently shaking hands.

"Doctor Mason! Doctor Mason!" Dimly I realized that it was Jackstraw speaking, that he had my head and shoulders supported in the crook of his arm. His voice was low, but with a peculiarly carrying quality. "Wake up, Doctor Mason. Ah, good, good. Easy does it now, Doctor Mason."

Groggily, with Jackstraw's strong arm helping, I levered myself up into an upright sitting position. A brilliant flame of pain lanced like a scalpel through my head, and I felt everything blurring once more. Consciously, almost violently, I shook off the shadows that were creeping in on me again, then looked dazedly up at Jackstraw.

"No idea who did it, Doctor Mason?" Jackstraw wasn't the man to ask stupid questions like "What happened?"

"No idea at all." I struggled to my feet. "Have you?"

"Hopeless." I could sense rather than see the shrug in the darkness. "As soon as you stopped, three or four of them came out. I don't know where they went—I was out to the south rigging up the antenna."

"The radio, Jackstraw!" I was beginning to think again. "Where's the radio?"

"No worry, Doctor Mason, I have it with me," Jackstraw said grimly. "It's here. . . . Any idea *why?*"

"None. . . . Yes, I have." I thrust my hand into the inside pocket of my parka, then looked (*Continued on Page 67*)

"You've caught me at a bad time, Rushmore—I'm in."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN LAIRD FROM PIX

You're not treated like one of the herd...when you have the policies with the P.S. – PERSONAL SERVICE

You're an individual – not quite like anyone else in the world. Your home, your possessions, your whole way of life reflect this. So, too, do your insurance needs.

Ætna Casualty respects your individuality. An insurance program can be designed for *you alone* . . . based on *your* exact requirements, as carefully determined by your Ætna Casualty agent. What's more, your program can be placed on Ætna's Budget-Rite plan of convenient monthly payments.

When it comes to claim service, you'll get special attention too. Your Ætna Casualty agent is an independent businessman with a deep interest in each customer's welfare. That's why you can always count on him to work closely with you and the company's claim representatives to assure a prompt, fair, and worry-free settlement.

See your Ætna Casualty agent soon. You'll find his name listed in the Yellow Pages of your phone directory.

ÆTNA CASUALTY

Quality INSURANCE for individual, family, business, home and other possessions

ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY COMPANY • AFFILIATED WITH ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • HARTFORD 15, CONN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 65*) at Jackstraw in disbelief. "My gun—it's still there!"

"Nothing else missing?"

"No. Spare ammo clip there—wait a moment," I said slowly. I hunted around in my parka pocket, but with no success. "A paper—I took a newspaper clipping from Colonel Harrison's pocket. It's gone."

"A clipping? What was in it, Doctor Mason?"

"You're talking to one of the world's prize idiots, Jackstraw." I shook my head in self-reproach, winced as the pain struck again. "I've never even read it."

"If you had," Jackstraw murmured philosophically, "you'd probably know why it was taken from you."

"But—but what was the point in it?" I asked blankly. "For all they know I might have read it a dozen times."

"I think they know you haven't even read it once," Jackstraw said slowly. "If you had, they'd have known it by the fact that you would have said or done something they would have expected you to say or do. But because you haven't—well, they know they're still safe. They must have been desperate to take a chance like this. It is a great pity. I do not think, Doctor Mason, that you will ever see that paper again."

Five minutes later I had washed and bandaged the cut on my forehead—I'd savagely told an inquiring Zagero that I'd walked into a lamppost and refused to answer all other questions—and set off with Jackstraw in the strengthening light of the newly risen moon. We were late for our rendezvous, but when I switched the receiver into the antenna I heard Joss's call-up sign come through straightaway.

I acknowledged, then asked without preamble, "What news from Uplavnik?"

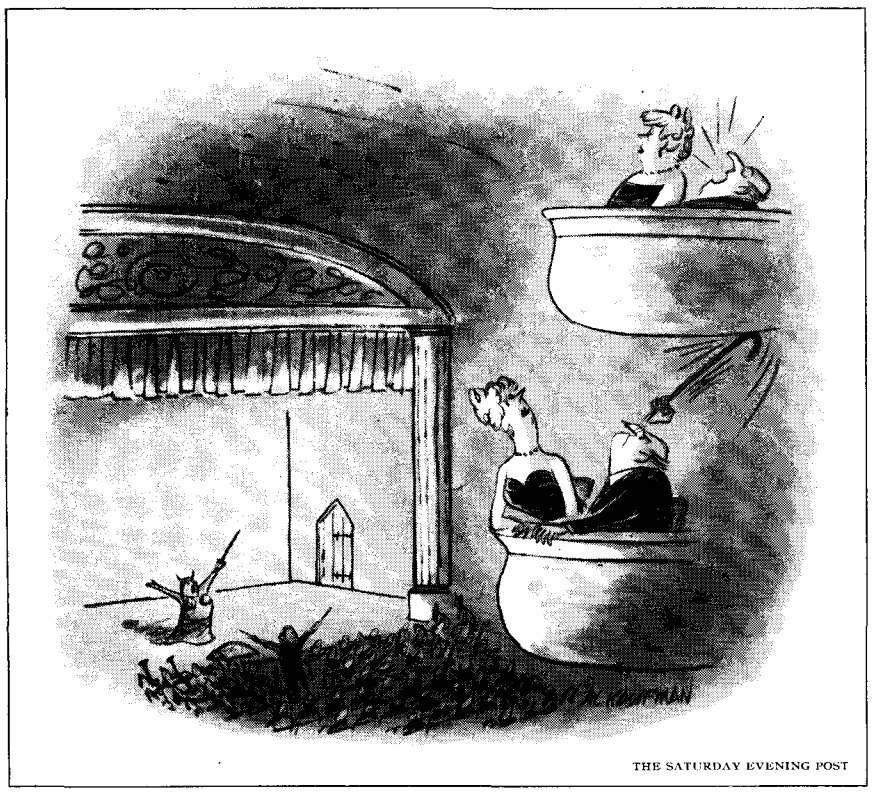
"Two things, Doctor Mason." Hillcrest had taken the microphone over from Joss and, even through the distortion of the speaker, his voice sounded strange, with the flat, controlled unemotionalism of one speaking through a suppressed anger. "Uplavnik has been in touch with H.M.S. Triton—the carrier coming up the Davis Strait. Triton is in constant communication with the British Admiralty and the government. Or so I gather.

"The answers to your questions are these: Firstly, the passenger list from B.O.A.C. in America is not yet through, but it is known from newspaper reports that the following three people were aboard: Marie LeGarde, the musical-comedy star, Senator Hoffman Brewster of the United States and a Mrs. Phyllis Dansby-Gregg, who appears to be a very prominent London socialite."

I wasn't greatly excited over this item of news. Marie LeGarde had never been a suspect. Mrs. Dansby-Gregg—and, by implication, Helene Fleming—had never had more than a faint question mark against their names, and I had already come to the conclusion that it was long odds against the man who was, or purported to be, Senator Brewster as being one of the killers.

"The second thing is this: The admiralty cannot or will not say why the plane has been forced down, but I gather there must have been a most vital reason. Uplavnik suggests, on what basis I cannot say, perhaps it is officially inspired, that some person aboard the plane must have been in possession of something of the utmost importance, so important that complete secrecy was vital. Don't ask me what it was. A microfilm, a formula, something perhaps only committed to memory—it sounds fanciful, but that's all we can guess at. It seems likely that Colonel Harrison was in possession of it."

I looked at Jackstraw and he at me. The killers knew that Joss couldn't possibly have hoped to repair the radio. They knew, therefore, that I must have been talking direct to Hillcrest. They knew, because I had told them, that the eight-watt radio we had with us had a range of not more than one hundred fifty miles under normal conditions, so that the chances were high that Hillcrest was actually speaking from the I.G.Y. cabin—or a point even nearer. I had also told them that Hillcrest and his four companions wouldn't be returning from their field trip for another two or three weeks, so that this premature return could only be accounted for by some unforeseen and extraordinary event. It wasn't hard to guess what that event must have been. That I should ask Hillcrest to find out the reason for the crash followed inevitably, but what was not inevitable, what pointed most clearly of all to the shrewdness of the killers, was their guess that whoever knew the reason for the crash would be most reluctant to go into specific detail. And they had robbed me of the only clue that might have helped me discover what that detail was and so also, I felt sure, the identity of the killers.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

But the time was far past now for crying over spilled milk.

I pressed the switch to TRANSMIT. "Thank you. But please radio Uplavnik again, emphasize desperate urgency of finding out crash reasons. How far behind do you estimate you are now? We have made only twenty miles since noon. Cold extreme, radiator trouble. Over."

"We have made only eight miles since noon. It seems ——"

I threw the switch over. "Eight miles?" I demanded harshly. "Did I hear you say eight miles?"

"You heard." Hillcrest's voice was savage. "Remember the missing sugar? Well, it's turned up. Your fine friends dumped the whole lot into the petrol. We're completely immobilized."

WEDNESDAY: EIGHT P.M.–THURSDAY: FOUR P.M.

We were on our way again just after nine o'clock that night. It had been my original intention, by dreaming up a variety of excuses and even, if necessary, by sabotaging the engine, to stay there for several hours or at least what I reckoned to be the longest possible time before the killers became restive, suspected that I was deliberately stalling and took over. Or tried to take over. For it had been my further intention that, after an hour or two, Jackstraw should produce his rifle—it was strapped to his shoulders night and day—and I my automatic and hold them all at gunpoint until Hillcrest came up. If all had gone well, he should have been with us by midnight. Our troubles would have been over.

But all had not gone well, our troubles were as bad as ever, Hillcrest's snow tractor was bogged down and with Mahler now seriously ill and Marie LeGarde frighteningly weak and exhausted, I couldn't remain any longer.

That Hillcrest would come up eventually I felt pretty sure. The dumping of the sugar in the gasoline had been a brilliant move, but nothing more. Hillcrest had thought he could cope with the situation. The big cabin of his tractor was equipped with a regular workshop with tools fit to deal with just about every mechanical breakdown, and already his driver-mechanic had stripped down the engine and was cleaning pistons, cylinder walls and valves of the unburned carbon deposits that had finally ground the big tractor to a halt. A couple of others had rigged up a makeshift distillation unit—a fuel drum, almost full, with a thin metal tube packed in ice leading from its top to an empty drum. Petrol, Hillcrest had explained, had a lower boiling point than sugar, and when the drum was heated, the evaporating gas, which would cool in the ice-packed tube, should emerge as pure petrol.

Hillcrest had asked if we had any suggestion, whether we could help him in any way at all, but I had said we couldn't. I was tragically, unforgivably wrong. I could have helped, for I knew something that no one else did, but at the moment I completely forgot it. And because I forgot, nothing could now avert the tragedy that was to come, or save the lives of those who were about to die.

About three o'clock in the morning, still following the flag trail that stretched out interminably before us in the long rake of the headlights, we felt the tractor slow down, and Jackstraw, who was driving at the time, change gear as we entered the first gentle slope of the long foothills that led to the winding pass that cut the Vindeby Nunataks almost exactly in half. We could have gone round the Nunataks, but that would have wasted an entire day, perhaps two, and with the

Comfort... at your fingertips!

Your touch is our command as you ride in an Empire Builder Pullman. Like it cooler? Instantly! Brighter? Just flick the switches. A work table... more towels... bag for your hat? Presto! The porter! Next time go great... go in luxury on the *incomparable*

EMPIRE BUILDER

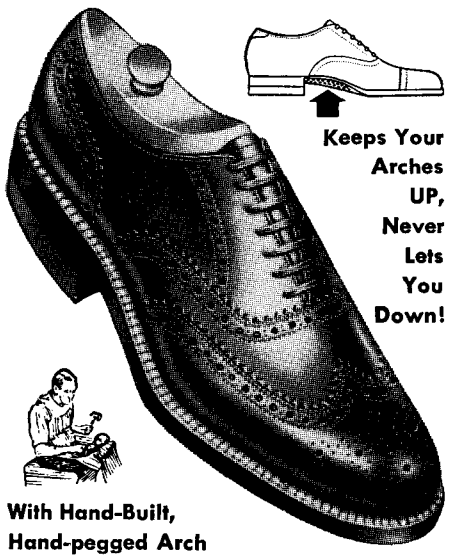
GREAT DOME STREAMLINER... **DAILY** BETWEEN
CHICAGO • ST. PAUL-MINNEAPOLIS • SPOKANE
SEATTLE • PORTLAND

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr Scholl's COPEG®

The Shoe With The Hidden ARCH LIFT!



With Hand-Built, Hand-pegged Arch

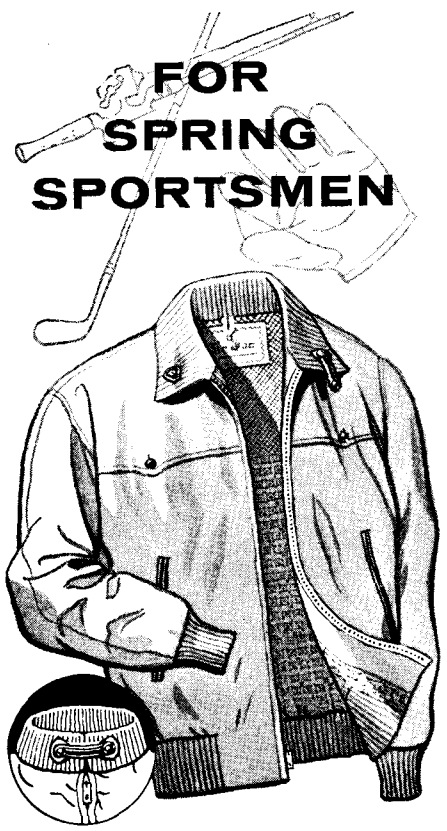
The ONLY Shoe of its kind in the World!

Dr. Scholl's Copeg Shoes are fashion-smart—yet are unlike any other shoe in scientific design . . . in fit . . . in quality craftsmanship . . . in "made-to-order" feel and comforting support. The grateful "lift" they give your arches helps relieve and prevents tired, aching feet, foot and leg pains and painful callouses.

Dr. Scholl's Copeg Shoes are made of choicest soft kid or calfskin, in black and brown Oxfords and High Shoes. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Dept. Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog. Dept. 3S22

Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois

FOR SPRING SPORTSMEN



Sir Jac®

WITH VENTILATED LINING

In mild weather or brisk, fair or damp, this exciting *Sir Jac* offers complete comfort and freedom for any outdoor activity. Popular spring colors. Thrifty too—Model 3726 is only about $12.95 for men, $10.95 for youths, at good stores.

STAHL-URBAN CO., DEPT. SP, BROOKHAVEN, MISS.

ten-mile route through the hills clearly marked, it was pointless to detour.

Two hours later, as the incline perceptibly steepened, the tractor treads began to slip and spin on the frozen snow, and progress was slow and difficult. We could make ground only by following a wide zigzag pattern, and it took us well over an hour to cover the last mile before the entrance to the pass. Here we halted, soon after seven o'clock in the morning.

While breakfast was being prepared, I looked at Mahler and Marie LeGarde. Marie looked as if she hadn't eaten in weeks; her face, pockmarked with sores and frostbite blisters, was appallingly thin and wasted. Theodore Mahler looked in better condition than she, but I knew that when his defenses went down, they would do so in a matter of hours.

At eight o'clock Jackstraw and I moved out onto the hillside and again made contact with Hillcrest. My heart sank when I heard the grim news that they'd hardly progressed a couple of miles in the previous twelve hours. Beyond that there was no news. Uplavnik, which they had contacted less than an hour previously, had still nothing fresh to report. Without a word, Jackstraw and I packed up the equipment and made our way back to the cabin of the tractor. I felt our last hope was gone.

We started up the tractor again at eleven o'clock and headed straight into the pass, myself at the wheel.

The first part was easy. At noon we were more than halfway through and had just entered the narrowest and most forbidding defile in the entire crossing when Corazzini came running up alongside the tractor and waved me down.

"Trouble, doc," he said swiftly, just as the engine died. "Someone's gone over the edge. Come on. Quick!"

"Who?" I jumped out of the seat, forgetting all about the gun I habitually carried in the door compartment as an insurance against surprise attack when I was driving. "How did it happen?"

"The German girl. Slipped, fell, I dunno. Your friend's gone over after her."

I pushed Brewster and Levin to one side, peered gingerly over the edge into the blue-green depths below, then drew in my breath sharply. To the left, at a depth of perhaps twenty feet, the two walls were joined by a snow-and-ice bridge, maybe fifteen feet long, one of the many that dotted the crevasse through its entire length. Jackstraw was standing on this, pressed closely into one edge, holding an obviously dazed Helene in the crook of his right arm.

"Are you all right?" I shouted.

"I think my left arm is broken," Jackstraw said conversationally. "Would you please hurry, Doctor Mason? This bridge is rotten, and I can feel it going."

His arm broken and the bridge going—and indeed I could see chunks of ice and snow falling off from the underside of the arch on which he was standing!

I jumped up and raced toward the tractor sled. How to belay the man who was lowered? I literally stumbled upon the answer—the four big wooden bridging battens sticking out from the end of the tractor sled. I grabbed a coil of nylon rope, hauled out one of the battens and ran back to the spot as fast as I could. Seconds later Zagero had laid the second batten alongside mine. I stripped off fur gloves and mittens, tied a double bowline knot in the end of the nylon rope, slipped my legs through the two loops, made a quick half-hitch round my waist, shouted for another rope to be brought, moved out and tied my own rope to the middle of the planks, allowing for about twenty feet of slack, and lowered myself hand over hand until I was standing beside Jackstraw and Helene.

Another rope came snaking down over the edge, and in seconds I had it tied round Helene's waist so tightly that I could hear her gasp with the pain of it; but this was no time for taking chances.

It was then that I made my mistake. To help those above, I stooped to boost her up, and as I straightened abruptly, the suddenly increased pressure proved too much for the already-crumbling bridge. I heard the ominous rumble, felt the snow begin to give under my feet, released my hold on Helene—she was already well clear anyway—grabbed Jackstraw by the arm and jumped for the other side of the bridge a second before the spot where we had been standing vanished with a whroom! and went cascading down into the gloomy depths of the crevasse. At the full extent of my rope I hit the ice on the far side of the crevasse, wrapped both arms tightly round Jackstraw and wondered how long I could hold him when that side of the bridge went, too, as go it must, its support on the far side no longer existing. But, miraculously, for the moment it held.

• •

Missing You

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Missing you while you're away,
I dream about you night and day:
How sweet you are, how wise and gay.

And thus remembered, you appear
In such perfection that, my dear,
I miss the dream when you are here!

• •

Both of us were pressed hard in against the ice, motionless, hardly daring to breathe, when I heard a sudden cry of pain from above. It came from Helene—she must have caught her injured shoulder as she was being pulled over the edge of the crevasse. But what caught my eye was not Helene but Corazzini. He was standing very close to the edge, and he had my gun in his hand.

Even a child could see how it had been done. The series of snow bridges had given Corazzini the idea. A little nudge to Helene Fleming at the right place, and it was a foregone conclusion that either Jackstraw or myself would have to go down to fix a rope round the youngster, who, with her broken collarbone, would be unable to do it herself.

I was wondering desperately how he was going to administer the *coup de grâce* when I saw the Rev. Mr. Smallwood approaching Corazzini, arms outstretched and saying something I couldn't catch. It was a brave gesture of the little minister, but a forlorn and hopeless one. I could see Corazzini change his gun to his left hand and strike Mr. Smallwood a heavy backhanded blow across the face, and the sound of a body falling on the ice above was unmistakable. And then Corazzini was waving the others back at the point of the gun and was advancing toward the wooden battens that straddled the crevasse, and I knew with a dull certainty how he intended to dispose of us. Why waste two bullets when all he had to do was to kick the edges of these battens over the side?

Despairingly I considered the idea of snatching at the rifle still strapped to Jackstraw's back, but dismissed it even with the thought. I glanced up and saw Corazzini smiling down at me. "You two characters fixin' on stayin' down there all day? Come on up."

It would be useless to try to describe the maelstrom of thoughts and emotions that whirled through my mind in the ninety seconds that elapsed before Jackstraw and I stood once more in incredulous safety on the trail above. I was trembling violently, and although Corazzini must have noticed it, he affected not to. He stepped forward and handed me the automatic, butt first.

"You're a mite careless about where you stow your weapons, doc. I've known for a long time where you kept this. But I guess it may have been fairly useful these last few minutes."

"But—but why ——"

"Because I've got a darned good job and a chair behind a vice-president's desk waiting for me in Glasgow," he snapped. "I'd appreciate the chance to sit in that chair some day." Without another word he turned away.

My first thought was for Jackstraw. But when I'd worked his parka off, it required only one glance at the unnatural twist of the left arm to see that though Jackstraw had had every excuse for thinking his arm broken, it was, in fact, an elbow dislocation. He made no murmur and his face remained quite expressionless as I manipulated the bone back into the socket, but the wide, white grin that cracked his face immediately afterward was proof enough of his feelings.

I walked over to where Helene Fleming sat on the sled, still shaking from the shock. "That was a close call, young lady," I said. "But all's well. Any more bones broken, eh?" I tried to speak jocularly, but it didn't sound very convincing.

"No, Doctor Mason." She gave a long, shuddering sigh. "I don't know how to thank you and Mr. Nielsen ——"

"Don't try," I advised. "Who pushed you?"

"Yes, I—I was pushed," she murmured reluctantly. "But it was an accident, I know it was."

"Who?" I persisted.

"It was me," Solly Levin put in. He was twisting his hands nervously. "Like the lady said, doc, it was an accident. I guess I kinda stumbled. Someone tapped my heels and ——"

"Who tapped your heels?" I asked.

"For cryin' out loud! What would I want to do a thing like that for?"

"Suppose you tell me," I said and turned away, leaving him to stare after me. I wanted to get through the Vindeby Nunataks. There was something that I knew now that I had to do, and as soon as possible, but I didn't want to do it while we were all teetering on the edge of that crevasse.

We were through without further incident and at the head of that long, almost imperceptible slope that fell away for thousands of feet toward the ice-bare rocks of the Greenland coast before the last of the noon twilight had faded from the sky. I halted the tractor, and Margaret Ross came up to me, her brown eyes troubled. "The tins, Doctor Mason—the corned beef. I can't find them."

"What's that? The bully? They can't be far away, Margaret." It was the first time I'd called her that. "Come on, let's have a look."

We looked, and we found nothing. The tins were gone all right. This was the excuse, the opportunity I had been waiting for. Jackstraw (*Continued on Page 70*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Culligan water softener can be connected in your home today. Homemaking immediately becomes more efficient. You'll be pleasantly amazed when you see and feel the difference whenever and wherever you use water in your home. You, too, will agree that soft water is a girl's best friend. Just call your nearby Culligan man.

Culligan Fully Automatic Model. You own it.

Culligan Soft Water Service. We own it.

Culligan®...SEEN MOST OFTEN WHERE THERE'S WATER TO SOFTEN

Culligan, Inc. and its franchised dealers in the United States, Canada, South America and Europe · Home Office: Northbrook, Illinois · Franchises available.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 68*) was by my side, looking at me quizzically as we bent over the sled, and I nodded. "Behind him," I murmured.

I moved back to where the others were grouped round the rear of the tractor cabin and took up a position where I could watch them all.

"Well," I said, "you heard. Our last tins of beef have gone. Somebody stole them. That somebody had better tell me, for I'm going to find out anyway."

No one said anything. The silence stretched on and on; then, as one man, they all swung round, startled at the heavy metallic click from behind them. Jackstraw had just cocked the bolt of his rifle, and I could see the slow stiffening of Zagero's back as he realized that the barrel was lined up on his own head.

"It's no coincidence, Zagero," I said grimly. I had my own automatic in my hand by the time he turned round. "That rifle's pointed just where it's meant to. Bring your bag here."

He stared at me, then called me an unprintable name.

"Bring it here," I said. I pointed the gun at his head. "Believe me, Zagero, I'd as soon kill you as let you live."

He believed me. He brought the bag, flung it at my feet.

"Open it," I said curtly.

"It's locked."

"Unlock it."

He looked at me without expression. "I can't find the keys."

"I'd expected nothing else. Jackstraw ——" I changed my mind, one gun was not enough to cover a killer like Zagero.

I glanced at Corazzini, and he shrugged indifferently. He must have known that I'd had him high up among my list of suspects until very recently indeed. But there was no time for delicacy. I nodded, and he made for Zagero.

He missed nothing, but he found nothing. After two minutes he stepped back, looked at me and then, thoughtfully, at Solly Levin. Again I nodded, and again he began to search. In ten seconds he brought out a bunch of keys and held them up.

"It's a frame-up," Levin yelped. "It's a plant! Corazzini musta palmed 'em and put 'em there. I never had no keys ——"

"Shut up!" I ordered contemptuously. "Yours, Zagero?"

He nodded tightly and said nothing.

The second key opened the soft-leather case. Corazzini dug under the clothes on top and brought out the three corned-beef tins.

"Thank you," I said. "Our friend's iron rations for his take-off.... Miss Ross, our lunch.... Tell me, Zagero, can you think of any reason why I shouldn't kill you now?"

"You've made nothin' but mistakes ever since I met you," Zagero said slowly, "but, brother, this is the biggest you ever made. Do you think I would be such a fool as to incriminate myself that way?"

"I think that's exactly the way you expected me to think," I said wearily. "But I'm learning, I'm learning. One more job, Corazzini, if you would. Tie their feet."

"What are you going to do," Zagero asked tightly.

"Don't worry. The executioner will collect his fee. From now on you and Levin ride, with your feet tied, in the front of the tractor sled—and with a gun on you all the time.... What is it, Miss LeGarde?"

"Are you sure, Peter?" It was the first time she had spoken for hours, and I could see that even that tiny effort tired her. "He doesn't *look* like a murderer."

"Does anybody here?" I demanded. I then explained to them all I knew and had suspected about everything. It shook them, especially the facts of the spiking of the gasoline and of Hillcrest's having been, at one time, only a few hours behind us. By the time I was finished I could see that there was as little doubt in their minds about Zagero's guilt as there was in mine.

TO BE CONTINUED

Emergency Flight (Continued from Page 32)

Out here no moans, no groans, no strain, no pain."

Reluctantly she said, "It's urgent, Dennis. That little girl, Cindy, the daughter of the Navy officer, has gone into convulsions."

The doctor took a final deep breath of fresh air.

"I checked her chart at noontime," he said wearily. "She was perfectly all right. Has some meathead intern been experimenting on her with wonder drugs?"

"Of course not," Bette said indignantly. "Her medication is marked on her chart. Doctor Whittaker is frantic, Dennis."

"Sometimes I suspect," Doctor Sullivan said tiredly, "that Doctor Whittaker was frenetic in embryo. Let's go."

In the Recovery Room six-year-old Cindy Blake, daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. William Blake, was surrounded by Doctor Whittaker, two interns, a nurse and a complicated array of gleaming apparatus. Cindy had been given massive doses of sedatives to subdue the convulsions, but as Doctor Sullivan glanced at her face and took her pulse, his heart sank. The tiny, oval face, which only six hours before had been as bright as a golden daisy, was now badly swollen. A bluish tinge was creeping up from the chubby little chin.

Doctor Sullivan studied the chart again. He was familiar with the case history. Lieutenant Blake, a jet pilot stationed aboard the carrier Saratoga, temporarily based at Mayport, had been driving his wife and daughter into Jacksonville over the newly opened expressway. Something had gone wrong with the power steering on his station wagon. They had crashed head on into an ambulance from Jacksonville Medical Hospital.

Lieutenant Blake had suffered a fractured left leg; Mrs. Blake, lacerations and abrasions; and Cindy, merely shock—or so they thought.

Doctor Sullivan glanced unhappily at Doctor Whittaker. "Kidney insufficiency," he suggested.

Glumly Doctor Whittaker said, "That's putting it mildly. Nausea, vomiting, shortness of breath, epileptiform seizures. In my book that's uremia. It is not a case of kidney inadequacy, but kidney shutdown. Her back must have taken an awful wallop."

"Fluid therapy?" Doctor Sullivan asked quickly.

"Of course," Doctor Whittaker said. "We have endeavored to maintain her fluid and electrolyte balance with intravenous injections. We are administering aminophylline to stimulate the kidneys. But her condition is rapidly deteriorating."

"There is only one recourse," said Doctor Sullivan. "Dialysis."

Doctor Whittaker's shoulders sagged.

"She can't be moved, Dennis. You know that. And we don't have a mechanical kidney. As a matter of fact, at the present time not a hospital in Jacksonville has an artificial-kidney unit."

Doctor Sullivan wasn't listening to him. His ears were attuned to the stethoscope, and again his fingers were on Cindy's pulse.

Eight, twelve, maybe sixteen hours, he was thinking desperately. *It's a crime.*

Doctor Whittaker said humbly, "Peritoneal irrigation sometimes is helpful."

Doctor Sullivan shook his head and swallowed hard. "I'm afraid it's too late for that, Al."

Gently he lowered Cindy's wrist. He removed the earpieces of the stethoscope and as he raised his head, his sharp, searching blue eyes met those of Bette. She gave him a tiny smile of encouragement, but her eyes were clouded.

The smile was enough. Doctor Sullivan's jaw protruded as he walked briskly to a telephone on the wall in Recovery Room. Over the telephone hung a small placard which warned, FOR EMERGENCY USE ONLY. He picked up the receiver.

"Myrt," he said, "put through a call—urgent, of course—to Doctor Edward Routson in Chicago.... No, not a hospital—at his home. His office is at his home. Thank you, Myrt."

The call got through in less than a minute. Myrt had a lot of friends on the long-distance circuits.

"Ed?" Doctor Sullivan said. "How are you? Dennis Sullivan at Jacksonville.... Fine, thanks, fine. But we're in trouble, Ed. Kidney shutdown in a six-year-old. Ed, from what I've read, those artificial-kidney units are now being mass-manufactured near Chicago. Right?"

A brief pause—and Bette and Doctor Whittaker observed the smile creases deepen on Doctor Sullivan's face.

"Oh-ho," he said, "so you and the sales manager play golf every Saturday. Ed, we want a unit pronto!... No, not tomorrow. Tonight. Within the"—Doctor Sullivan glanced at his wrist watch—"next few hours.... Transportation? Ed, if you can hustle one over to Glenview Naval Air Station right away, I think we can do the rest.... A what?... A trained team? That complicates matters. Listen, will you get to work at that end? I'll call you back within an hour."

He hung up. He was sweating. "We can get one," Doctor Sullivan said slowly to Bette and Doctor Whittaker, "but it takes a trained team to operate the unit. Doctor Routson says that a good physician and a trained nurse can grasp the fundamentals in a couple of intensive hours of instruction."

Doctor Whittaker tapped Bette's shoulder, then Doctor Sullivan's. "What are we waiting for?" he asked gruffly.

Now Doctor Sullivan's eyes were flashing. He seemed excited. "Al," he said to Doctor Whittaker, "put through a call to Doctor Skinner. Explain the emergency. Better advise Doctor Fincannon too." Doctor Skinner, acting hospital administrator in the absence of the elderly, ailing Doctor Fincannon, had a reputation for being a martinet in an overstuffed shirt. Myrt sometimes referred to him as "that duckbilled platypus."

"Where are you going?" Bette asked as Doctor Sullivan wheeled around.

"I've got business with Lieutenant Blake," the doctor said. "If I know the Navy—and I should after six years of it—we'll get co-operation."

Lieutenant and Mrs. Blake, in Room 236, were doing far better than "resting comfortably." The lieutenant's left leg was in a cast. It had been raised, by pulley, three feet above his head. But there was a table between their beds, and Lieutenant Blake was busily dealing out cards as they enjoyed a two-handed game of gin rummy.

Doctor Sullivan, as he glanced around the screen, briefly studied the lieutenant's face, which was alive, alert, sun and wind-bronzed and oh, so young.

He glanced, too, at Mrs. Blake. She was a lovely girl with jet-black hair and laughing brown eyes. The doctor could visualize her strolling home from high school, tomboy-style, with books under her arm, rather than as the mother of a six-year-old.

Doctor Sullivan tapped on the frame of the screen.

"Come in," Lieutenant Blake said merrily. "Over or under, around or through."

"Who's winning?" Doctor Sullivan asked, smiling. (*Continued on Page 73*)

"If you ask me, we're two ships that should have passed in the night."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

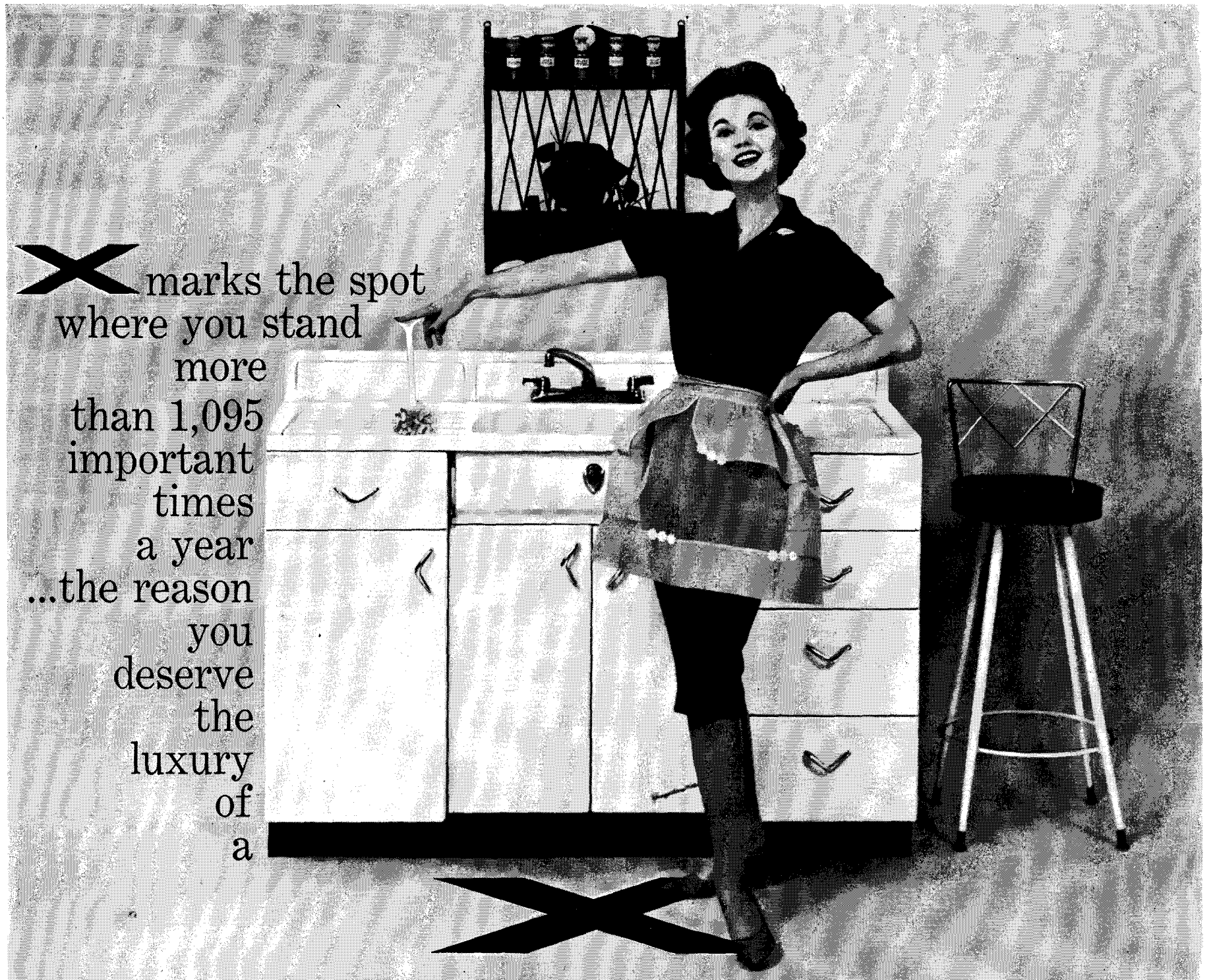
HOW SMART CAN YOU GET—
IT'S AMERICA'S LOWEST PRICED CONVERTIBLE

LOVE THAT **LARK** *BY STUDEBAKER*

Nothing, yes, nothing like it anywhere—garners glances wherever you go. Seats five in high style, lush luxury interiors, quality-built through and through. Zip and save with thrifty Lark V-8 or bank even more with new improved Super Economical Six. Made to order for fun-loving families with fine convertible tastes and sedan pocketbooks. Invest in a visit to your Studebaker Dealer. Pick your Lark's delight from six stunning styles. You'll love that Lark—NOW PROVEN BY MORE THAN A BILLION OWNER-DRIVEN MILES.

The LARK for '60—world's first and only full line of new dimension cars—available in 2 and 4-door sedans; 2 and 4-door station wagons; sporty hardtop and exclusive convertible. Choice of Six or V-8.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

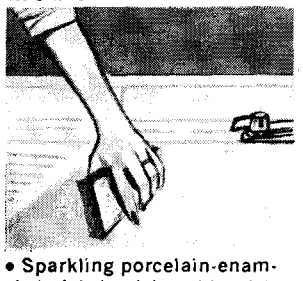


X marks the spot where you stand more than 1,095 important times a year ...the reason you deserve the luxury of a

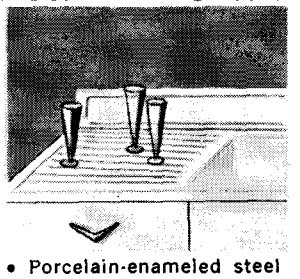
YOUNGSTOWN KITCHENS CABINET SINK

Why put up with inconveniences during those millions of precious minutes when you do dishes, wash vegetables, prepare meals? The most important working area in your home deserves the luxury that only the finest Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sink can give. There's no other cabinet sink like it! Check below for the quality features on this 54" Cabinet Sink; then visit your Youngstown Kitchens Dealer. See for yourself the tremendous difference this smart new sink can make in your kitchen. It's just pennies a week on a quickly arranged Easy Payment Plan.

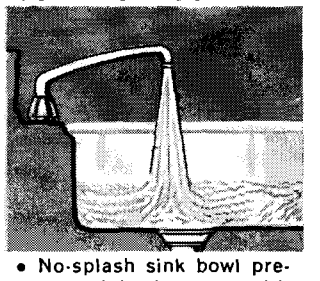
MODERNIZE WITH EXCLUSIVE FEATURES IN TODAY'S MOST BEAUTIFUL DELUXE CABINET SINK:



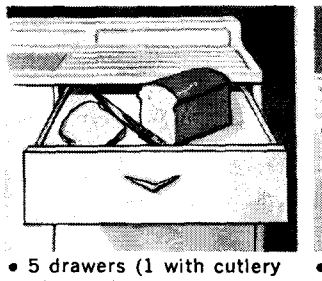
• Sparkling porcelain-enameled sink bowl is acid-resisting, **stays** easy to clean.



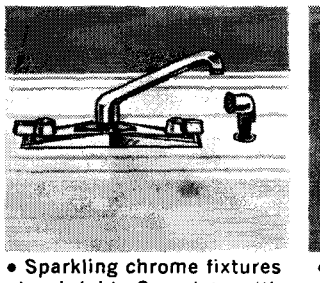
• Porcelain-enameled steel top. Delicate stemware won't tip on **no-tip** drainboards.



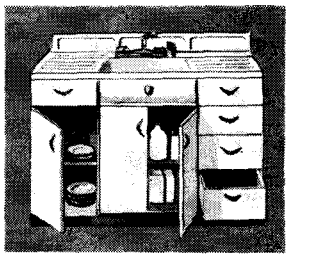
• No-splash sink bowl prevents splattering even with faucet turned on full force.



• 5 drawers (1 with cutlery tray) on nylon glides. Removable cutting board.



• Sparkling chrome fixtures stay bright. Complete with handy rinse spray.



• Waterfall contour sink-front and recessed area below make standing and working easier.

AMERICAN-Standard
YOUNGSTOWN KITCHENS DIVISION

AMERICAN-STANDARD, YOUNGSTOWN KITCHENS DIV., SEP 360, WARREN, OHIO

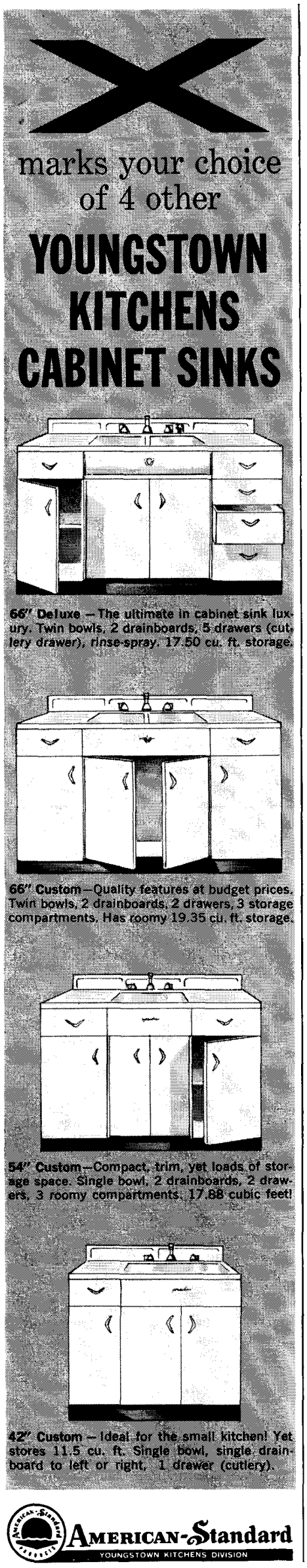
Please send me information on modernizing my kitchen with a new Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sink.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


X
marks your choice
of 4 other
YOUNGSTOWN
KITCHENS
CABINET SINKS
66" Deluxe – The ultimate in cabinet sink luxury. Twin bowls, 2 drainboards, 5 drawers (cutlery drawer), rinse-spray, 17.50 cu. ft. storage.
66" Custom—Quality features at budget prices. Twin bowls, 2 drainboards, 2 drawers, 3 storage compartments. Has roomy 19.35 cu. ft. storage.
54" Custom—Compact, trim, yet loads of storage space. Single bowl, 2 drainboards, 2 drawers, 3 roomy compartments, 17.68 cubic feet!
42" Custom – Ideal for the small kitchen! Yet stores 11.5 cu. ft. Single bowl, single drainboard to left or right, 1 drawer (cutlery).
AMERICAN-Standard
YOUNGSTOWN KITCHENS DIVISION

(*Continued from Page 70*) The lieutenant motioned toward his wife. "Maureen," he said, "is taking me over. Maury's been taking me over ever since I was eighteen, doc."

Probably it was intuition because, in spite of Doctor Sullivan's warm smile, Maureen dropped her cards and the laughter left her eyes. "How's Cindy, doctor?" she asked.

The smile vanished. Doctor Sullivan pulled up a chair. He placed it between the beds and he sat on it with the back in front of him and rested his hands on the back.

"You folks are Navy," Doctor Sullivan said, "so I know you can take your pills without sugar coating. We have complications."

Maureen's face whitened, and Lieutenant Blake reached for a cigarette. "Bad, doctor?" he asked.

"Pretty bad, Bill. We need a machine. A mechanical kidney. We need it on the double. We can get one—from Chicago. But even air express won't be fast enough. Got any ideas?"

Lieutenant Blake reached out with his left hand and grabbed a telephone. To Myrt he gave a number and then added, "Tell them it's a priority call to the Saratoga switchboard. I want to speak to Lieutenant Commander Snider. He's my squadron commander. Thank you."

Bette came gliding into the room. "Doctor Skinner is on his way over," she said quietly.

Doctor Sullivan said, "Thanks a lot."

Lieutenant Blake, over the phone, was saying eagerly, "Hello? . . . Yes, sir. I'm fine. So's Maury. It's Cindy. . . . Yes sir, I'll brief you."

He talked for about thirty seconds and then glanced up at Doctor Sullivan. "How big is this—this make-believe kidney—crated, that is?" he asked.

"They weigh a couple of hundred pounds, I believe," Doctor Sullivan said. "I'd say a crate about five feet wide, five feet long and maybe four feet high."

Lieutenant Blake repeated this information into the phone. He sighed as his eyes met Doctor Sullivan's.

"No sweat," Lieutenant Blake said. "We've got a Skywarrior—that's an A3D—on the beach. She cruises at four hundred and fifty and better—much better if necessary. Crate'll fit snugly in bomb bay. She can touch down at NBU—that's our Glenview, Illinois, strip, about an hour and a half, maybe a little more, after take-off from MPT—that's Mayport."

"How big are these Skywarriors?" Doctor Sullivan asked.

"Pretty big, doctor. Very hot. Carry a pilot, a bombardier-navigator and third crewman. There's a fourth seat for an extra crewman when necessary."

The doctor said gravely, "Here's some sweat. Mrs. Sullivan and I have to go too. We need instruction in the operation of the artificial kidney."

"Whew!" Lieutenant Blake said. He relayed passenger information to Commander Snider. Again he glanced up.

"Take a while," he said. "We've never had a woman aboard a Skywarrior. It'll have to go through COMCARDIV-SIX and maybe through Norfolk."

"Who?" Bette asked, her eyes wide.

Lieutenant Blake managed a one-sided grin. "That's Commander, Carrier Division Six. He'll probably have to check it out with the admiral at Norfolk."

Maureen Blake was weeping soundlessly. Bette walked around the bed, stood beside her, stroked her black hair and spoke to her encouragingly.

"Channels," Doctor Sullivan said grimly, "take a lot of time."

"Not this channel," Lieutenant Blake said brightly. "I can hear Commander Snider now talking to COMCARDIV-SIX—and they're holding open a line to Norfolk."

Lieutenant Blake took a deep puff on his cigarette, and some ashes fell on the bedsheets. His knuckles, on the hand that was gripping the telephone, were as white as the bedsheets.

"Yes, sir," he said suddenly. "Yes *sir!* . . . No sir. Doctor Sullivan is taking care of arrangements at Chicago. We don't have to worry about that. . . . Beg your pardon, sir?"

Again the lieutenant glanced up at Doctor Sullivan, and this time the grin covered both sides of his smooth, tough face. "The commander wants to know, doctor, if this mouse he's flying is unattached."

It was Doctor Sullivan's turn to grin. "Tell him," he said, "that she's my mouse and he can save his bait."

Again Lieutenant Blake talked at some length with the commander and then, as he hung up, he said soberly, "They're pressure-fueling the Skywarrior right now, doctor. Commander Snider is filing his master flight plan. They'll bump the third crewman to make room for Mrs. Sullivan. He says Jimmy Dugan, A.D.1, his third crewman, will meet you in a jeep at the main gate. He suggests you come down in an ambulance. Save time."

Doctor Sullivan sighed. "Thanks, Bill."

Lieutenant Blake was biting his lower lip. "Look who's thanking who," he said.

But even as Doctor Sullivan and Bette re-entered Recovery Room, they observed storm warnings. Doctor Skinner, his face the color of a broiled lobster, was waving his arms as he talked angrily but quietly to Doctor Whittaker.

"Preposterous!" Doctor Skinner was saying. "I won't have it. I simply won't. In the first place, mechanical-kidney units cost about eighteen hundred dollars. We don't have eighteen hundred dollars for new equipment. Secondly, I will not have members of my staff rollicking away from this hospital for joy rides in jet planes. That is final."

"Bu—but the patient?" Doctor Whittaker said desperately.

Doctor Skinner glanced at Cindy Blake. For a moment—but only for a moment—his face softened.

"I don't believe," he said gravely, "that anything more can be done for her. You know a terminal case when you see one, Doctor Whittaker. You are looking at one."

Doctor Sullivan, who had strolled up behind them, spoke evenly, but he could feel the blood pounding in his temples.

"I disagree, doctor," he said emphatically. "Some wonderful things have been accomplished with artificial kidneys. We have made all arrangements."

"Including the eighteen hundred dollars, I suppose?" Doctor Skinner said sourly.

"No," Doctor Sullivan said hesitantly. "But we'll raise it somehow. Even if I have to go over to Bay and Main streets with my hat in my hand."

"I'll hold the hat for you, Dennis," said Doctor Whittaker.

"The answer is no!" Doctor Skinner said sharply. "I don't believe —— What in heaven's name are you mumbling about, Doctor Whittaker? Speak up."

"I'm not mumbling," Doctor Whittaker said. "I am quoting, doctor." He quoted:

He who doubts from what he sees
Will ne'er believe, do what you please.
If the Sun and Moon should doubt,
They'd immediately go out.

"Wh-at?" Doctor Skinner said, reddening again.

"William Blake," said Doctor Whittaker.

"You—you mean this girl's father?"

Doctor Whittaker sighed. "William Blake—English poet and artist. He died in 1827."

"Al," Doctor Sullivan said curiously, "I never knew you read poetry."

"Man'd go mad reading nothing but medical journals," Doctor Whittaker replied.

"The answer is still no," Doctor Skinner said abruptly.

They all turned as the door to Recovery Room opened and a man with wavy, white hair, a pleasant countenance, but eyes that reflected constant pain, approached them. He smiled at Doctor Sullivan and Bette, nodded to Doctor Whittaker, frowned at Doctor Skinner.

"D-doctor Fincannon!" Doctor Skinner said. "You know you shouldn't be out of bed."

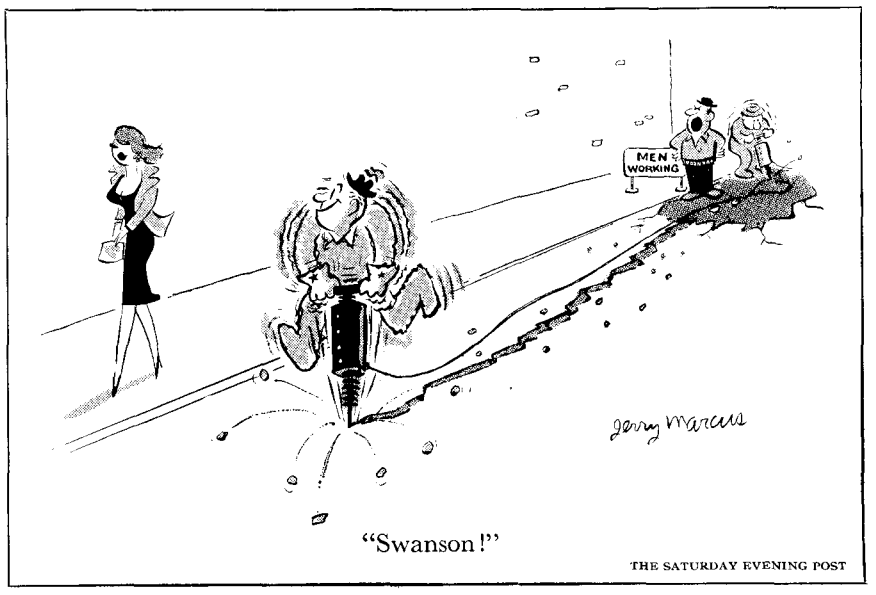
Doctor Fincannon ignored him. He walked over to Cindy Blake's bed. He studied the little girl's face, and as he took her pulse he read the chart. Then he turned slowly, looked first at Doctor Sullivan, then at Bette. "What is your scheduled departure time from Mayport, doctor?" he asked gently.

"Nine o'clock," Doctor Sullivan said, looking at his wrist watch, "if we can make it."

"May God speed you," Doctor Fincannon said.

It is approximately eighteen miles from Jacksonville Medical Hospital to the Mayport Carrier Basin at the mouth of the St. Johns River. With siren wide open and red beacon flashing they made it in fifteen minutes. A jeep was waiting at the main gate. Doctor Sullivan and Bette scrambled into the back seat.

As they dug off, a sailor who was seated beside Jimmy Dugan, A.D.1



"Swanson!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Aviation Machinists' Mate, 1/C), the driver, was busily talking. "So I met this frigid mouse at the Bamboo Bar," he was saying, "and I says to her, honey, what you need is JATO, and I'm just the guy ——"

"Knock it off," Dugan growled. "We got a lady on board."

The sailor swung his head, glanced at Bette and said, "Yikes! Excuse me, Miss—ah, Mrs.—uh, ma'am."

Bette smiled at him. "Did she thaw out?" Bette asked.

"Nope—I mean, no, ma'am," the sailor said. "She was a real bird—a penguin, I mean."

The carrier basin resembled a carnival midway on a Saturday night. Four carriers, the Saratoga, Essex, Lake Champlain and the Antietam, were in port. Preparations were being made for the arrival of six destroyers from Squadron Fourteen.

"Mobs of gobs," Jimmy Dugan said as he snaked the jeep around and between them.

Wolf whistles pierced the air, and cheers sounded as some of them sighted Bette. Dugan braked to a dusty, jerky stop in front of a huge, refurbished Quonset-type building at the edge of the runways. It was brilliantly lighted, and a sign over the door warned, OPERATIONS—NAVY PERSONNEL ONLY.

A tall, slender man in flight suit and a blue, peaked cap came running down the steps to greet them. His bronzed face was deeply lined, the hair at the temples gray, but his demeanor was devil-may-care. He started to shake hands, then he took a second quick look at Doctor Sullivan.

"Didn't I meet you on board the Coral Sea off Korea, sir?" he asked.

Doctor Sullivan smiled as he returned the salute. "I checked you out several times, commander," he said.

Commander Snider's sharp eyes swept over Bette.

"Prettiest third crewman I ever saw," he said, sighing. "Welcome aboard, Mrs. Sullivan." He returned to Dugan. "Their flight gear ready? We've already been cleared by Air Traffic Control."

"Aye, sir," said Dugan. "Flight suits, boondockers, Mae Wests, oxygen masks, helmets. Flight surgeons will check 'em out in Ready Room Five."

Commander Snider glanced at his wrist watch as they walked into Operations. "It's twelve minutes before 0200," he said.

Bette, bewildered by the glaring lights, the ear-splitting screams of jets and all the other activity, tugged at the commander's sleeve. She pointed to a large clock.

"Your clock isn't right," Bette said.

He chuckled. "That's Zulu time—Navy lingo for Greenwich time. In jets we fly Greenwich time. There's the local clock, over there—Roger time—twelve minutes before nine o'clock."

Strangely, Bette looked tiny in her bulging flight gear. When she shuffled back to Operations' Desk in her tightly laced boondockers, she patted her Mae West and said to Dugan, "Why the gun, hidden down in here?"

Dugan, who had red hair, freckles and eager-beaver eyes, explained, "That's a thirty-eight with tracer ammunition, ma'am. Survival aid. Here—let me help you with your hard hat."

Bette, a little pale, was fighting off panic.

"Sorry I had to bump you, Mr. Dugan," she said.

"Ma'am," Dugan said, and his grin was as wide as a landing strip, "I'll never have a nicer bump, believe me."

Dugan taxied Bette, Doctor Sullivan and Commander Snider to the northwest end of the 8000-foot runway. The plane, a monstrous, silver bat with swept-back wings, was sitting there silently, eagerly, ominously. The bombardier-navigator already was on board.

Commander Snider helped Bette mount some steps leading into the very bowels of the monster. He readjusted her helmet and oxygen mask. He attached some cords to her helmet and that of Doctor Sullivan's and strapped them in their seats.

"O.K.," Commander Snider said, folding into a seat behind a panel that resembled a blinking Christmas tree. "Can you read me on interphone, doctor . . . Mrs. Sullivan?"

They nodded.

"Good," Commander Snider said. He and the bombardier-navigator were busily checking gauges and instruments.

Commander Snider spoke again. "We'll be flying Forty-five Victor—that's a jet lane—at about thirty-five thousand feet. We'll pass over Alma, Georgia; Atlanta, Knoxville, Lexington, Dayton-O, and Chi into Glenview Naval Air Station. It's an eight-hundred-and-fifty-mile hop. A breeze. Should touch down in about an hour and a half. You both feeling all right?"

"Fine, sir," Bette said faintly.

"Good," said Doctor Sullivan. "How fast do these birds travel, commander?"

"You know the speed of sound?"

"Yes."

"That's slow—if we really pour it on," Commander Snider said. "The exact answer is classified, doctor."

They sat and waited. Interminable minutes passed—minutes that seemed like hours. Commander Snider flicked a switch. He sounded a mite irritable.

"This is Hoot Owl in Alpha Three Delta," he said. "Master flight plan cleared fifteen minutes ago by A.T.C. What's gumming us up, Tower?"

A weary, monotonous voice replied immediately.

"Sorry, Hoot Owl. We're sweating in a crippled plane. Be about two minutes. Hoot Owl, you've got rising scud over Knoxville. Suggest you revise to forty-five thousand."

More minutes—aching, perspiring minutes—passed. Then: "Roger, Hoot Owl. Scramble."

Bette and the doctor heard a whine. The whine became a wail; the wail a shriek. Bette felt as though giant hands were crushing her. She gasped for breath. For several minutes she thought she was going to black out. Doctor Sullivan was experiencing the same fearsome feeling. Then abruptly it became as quiet as a mountain lake on a windless day. They heard Commander Snider say, "Jax Center, this is Navy Jet Three-Eight-Nine-Six-Four-Alma. Over."

A hollow voice, thousands of feet below, replied, "Navy Jet Three-Eight-Nine-Six-Four—Jax Center. Over."

Commander Snider said, "Navy Jet Three-Eight-Nine-Six-Four-Alma at one eight—flight level three six zero—instrument flight plan—Atlanta—three eight—Knoxville next. Over."

Again the voice from far below: "This is Jax Center. Roger. Contact Atlanta Center on three-one-seven-decimal-six. Over."

"This is Navy Jet Three-Eight-Nine-Six-Four—Roger, out," Commander Snider responded.

Bette and Doctor Sullivan heard a click, and then Commander Snider said, "We have to yak like that all the way up and back. Uncle insists on keeping his finger on us."

The hour and thirty minutes passed with fantastic rapidity. Bette and the doctor heard Commander Snider say to the bombardier-navigator, "Wheels just gave us the come-on. Pop her."

Again Bette felt as though huge, invisible hands were crushing her as the parachute blossomed behind the Skywarrior and the tires screamed and smoked on macadam. Then Bette and the doctor were being helped down from the hatch, and the next thing they knew they were shaking hands with Doctor Routson, who said, "I've got the machine set up at the base hospital here. I'll give you a quick rundown."

Commander Snider, saluting, said, "We'll be ready whenever you are, doctor. We can reservice this plane in ten minutes."

As they examined the stainless-steel, artificial-kidney unit, which oddly resembled a modern electric washing machine, Doctor Routson said, "As you know, doctor, in most kidney shutdowns, the kidneys will heal themselves, but this may come about so slowly that the patient dies from waste poisoning before they begin to function again. Principal purpose of this artificial kidney is to eliminate these poisons from the blood and give the natural kidneys an opportunity to rest and heal."

They spent a full hour with Doctor Routson, who also told them, "I called your hospital. Spoke to a Doctor Whittaker. He says the patient is holding her own—by a fragile thread. I asked him to set up headphones in your Recovery Room. While you and Mrs. Sullivan operate the machine, I will repeat and relay instructions by long distance."

The return flight was uneventful except for the fact they made it in an hour and a quarter, thanks to strong tail winds. A Navy ambulance deposited the doctor, Bette and the mechanical kidney on the emergency-room steps at Jacksonville Medical Hospital at quarter after one the next morning—approximately four and a half hours from the time they had left the hospital.

In another fifteen minutes tubes had been inserted into Cindy Blake's arteries, and the amazing machine, primed with two pints of fresh, whole, Type-O blood, was busy filtering the poisons from Cindy's system. The operation required six hours, but even after the first hour the improvement in her color, pulse and respiration was obvious. Throughout the entire procedure, Doctor Sullivan and Bette wore earphones and listened carefully to the instructions from Doctor Routson in Chicago.

During the week Cindy was given another treatment—just as a precautionary measure because by then her eyes were bright, cheeks pink and she was begging Bette to "Please let them take me home."

The very evening that Cindy was to be discharged Myrt buzzed Bette in Isolation and said, "Guy in Reception wants you. Got more freckles than the moon has craters."

Jimmy Dugan, A.D.1, grinning widely, was waiting. In his right hand he clutched a large canvas bag. The bag jingled.

"Howdy, Mrs. Sullivan," Dugan said. "Scuttlebutt has it that you and the doc been sweatin' out the cost of that gadget from Chicago."

"Why—uh ——" Bette began.

"I passed the hat," Dugan said, handing her the canvas bag. "Eighteen hundred and ninety bucks. That cover it?"

Bette drew a sharp breath. "Why, Mr.—why, Jimmy!" she said. "You—you're wonderful. But ——"

"That's the way the boys at the base want it," Dugan said.

Bette lowered the canvas bag to the tiled floor. She stepped forward. She put her arms around Jimmy Dugan and she kissed him soundly.

"Zoom!" Jimmy Dugan said as he got his breath. "Wham-blam-zam! Wait'll the boys hear how I got bumped again!"

THE END

"Now just one darn minute, Irene."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

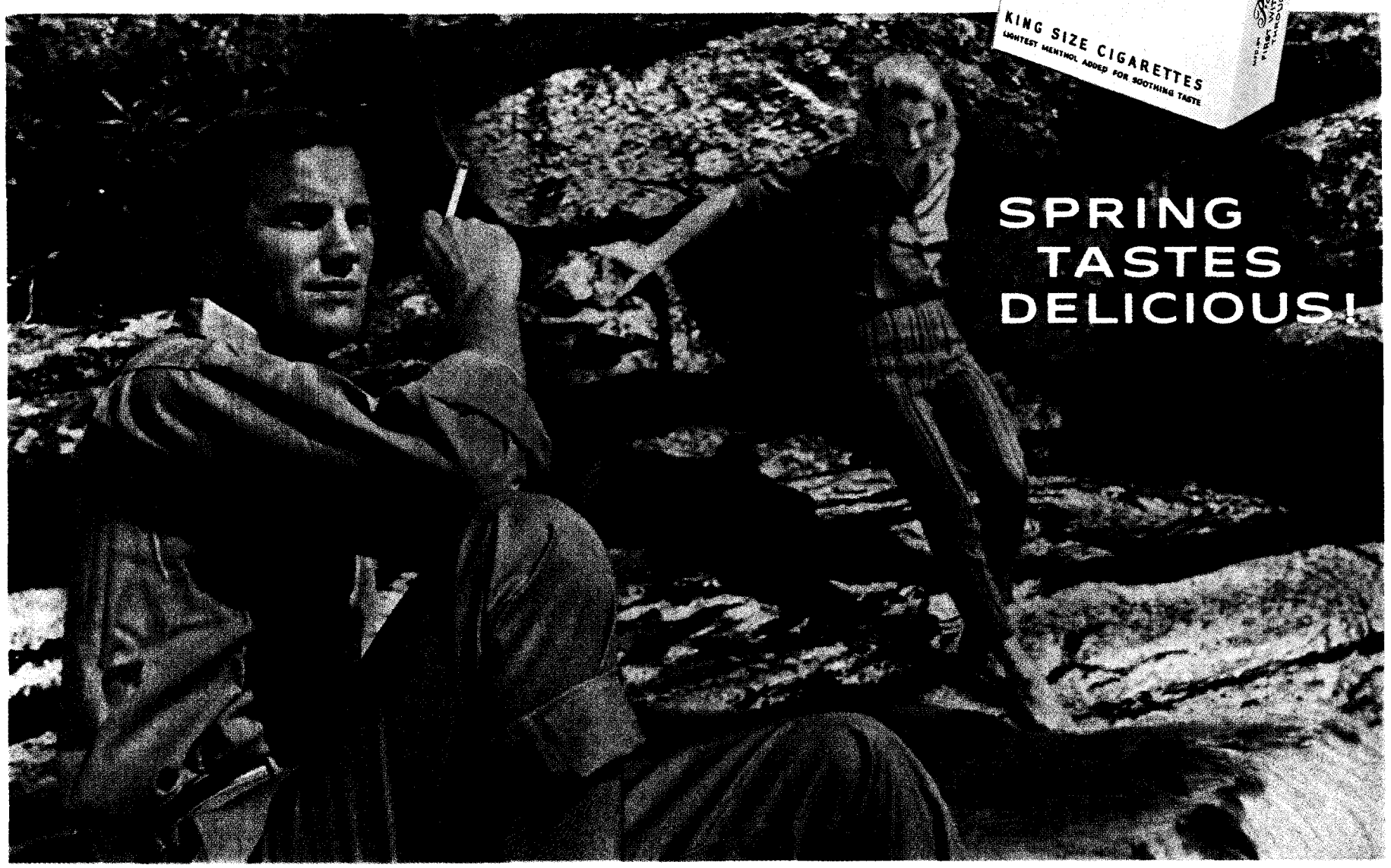
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPRING

The "Air-Conditioned" Cigarette

Spring's amazing electronic process creates

- **the lightest,**
- **the coolest,**
- **the cleanest taste possible in smoking today!**



ENJOY THE LIGHT, COOL, CLEAN TASTE OF SPRING!

Spring's exclusive electronic process creates hundreds of microscopic openings over the entire surface of the paper to "air-condition" the smoke—give you the lightest, coolest, cleanest taste possible in smoking today. Spring's new Honeycomb Filter *smoothes* the smoke, and just a "wisp of menthol" adds new brightness of flavor. Result—Spring tastes delicious. Ask for Spring King-Size Filter cigarettes.

THERE'S NOTHING SO REFRESHING AS SPRING!

A Product of P. Lorillard Company—First with the finest cigarettes—through Lorillard Research!

© 1960, P. LORILLARD CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gambler's Girl (Continued from Page 26)

Granville buttoned his black frock coat, adjusted his string tie, gave a brief pat to the high beaver hat on his head, smiled ingratiatingly at Kirby and stepped out through the door. He did manage to say, though, as he was leaving, "You seem quite upset this time, Captain Grant. Is it because you are somewhat interested in the young lady yourself?"

Seeing the expression on Kirby's face, Granville did not wait for an answer. He went down the steps to the texas and then walked aft toward the cabins.

Kirby stood at the wheel guiding the *Western Star* through the chute, a sickness in the pit of his stomach, thinking of the terrible shock when Julia Andrews awoke some morning to the realization that she had married or lived with the most notorious lady-chaser on the river, who had not an ounce of love, respect or devotion for her.

Chute No. 3 was quite heavily wooded all the way to its exit back into the Big Muddy. Coming out of the chute, the brown, tawny hills unfolded again, unending, rolling toward the horizons on both sides of the river.

A small band of buffalo, probably the remnants of the northern herd which was migrating south, grazed in a meadow off the west bank, and one of the miner passengers, bored with two weeks' travel down from Bannerman and the gold fields, sent a rifle shot in among the herd, sending them scattering. The sound of the lone shot echoed up and down the river.

Scowling, Kirby picked up the speaking tube to the engine room and snapped into it, "Tell McQueen to single out that fool who fired the shot, and tell him and the others that if any passenger fires a gun on board this packet he will be clapped in irons until we reach St. Louis. There are hostile Indians in this area."

A few moments later he saw Asa McQueen, first mate of the *Western Star*, chastising the passenger who had fired the rifle, and drawing loud guffaws from the rough passengers on board.

The *Western Star* swung around the Big Elbow, keeping in close toward Cheyenne Rock, where Kirby knew there was plenty of water. At this season of the year, late summer, with the water very low in the river, a man could not take any chances even going downstream with the current behind him. Many a boat had beached on a bar, unable to move off until spring when the spring floods rolled down from the mountains.

McQueen, a lank, red-haired man with long sideburns and wearing a seaman's cap, came up to the pilothouse, shaking his head in disgust as he stepped into the room. "Hundred an' fifty passengers on board," McQueen growled, "an' always one of 'em has to be a darned fool."

"Oh, come now, Auslander—after all, there is such a thing as overconfidence."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Kirby watched the river ahead of him, noticing the watermark at Cheyenne Rock. He had three feet of water at Big Elbow, which meant that in the tricky passage through the west channel at Frog Island he would have less than six inches of water between the bottom of the river and the keel of his packet. It was little things like this which made the difference between a successful trip upriver and a profit of up to five thousand dollars on the trip, and a stove-in boat and nothing.

McQueen said thoughtfully, "Seen that dude Granville in here before, Kirby. You figured anything out yet?"

Kirby shook his head. "Miss Andrews won't believe anything we say about Granville," he scowled. "He's gotten into her mind, and he's doing the thinking for her now."

"Reckon she'll pay for it," McQueen said. "Nice little gal too. Everybody liked her in Bannerman. Can't figure how she fell for a tinhorn like Granville."

Kirby thought he knew how it was. Julia Andrews was a small-town girl. She'd accepted this position up in Bannerman because her life in Indiana, or Illinois, or wherever she'd come from, had been stupefyingly dull. At Bannerman she had been alive, and she had met men, and none so handsome, so polished, so solicitous about her every want as Sharp Granville. It was only that Julia Andrews had not lived and, not having lived, she could not properly evaluate the qualities of a man.

Granville had been right that Kirby liked the girl. He'd taken her upriver on the *Western Star* the previous summer, but he'd had only a few days in Bannerman before starting downriver again, and there hadn't been sufficient time for even the beginning of a courtship. Returning this summer, he'd learned that she'd become engaged to Granville, had resigned

NICE SPOT TO BE!

There's no security quite like a single, all-embracing Travelers insurance plan.

Life, health, home, car, business—whatever the protection you need, you can get it all through The Travelers.

All through one man, your Travelers Agent or broker, and all paid for with one modest, monthly check.

It's the modern, convenient way to buy insurance. Better call your Travelers man—he's in the Yellow Pages.

"One plan, one man, one monthly check to pay—that's the modern Travelers way!"

THE TRAVELERS
Insurance Companies HARTFORD 15, CONN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her position as schoolmistress and was coming downriver to marry him.

"Ain't much anybody can do," McQueen said glumly, "when a woman makes up her mind, Kirby, and this one has made up her mind. If she goes through with this, she'll never be any good for anyone else. She'll take it hard."

Kirby kept the *Western Star* out on the river until an hour or so after dark. There was a moon this evening and plenty of stars, and therefore some light to steer by. It was always risky navigating the upper river after dark, but tonight he did not wish to eat at the table with Julia and Sharp Granville, and he remained up in the pilothouse.

When he came downstairs to the saloon to eat, most of the passengers had already been fed, and the little anteroom in which the boat's officers dined with the only female passenger and her fiancé was empty.

Kirby ate tonight without appetite, left a half cup of coffee on the table and then lighted up a cigar and went out on the deck. He'd noticed that Granville was at one of the card tables which had been set up in the saloon.

The *Western Star* was tied up at the north end of a tiny island known as Willow Island. Julia Andrews was standing on the texas up toward the bow, looking at the night sky and, hearing Kirby's step, she turned around, smiling at him.

She wore a shawl over her head, for the night air had turned cool, and her face seemed small, oval-shaped, as she looked up at him. "When shall we be in St. Louis, Captain Grant?" she asked.

"Eight to ten days," Kirby told her.

"It has been a very pleasant voyage," Julia said.

Kirby said quietly, "Do you think you'll be happy with a professional gambler, Miss Andrews?"

Julia smiled as she stood before him. "Sharp is taking a responsible position in St. Louis," she stated. "He has very good connections with a shipping company, and I'm sure he will do well."

Kirby didn't say anything to that. They were more lies, and damnable lies, coming from the heart of the Devil himself. Looking at her, he knew that if he'd had time, just a little time, before Granville had moved into the picture, he could have won this girl. He had something substantial to offer her, a good, solid reputation on the upper river, a boat of his own, security, a home in St. Louis, Bannerman or any river town in which she wanted to live, but he'd been late, days too late.

Julia was saying to him quietly "You seem to feel, Captain Grant, that I am throwing myself away on a gambling man who has a very bad reputation with other women, and this may have been the case in the past, but I am convinced that Sharp has changed his ways, and that when we are married he will be a new man. Even now he is playing for very small stakes in the saloon, simply, he says, to amuse the passengers on board." She added gently, "I am obliged for your interest in me, Captain Grant."

Kirby went back into the saloon and sat down at a corner table. A waiter dropped a deck of cards on the table, and he shuffled them aimlessly.

Asa McQueen stepped in to inform him that the proper guard had been set on board the boat for the night, and after he went out, Sharp Granville left the table at which he'd been playing and sauntered in Kirby's direction.

Kirby watched him come as he continued to shuffle the cards, big hands manipulating the deck with only passing skill. Granville pulled up in front of him, a long, thin Spanish cigar jutting from his finely formed, almost womanish, mouth. He said casually, "You are not much of a hand at cards, are you, Captain Grant?"

Kirby put the cards down on the table in front of him, face down. He said, without looking at Granville, "Cut the deck."

Obligingly, curiosity in his green eyes, Granville cut the deck, and then Kirby said to him, "High card, tinhorn."

Sharp Granville lifted his eyebrows. "I did not know you were a gambling man, Captain Grant." He smiled as he kicked back a chair. "What are the stakes?"

"I have five thousand in gold in the boat's safe," Kirby said. "If I pick the low card, the five thousand is yours."

He watched Granville's face, seeing the glitter come into the man's green eyes.

"I'm afraid I can't match that," Granville said with a smile. "I have no more than three thousand in the safe, as your chief clerk will tell you."

Kirby shook his head. "Your money won't be on your card, Granville."

Granville looked at him, and Kirby could see a pulse beating on the left side of his face.

"What is?" Granville asked softly.

"If I pick the high card," Kirby told him, "you get off this boat when we pull in at Fort McGregor two days from now. You get off alone, and you promise never to see Miss Julia Andrews again."

He watched Granville's face, seeing the cupidity in his eyes.

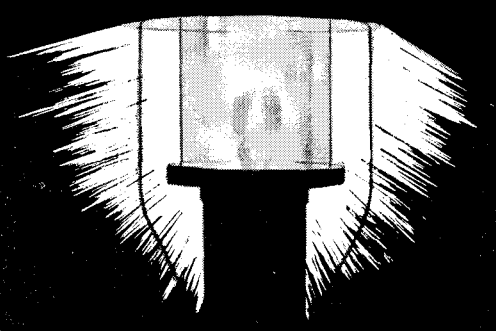
"Pick a card, tinhorn," Kirby said contemptuously.

Granville's smooth, long-fingered hand moved out toward the pack of cards on the table, and then he hesitated, looked at Kirby thoughtfully, his eyes partly closed now, and then he made his cut of the cards, turning up the jack of clubs.

"Hard to beat, Captain Grant," he said and grinned.

In celebration of our 60th year of world-wide progress . . .

A Genuine Coleman
gas-lite
yours now with
installation of



Coleman

America's Only Bonded Line
Heating and Air Conditioning

Exclusive $500 Warranty Bond*

The Coleman Co., Inc., Wichita 1, Kansas
I'd like more information on how I can get a Coleman Gas-Lite.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kirby, knowing that a woman's life and reputation depended upon his cut of the deck, reached out with his right hand and turned up the queen of diamonds.

He saw Sharp Granville's chin droop slightly. He pushed his chair back, and he said, "I'll expect you to have your bags packed and ready to go ashore, Granville, when we touch at Fort McGregor."

Granville was smiling at him now. "It was a good joke, Captain Grant," he chuckled. "Julia and I shall laugh about it down in New Orleans this winter."

Kirby hit him in the face then, a hard, swinging blow to the mouth, knocking Granville back off the chair, tumbling the chair down to the floor with him, the blood spurting from his mashed lips as he rolled on the rough boards.

Every card game in the room stopped, and men stared as Kirby got up from the table and walked out onto the deck.

It was an hour later when he heard the light knock on his door, and when he opened it, he saw Julia Andrews standing there, her face white.

"You've never liked Sharp," she said tersely. "Did you have to take it out on him with your fists?"

"He welched on a bet," Kirby told her. "A gambling man who welches on a bet is less than a man."

"Sharp told me about the bet," Julia told him, her voice shaking with emotion. "He considered it a joke from the beginning, but I can see you were serious, Captain Grant. I must, therefore, inform you, sir, that I am not a woman who can be bought for a price."

She swung away from the door then, and Kirby stood there, thinking bitterly that Julia could not be bought, but she was *giving* herself away free of charge!

In the morning they were moving downriver again, with Kirby in the pilothouse. The day was warm and humid for the first part of September, with the heat haze hanging over the river.

A stub of cigar in his mouth, Kirby stood at the wheel, realizing that every mile he moved the *Western Star* downriver he was bringing closer the day of Julia Andrews' ruin.

Asa McQueen came up and said, "Reckon that Frog Island passage should be a bad one, Kirby. You figure we'll make it all right?"

Kirby nodded. There was a big sand bar at the south end of Frog Island, which meant that he had to go close in to the west bank of the river to avoid the bar. He had probably fifty feet of river to navigate in the Frog Island channel, and not much more than six inches on the bottom.

"Devil of a business," McQueen observed, "if we come this far only to pile up on that bar. Reckon they can't help us much down at McGregor, neither. They don't have more than fifty or a hundred troopers there at any time."

Kirby didn't say anything to this. They were due at Frog Island, he calculated, around midafternoon, which would give them plenty of time to make their way through the tricky channel before dark.

That morning he hadn't seen Sharp Granville on deck, and he assumed that the gambler was remaining in his cabin, not wanting anyone to see his battered mouth. Julia, however, had been down on the texas for a while, reading, but she was gone now. She had not looked up at Kirby in the pilothouse this morning as she usually did, nodding her greeting.

"This crowd on board," Asa McQueen was saying contemptuously, "is pretty quick to throw lead at buffaloes on shore. If a Sioux war party was to hit at us after we stuck on a bar, they'd high-tail it down to McGregor as quick as their feet could take them."

Kirby nodded, and watched the river.

"Keep her movin', Kirby," Asa McQueen said as he went down the stairs.

At two o'clock in the afternoon Kirby sighted Frog Island dead ahead of them in the river, a low, marshy island about a quarter of a mile long. He pointed the bow of the *Western Star* in toward the west bank and the channel which ran between the island and the shore.

Reaching up for his bell cord, he rang for half speed, hearing the bells tinkle faintly down in the engine room. There were rocks at the head of the island in near the shore, and he had to give them room. Then he had to swing in close again to the shore because there was low water along the edge of the island. At the far end lay the bar reaching out from the island, long, low and treacherous. Two years before, with a strong current pushing him down the channel, he'd gone up on that bar, and it had been two weeks before they'd been able to get the *Western Star* off again. They'd got off only because there had been plenty of water in the river that year.

From his position high up in the pilothouse Kirby had a fine view of both shore lines as they were moving in toward the channel. They were about a quarter mile from the channel entrance when he became aware of the vast dust cloud off on the western horizon, a cloud which seemed to be moving in their direction.

He stared at it for several long moments. Then they were coming in toward the shore, and he had to concentrate upon his markings, keeping the bow of the packet pointed at a dead tree on the west bank, and then swinging out again when he was abreast of a rock shaped like the back of a whale.

He made his entrance into the channel, keeping in close to the bank when he'd cleared the rocks at the head of the island. As he did so he noticed that the big dust cloud had come even closer. At the rate it was moving it would reach the river in about an hour.

Kirby watched the channel, and every once in a while his eyes moved toward the dust cloud. Below him on the texas he saw Asa McQueen watching their progress down the channel. Neither McQueen nor any other man on board was able to see the dust cloud because they were not high enough on the boat.

Ahead lay the sand bar jutting out from the island, and Kirby again got his markings, this time a notch between two huge boulders along the shore bank. He kept her steady on the course as they moved slowly down toward the bar. They would miss the bar with at least ten or fifteen feet to spare if he kept the *Western Star* on this course.

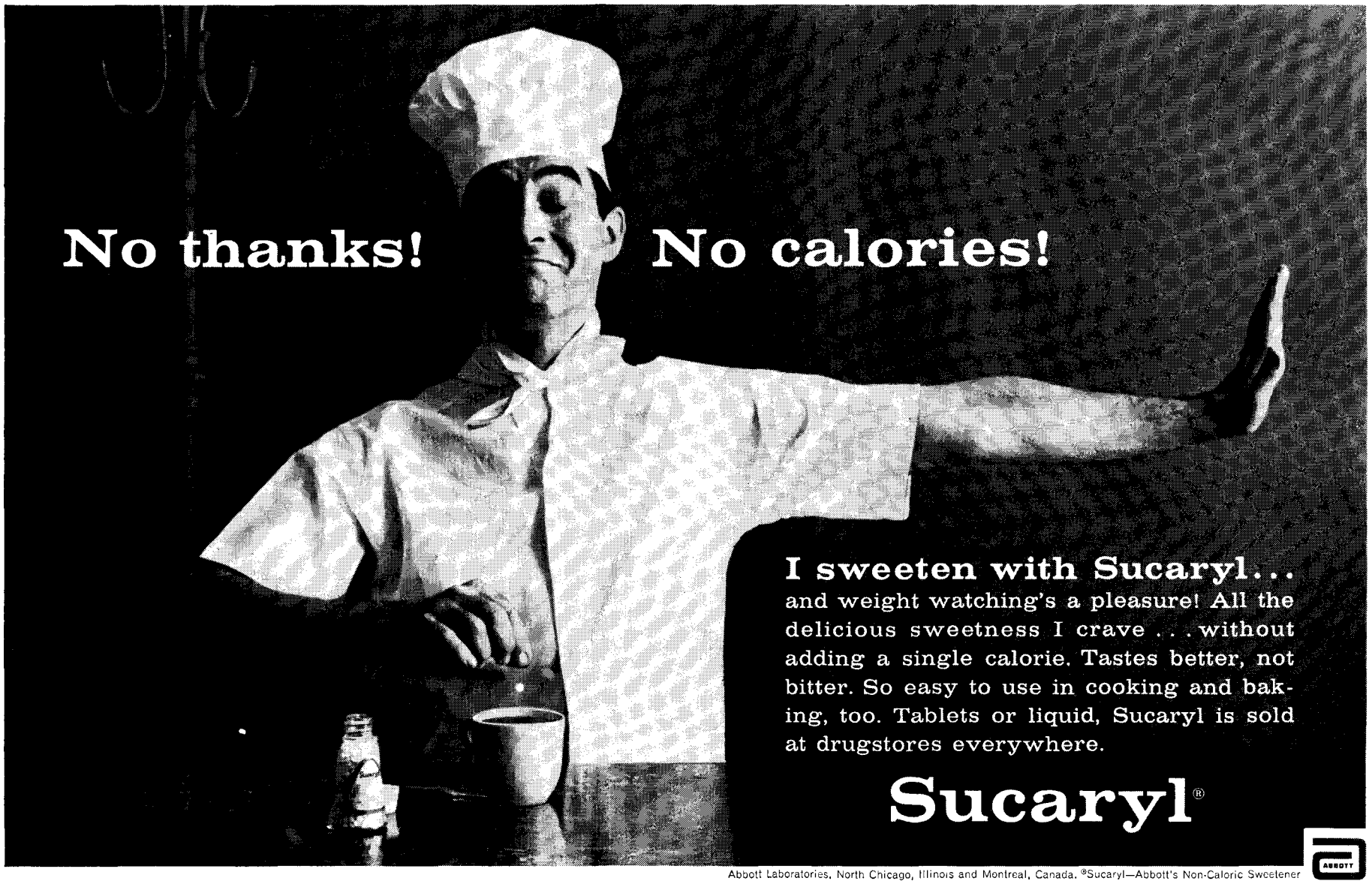
Then very deliberately, holding the tiller wheel steady, Kirby Grant turned the packet in toward the far end of the bar. He braced himself at the wheel, waiting for the grating drive up onto the sand, hoping that his stacks did not topple.

Asa McQueen turned to stare at him just before they struck. Then the *Western Star* was plowing into soft sand, and Kirby was thrown up against the wheel. Recovering immediately, he yanked at at his bell cords to stop the engine.

The smokestacks had not toppled, but they were still quivering from the impact. A number of passengers down on the texas and the main deck had been thrown to the floor, and were picking themselves up now, stupefied.

Kirby came down from the pilothouse, seeing Asa McQueen staring at him in surprise. "We went aground!" McQueen said.

Kirby nodded grimly. He said within hearing of all the men around him, "We're high and dry on a bar and may be here all winter. There is a large party of


No thanks!
No calories!
I sweeten with Sucaryl...
and weight watching's a pleasure! All the delicious sweetness I crave . . . without adding a single calorie. Tastes better, not bitter. So easy to use in cooking and baking, too. Tablets or liquid, Sucaryl is sold at drugstores everywhere.
Sucaryl®
ABBOTT
Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois and Montreal, Canada. ®Sucaryl—Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hostile Indians approaching from the west. I want all guns broken out, Mr. McQueen."

"Indians!" McQueen gaped.

"Saw the dust cloud from the pilothouse," Kirby told him briefly. "They're approaching from the west. There could be as many as a thousand or two in the band from the size of that dust cloud."

As he spoke he saw Sharp Granville coming out of his cabin, his mouth puffy, distorted.

"I don't want any man jumping this boat and high-tailing it down to Fort McGregor," Kirby went on grimly. "We're going to need every gun when they hit us."

Several men had run up the steps of the pilothouse, and one man was shouting down in consternation, "Whole damn Sioux nation comin' up!"

A beady-eyed little man with a potbelly said to Kirby grimly, "Captain, we didn't buy passage on board this cussed boat to fight Injuns. You run her up on a sand bar, you sweat fer it. I got near a hundred thousand in gold dust in your safe down below. I aim to git her out an' head down the east shore to McGregor."

Kirby looked at him for a moment, his jaw tight. He said then, "Mr. McQueen, inform the boat clerk that he is to pay off every passenger desiring to leave at this point. We'll fight them with the crew alone if we have to."

"But—but ——" McQueen spluttered.

"That's an order," Kirby snapped.

Julia Andrews was standing beside Sharp Granville as Kirby made the announcement, and Kirby saw her look up at the gambler. Ignoring her, Granville ran up the pilothouse steps, had his look at the ominous dust cloud now rapidly approaching the river and then came down again and joined the rush toward the clerk's office.

In a matter of minutes, dozens of men, gold belts strapped around their waists, were going over the side into the shallow water, wading to the island and then across to the east bank, where they started downriver toward Fort McGregor and the protection of its walls and cannon.

Fully a third of the passengers on board had taken their gold from the safe and left the ship, and one of the first to go was Sharp Granville. Without a word to Julia Andrews, Granville had pushed his way up toward the front of the line waiting to receive their gold from the clerk, and then he'd let himself down into the water.

Julia had followed him as he started over the side, once placing a hand on his arm, but Granville had shaken it off, and he'd even cursed at her before he dropped onto the sand bar.

Kirby went back up to the pilothouse as McQueen was breaking out the rifles, passing them to crewmen and passengers alike. Then McQueen joined him in the pilothouse as he was scanning the western hills with his field glasses.

"Count on a hundred or so men," McQueen said. "The yellow dogs. Reckon we could've made a fair fight if everybody had stayed on board."

Kirby put the glasses down. He said, "There won't be any fight, Asa, unless you want to fight buffalo."

"Buffalo!" McQueen stared.

"Looks like a good part of the northern herd moving toward the river," Kirby observed blandly. "They should be crossing up ahead of us somewhere."

McQueen picked up the glasses and had his look. When he put them down, he said softly, "Reckon you knew this all along, captain."

Kirby shrugged. "Hard to tell what's inside of a dust cloud," he pointed out. "A man makes his mistakes on this river, McQueen."

McQueen watched the last of the frightened passengers who had gone ashore disappear among the trees along the east bank. "How fast are we on this bar?"

Kirby shrugged. "We went aground on the tip of it," he stated. "We should be off, with the help of our paddle wheel and grasshopper spars, before dark." He paused, and he added, "When we touch at Fort McGregor tomorrow, we are to take on board the passengers who have gone on ahead of us."

"Even a passenger by the name o' Granville?" McQueen said with a grin.

"If he wishes to come on board," Kirby Grant smiled. "There is a possibility he will not."

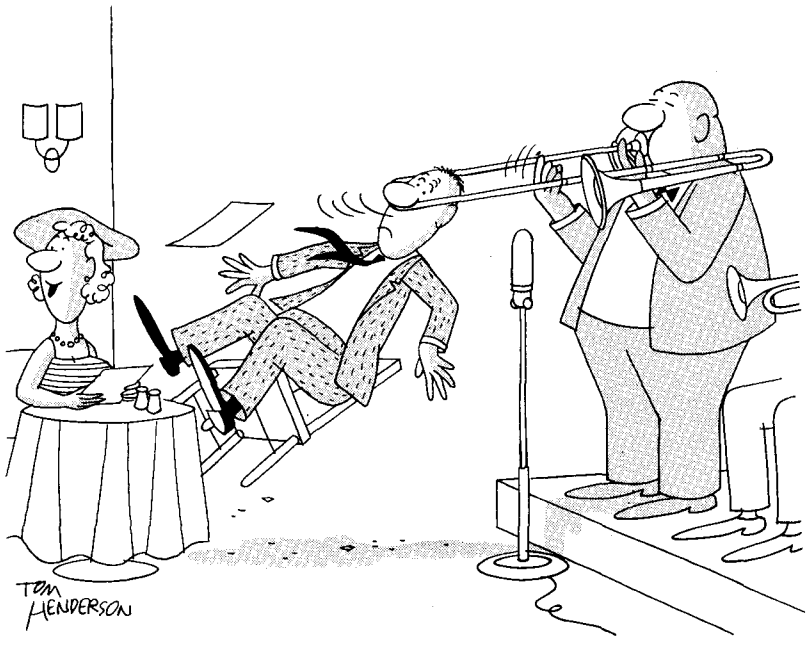
Down below on the texas they saw Julia Andrews looking toward the east shore. She was not crying, and she was standing very straight, but her shoulders were tight, and Kirby was quite sure that her eyes were closed.

"What about her?" McQueen asked.

"Nine more days before we reach St. Louis," Kirby told him. "By then I think she'll be all right."

"An' this time," McQueen said and grinned, "you'd better make darn sure."

"I have every intention," Kirby Grant murmured, "of doing so." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Gee, we got a swell table."

"Most of all, Mother...

I wanted to hear your voice...

so I decided to call Long Distance"

Family, relatives, friends—it's so satisfying to keep them close by telephone. Hearing their voices...sharing the news...making plans. Right now is a good time to call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by number. It's twice as fast.

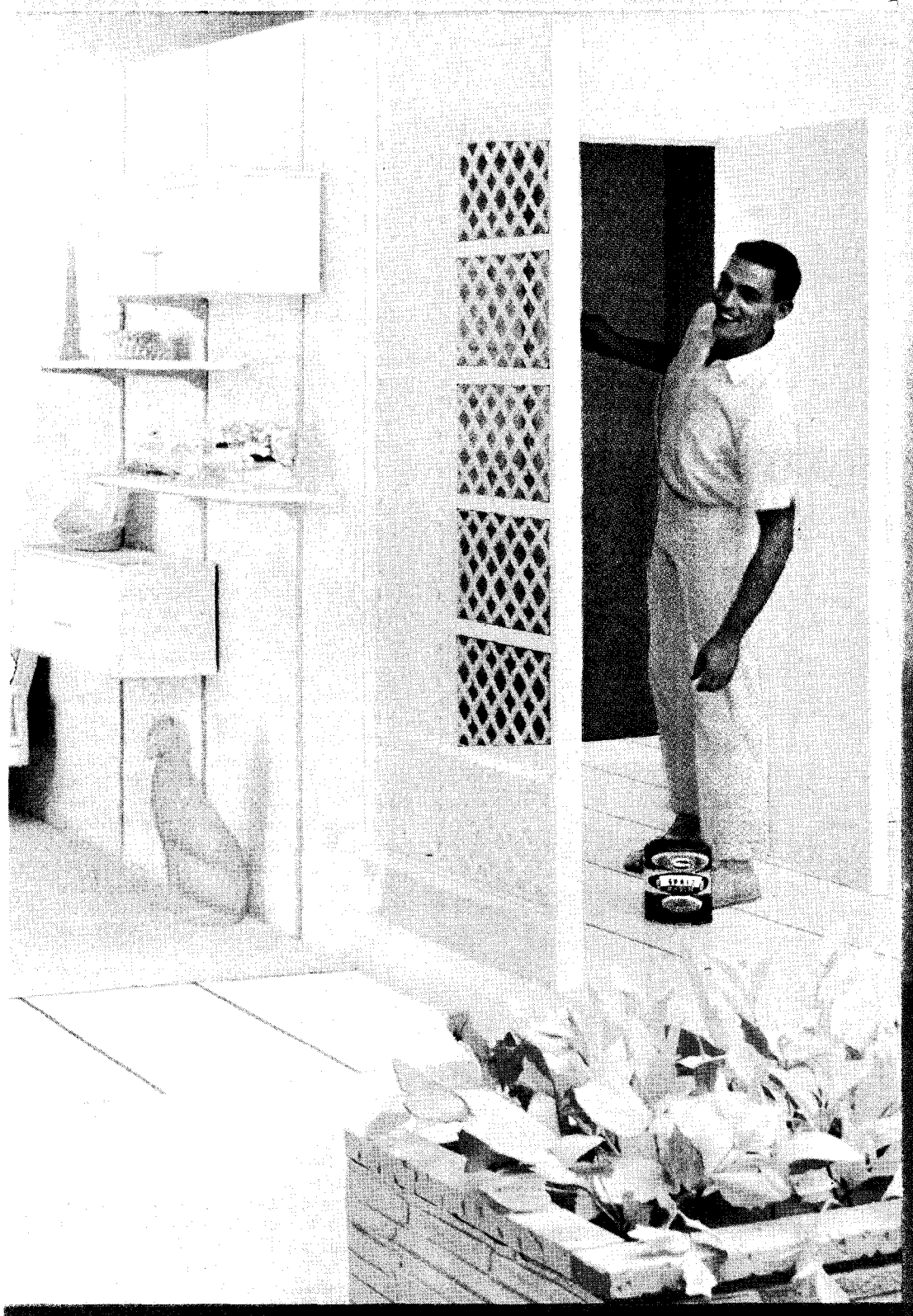
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPLY IT IN MINUTES

APPLY IT IN MINUTES
SPRED SATIN
• So easy to put on with brush or roller • dries in 20 minutes • no laps or brush-marks • touch-ups won't show • no messy solvents or thinners • clean up with water • no unpleasant odor • use rooms the same day!
QUALITY
Glidden
PRODUCTS
SPRED
SATIN
3448
SILVER TURQUOISE
100% LATEX PAINT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. ENJOY IT FOR YEARS



ENJOY IT FOR YEARS

SPRED SATIN

- Fresh, new soft pastel colors for any room in your home
- tough resilient finish withstands hard knocks
- looks like new after washing, even scrubbing
- you won't have to paint again until you want to change colors!

QUALITY Glidden PRODUCTS

General Paint

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kentucky's Open City

(Continued from Page 23)

After several months of dismal failure to achieve minimum regulation, the authorities reached the unhappy conclusion that the only way to clean up the city was to close it up. Gambling laws were enforced, and all of the major casinos were shuttered.

This uncomfortable situation was permitted to exist only until the next municipal election in 1951, when the reformers were ejected from office by an overwhelming vote. There has been no organized political movement to alter Newport's cultural pattern since then.

"If we don't go too far, we can clamp down on prostitution and maybe do something about after-hours sales of liquor without raising much fuss," one Newport official told me. "But anybody who'd run for office on a platform of throwing out gambling would get about as many votes as a prointegrationist candidate for a Mississippi school board."

Newport has none of the bright, brassy glamour usually associated with a gambling center. It is a drab, shabby-looking community of about 33,000 which lies just across the Ohio River from downtown Cincinnati. A pair of bridges connects the two cities. The northern Kentucky town is old—it was incorporated in 1795—its streets are narrow, most of its buildings are ancient and begrimed, and its atmosphere is vaguely depressing.

Yet, in this unprepossessing setting, gambling is estimated to be a $20,000,000-a-year business. Employment is high. One out of every 145 adult residents holds a fifty-dollar "gambler's stamp" issued by the Federal Government, and this ratio includes only those who work with the numbers pool or accept bets on racing or other sporting events. The numerous persons who operate the crap tables, roulette wheels and similar on-premises games are not required to have stamps and are, therefore, officially uncounted.

Despite the vast amounts of money which change hands within its one and a half square miles of municipal territory, Newport has long been in straitened circumstances. City employees are poorly paid. For example, a teacher with a bachelor's degree receives a starting salary of $3150 annually. Until the end of 1959, the pay of policemen and firemen was among the lowest in the country among cities of comparable size. An increase, approved by the voters in the last election, improves the standing of the two departments somewhat.

Economically Newport is almost wholly dependent upon Cincinnati. Although the Kentucky city has some industries of its own—a steel mill, a clothing factory and a brewery are the biggest—a large majority of residents work in Ohio.

Cincinnati and the numerous conventions held there also provide most of the patrons for Newport's gambling halls; and an astonishing number of prosperous, respectable citizens on the Ohio side of the river prefer to have their liquor illegally delivered from Kentucky to buying it at their own, state-operated stores. Cincinnatians also purchase most of the bottled goods sold in Newport on Sunday.

For newspapers, Newport must even depend upon special supplements published by the two Cincinnati papers for local coverage. Both do an adequate job of reporting Kentucky news, but they usually avoid crusades on the theory that outside interference would be resented by the natives.

There is considerable validity to this belief. Relations between Cincinnati and Newport are frequently testy. Newport is viewed by Cincinnati as a disreputable relative, too close to be disavowed, but certainly not to be invited to a family dinner. Newport feels, with some justification and much heat, that Cincinnati's well-advertised municipal morality is maintained not because of the basic rectitude of the citizens, but because they can freely indulge their illicit impulses simply by crossing the Ohio River.

"If those bridges ever fall down some night," one resident of Newport said grumpily, "every crap game in this town will be gone the next morning."

At the moment, though, the bridges are still firmly in place, and Newport offers the visitor a rich variety of ways to test the laws of probability in a selection of surroundings ranging from plush to grubby. There are some 150 bars and night clubs in the city, and almost all of them provide at least the means for wagering on horses. Most of the larger places, however, thoughtfully provide a number of routes to insolvency.

The Yorkshire Club and its nearby neighbor, the Flamingo, are typical of the more elaborate institutions. Each is large and fairly attractive in an overglossy fashion, and the Yorkshire's bar and restaurant serve good drinks and food at moderate prices. The gambling casino is in an adjacent room which the casual patron can ignore or enter according to his whim.

The Flamingo's casino, which differs only in detail from the Yorkshire's, has dice tables, roulette wheels and blackjack games. The back wall is covered with enormous blackboards which list the races on all major tracks in the country, along with the baseball and important college football or basketball games to be played in the coming week.

Because competition is stiff there are a number of places which operate as night clubs, complete with floor shows, to entice the customers. The best of these is the Beverly Hills, in Southgate, a small community which borders Newport.

Beverly Hills has a spacious, handsome dining room, fair food—it once was excellent—and a resident chorus line. Well-known bands and such entertainers as Joe E. Lewis, Martha Raye and Pearl Bailey are regular attractions.

The adjoining casino has nothing so crass as blackboards and racing entries. In this oddly quiet, well-decorated room, the customer walks on deep-pile carpet, is soothed by soft unobtrusive music and, if he tires of or is beaten by roulette, dice, blackjack or chuck-a-luck, he can sit at a comfortable table at one end of the room and revive his spirits with drinks and sandwiches served by sympathetic and understanding waiters.

Even if he happens to be there on a Friday night, when the casino is usually jammed—most of the business is done on weekends—there will be little noise to disturb his contemplation. Patrons line the various brilliantly lighted tables and place their bets, throw dice, murmur a request for a card from the blackjack dealer, all with blank faces and lack of animation. The sound of the equipment in operation, the click of chips and the low, monotone voices of croupiers are the only audible evidence that one is not in the reception room of a funeral home.

On a less elegant scale is the Glen Rendezvous in Newport itself. Until a few years ago this intimate supper club booked acts comparable with the Beverly's, but now the emphasis is heavily upon strip-tease.

The casino at Glen Rendezvous is livelier and much smaller than Beverly's, but it offers the same gaming devices as the larger club.

Slot machines, which once were to be found in abundance in Newport, have largely disappeared, even from the regular gambling establishments. Perhaps the Federal tax of $250 annually for each machine has contributed to this lack of popularity.

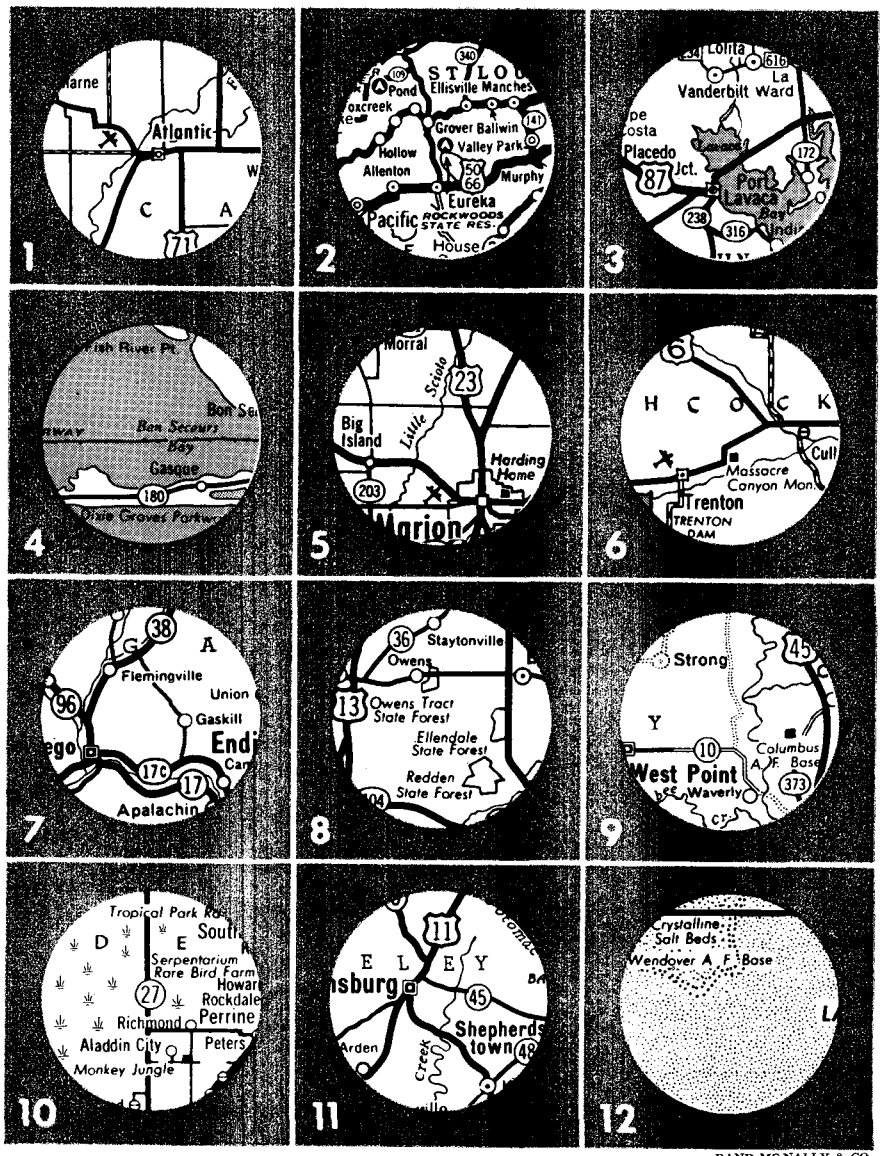
However, I did encounter a row of mechanical pirates at the Copa Club, a huge, barnlike establishment which features leading Negro acts. There were, of course, other forms of gambling for those who like to have company while losing money.

Although Newport has its full quota of "bust-out joints"—establishments where the dice exhibit the training of Seeing-Eye dogs and the backs of cards convey as much as the fronts to the dealer—most of the larger places zealously guard their reputations for honesty, maintain the decorum of a church social in their casinos and make no effort to lure casual visitors into the games.

However, the Silver Slipper, a major establishment on Monmouth Street, Newport's main thoroughfare, not only tries to persuade the customer to gamble but entices him into an unfamiliar game. When a customer starts from the bar toward the night club, he must pass through the casino. If he is not a regular patron, he is greeted at the entrance to the gaming room by a warm, friendly fellow who shakes him by the hand and then guides him off to a small table to receive a souvenir of his visit.

The attendant at the table presents the patron with a key ring or ball-point pen and then generously offers two free throws of the dice to the visitor. These are not ordinary cubes, but Egyptian dice, eight-sided affairs with a number on each facet. The visitor rolls the dice, and the croupier adds up the numbers which appear on top. "Four-seven-nine-thirteen-sixteen eighteen-twentytwo-twentysix," he intones at a speed rivaling that of a calculating machine. The eight dice are placed in the cup before the average player has totaled more than three of them. The attendant points to a chart bearing numbers which rests on the table, and the lucky player finds that he has won two dollars.

A few moments later the game becomes more complicated. Some totals, it seems, are neither winning nor losing numbers, but simply require the house to double the amount the player may potentially win; but he, in turn, must also double his bet. Before long the situation becomes feverish. The stack of possible winnings is now enormous, but so is the amount of money the player has already lost in an attempt to win the big prize. He is further unnerved by his complete inability to do mental arithmetic at one tenth the awesome (*Continued on Page 84*)



RAND MC NALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? Harley P. Cook

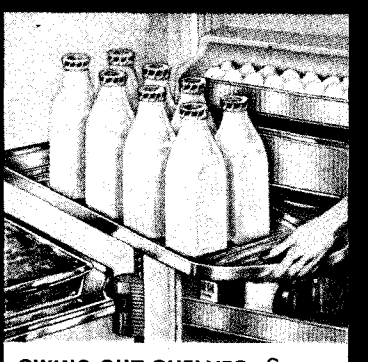
(*Answers on Page 85*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When this ad ran in 1950, Admiral Dual·Temp Refrigerator·Freezers had been operating on "No Defrost" principles since 1939! Over 20 years of experience behind every new 1960 Admiral Dual·Temp!

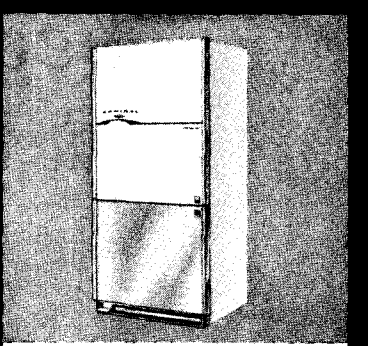
No defrosting ever

REFRIGERATOR FREEZER!

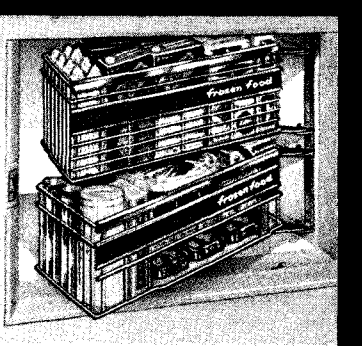


SWING OUT SHELVES—Super-strong, adjustable, put all foods within easy reach—hold up to 90 lbs.—won't rust or corrode.

MAGIC RAY AIR FRESHENER—Exclusively Admiral...foods don't trade flavors...protects flavors of delicate foods!



TRUE BUILT-IN DESIGN—Back fits flush with wall. High density insulation provides largest capacity per sq. ft. of floor space



SWING OUT FREEZER BASKETS—Store bulky packages. Baskets swing on nylon bearings—over 5 cu. ft. freezer space.

MODEL 18RF95

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

ADMIRAL

***Admiral*® Sold in 106 countries...Mfd. in U.S.A., Argentina, Australia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Italy, Mexico, Philippines, Spain, Uruguay. Admiral Corp., Chicago 47, Ill., and Port Credit, Canada.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 82*) rate of the croupier. A few moments later, just as the player is within a half point of taking the grand prize, he makes the horrible discovery that his wallet is empty. Is he finished now that a small fortune is within his grasp?

Not at all. Suddenly another pleasant man, apparently equipped with some kind of fiscal radar, is at the player's side offering to extend credit upon the presentation of proper credentials. The player receives his financial transfusion, and he's back in the game—for a while. Later there is a check to be signed when he finally gives up.

Not long ago a salesman who lives in Cincinnati took his wife and his parents on a tour of Newport. The Silver Slipper was the last stop. He became involved in the Egyptian-dice game while the others watched, and several minutes later forty-five dollars, all the cash the party had with them, was gone. He began playing on credit and, at the end of twenty minutes, he was suddenly and horribly aware that he had lost an additional $435, for which he gave his check.

"We all seemed to be hypnotized," he said in a disbelieving tone when he told me of the incident later. "I'm no gambler—I'd never lost more than ten dollars before in my life—and there I was playing for more money than I could possibly afford to lose. And the funny part is, neither my wife nor my parents tried to stop me. They must have been as dazed as I was."

The morning after the experience, the salesman decided he'd been fleeced and ordered his bank to stop payment on the check. His wife and, to a lesser degree, he were worried about possible retribution from the gamblers; but so far he hasn't received even a telephone call asking him to make good on the check.

Most of the big gamblers in Newport frown on the tactics used by the Silver Slipper. "Hell, that's cheap carnival stuff," one of them said when I told him of the salesman's troubles. "We're in a big business and we gotta act big. A guy gets conned into playing and he loses his dough, you always got a squawker on your hands. They make problems for everybody. All we gotta do is play the percentages and behave ourselves, and everything works out fine."

To be sure, there are occasional publicized protests, but these, while embarrassing can usually be ignored or strangled with bureaucratic red tape. To guard against the unlikely possibility of an intractable grand jury's seeking firsthand evidence, the gamblers simply store their equipment whenever the jury's in session and take a vacation.

But the problem was somewhat more awkward in 1951 when Estes Kefauver's Senate Committee to Investigate Organized Crime in Interstate Commerce took an interest in Newport's affairs.

The committee first established the scope of gambling in northern Kentucky, then uncovered the fact that a Cleveland syndicate controlled a major part of the operations in Newport and followed this with some inquiries about incomes which placed a number of gamblers in an extremely bad light with the Internal Revenue Service.

Next, the committee called in some Newport officials and asked why a situation, in flagrant violation of the laws of Kentucky, had been permitted to continue. The senators were probably more stunned than enlightened by this part of the investigation.

For example, George Gugel, who has been chief of police in Newport since 1946, said that he was astounded at the testimony that there was gambling in his fair city. Rudolph Halley, chief counsel of the committee, asked the police chief if he wasn't familiar with the fact that any local cab driver could take a customer to a gambling emporium in a matter of minutes. Gugel said humbly that never in his life had he ridden in a taxi.

After several equally unrewarding exchanges, Halley asked with some awe, "Would you be surprised to know there is gambling going on?"

"For me, yes, because I've never been in there," Gugel said virtuously. "All I know is what somebody told me."

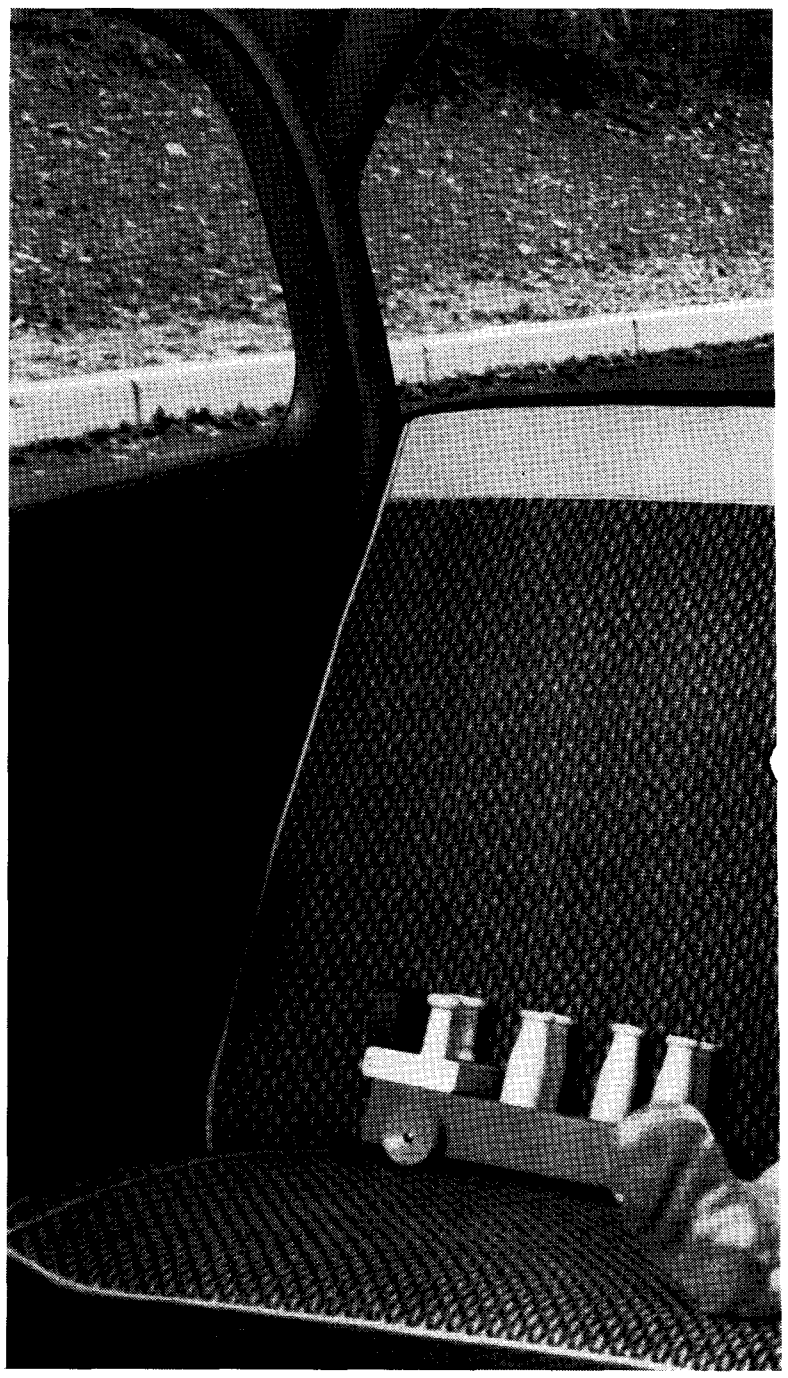
A curious incident which took place a few years later revealed that during the interval Chief Gugel had become at least partially acquainted with the seamier side of his city. Some background information will be helpful in understanding what follows. It seems that for years the police force and the detective bureau had operated more or less independently and coordination of activities was often lacking.

In any case, detective Jack Thiem, for reasons still unknown, decided to raid Glenn Schmidt's Playtorium, one of Newport's better-known gambling spots. To witness and record the projected triumph of virtue over vice, Thiem invited a photographer from the Louisville *Courier-Journal* to accompany him—there is no local newspaper.

When Thiem and his companion burst into the casino, the officer was astonished and embarrassed to find Chief Gugel and three detectives from Thiem's own office among those present. The photographer, of course, snapped a picture of the encounter, but it never saw publication. Gugel immediately placed the cameraman under arrest and destroyed the film.

Gugel was briefly suspended from his job, less because of his choice of *diver-*

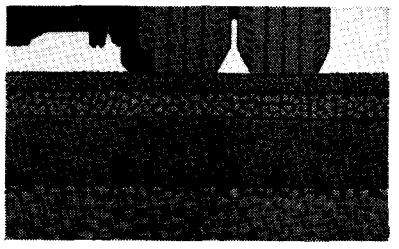
This road will ride just as smoothly when he begins to drive!



New **DEEP-STRENGTH** Asphal

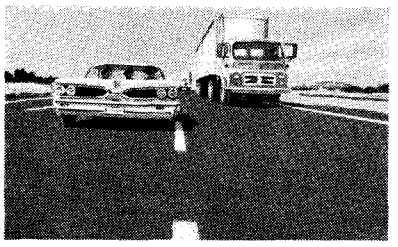
They last longer!

New DEEP-STRENGTH Asphalt Pavements outlast every kind of pavement including newest type concrete. No porous slab to freeze and crumble. No brittle surface to crack—even under the heaviest traffic. Here's smoother riding for generations!



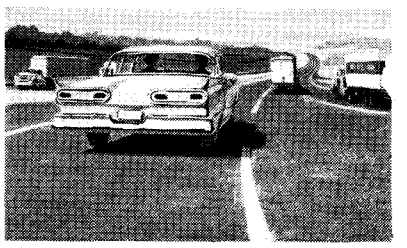
They ride safer!

Modern Asphalt Pavements are engineered for maximum skid-resistance—wet or dry. No sawed-in cross-joints to thump wheels or jar steering. No dangerous lane-joints to swerve your car. Lane markings stand out clearly — day or night.



They cost less!

They tax you less! Compared to concrete, DEEP-STRENGTH Asphalt Pavements provide more miles of wider roads for less money. Witness the famed New Jersey Turnpike, below. DEEP-STRENGTH Asphalt Pavement saved $5 million in construction costs.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tissement than because of the uproar the newspapers created over his highhanded treatment of a member of the press. Thiem was summarily fired, presumably for gross infraction of fraternal courtesy.

Because Gugel, detective chief Leroy Fredericks, the mayor and the city commissioners had proved to be something less than effective allies, the reform-minded Social Action Committee attempted for some time to interest state officials in a cleanup of Newport. Thus far the men in Frankfort have shown no enthusiasm for the undertaking.

In the summer of 1958, for instance, *The Louisville Times* ran a series of articles about wide-open gambling in Newport. When these reports were brought to the attention of Gov. A. B. (Happy) Chandler, he dismissed them with, "We have no information of the truth or falsity of his [the reporter's] statements—officially or otherwise."

With Governor Chandler's door firmly closed, the reformers tried another tack a few months later. As do most states, Kentucky specifically forbids gambling in any establishment which holds a liquor license. Therefore, the Social Action Committee reasoned, if the state commissioner of Alcoholic Beverage Control would enforce this law and revoke the licenses of all who violated it, a damaging, if not fatal, blow would be struck at the gambling interests.

State commissioner Alfred Portwood was, if possible, even less helpful than the governor had been. "They [the newspapers and other complainers] are painting a picture that does not exist there," Portwood said. His investigators had looked into the complaints, he continued, "but we did not find any evidence to prove the information that was reported."

Since this second defeat in Frankfort, the Social Action Committee has returned to harassing Newport's mayor with repeated requests for a sweeping investigation by the state police. Under Kentucky law, the state police may not officially come into cities of the first five classes without a written invitation from the chief executive of the municipality.

Mayor Alfred G. Maybury, who left office on January 1, 1960, was especially sensitive on this point because, in an incautious moment during a campaign, he once promised to take exactly that step. In 1958 he became so unnerved by demands that he fulfill his pledge that he said he was delegating the authority to call the state police to city manager Oscar Hesch.

Hesch, who had served both as mayor and city commissioner of Newport, is an experienced hand at tossing hot political potatoes and he immediately heaved it back with a note from the city solicitor to the effect that certain of the mayor's powers, including the right to yell for help, can't be relinquished to a deputy. The unwanted authority remained stuck on a hall ceiling midway between the mayor's and the city manager's offices.

The Social Action Committee remains astonishingly good-natured in spite of its frustrations, setbacks and complete lack of progress. "We knew when we started out that we couldn't change things overnight," Christian Seifried, the chairman, says mildly. "But eventually we'll win."

Seifried, who has lived most of his life in Newport and has been a letter carrier for the past eighteen years, bears no resemblance to the popular image of the rampaging, hell-fire-and-brimstone reformer. He is a friendly, calm man in his mid-forties, who speaks of his home city with warmth and well-tempered hope.

He is, however, a man with strong religious convictions and, in the course of delivering mail, he has daily contact with a number of Newport's brothels and gambling places. "I made a pledge to God and myself that I'd do something about the situation if the opportunity ever presented itself," he told me.

In 1956 he decided the time had come and he went to the Rev. Harold Barkhau of the Northern Kentucky Association of Protestant Churches with his plan. The Social Action Committee was then formed with a minister and two laymen representing each of the Protestant churches in Newport. There are about thirty members.

"We first wrote to J. Edgar Hoover for advice on our problem," Seifried said, "and he told us that our main job in the beginning was to bring conditions to the attention of the public. I think we've done fairly well with that." He smiled ruefully. "I can't say the results have been very impressive so far, though," he added.

THE END

Pavements outdate all others!

Now your state can provide you with the safest, smoothest-riding, most durable roads ever built—at a cost far lower than for concrete! The simple answer is DEEP-STRENGTH Asphalt pavements. This modern pavement can effect savings up to 50% or more—savings that will pay its low-cost maintenance for decades.

DEEP-STRENGTH is the term for modern Asphalt-Base Superhighways that provide strength and lasting quality never before realized in highway design.

Ribbons of velvet smoothness . . .
ASPHALT-paved Interstate Highways

THE ASPHALT INSTITUTE
Asphalt Institute Building, College Park, Maryland

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 82)

1. Iowa	2. Mo.	3. Texas
4. Ala.	5. Ohio	6. Neb.
7. N. Y.	8. Del.	9. Miss.
10. Fla.	11. W. Va.	12. Utah

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Discover field-fresh flavor...

Sweet as sunlight, just tart enough to please—that's the special flavor of the great DEL MONTE Pineapple. It's pedigreed fruit, grown on our own plantations, harvested the sun-ripened moment it reaches perfection.

DEL MONTE Pineapple is quick-picked, quick-packed to bring *you* all the field-fresh flavor. When you want the best in pineapple, the best in food, choose DEL MONTE®—the brand that always puts flavor first.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They Volunteer to Suffer (Continued from Page 33)

of Health, the main research arm of the United States Public Health Service. At the center, Gary Schrag is one of the corps of volunteers who give up their jobs, educations or vacations for as long as two years at a time and permit themselves to be injected, bled, put on diets, dosed with pills and otherwise used as human laboratories in medical research.

The doctors call these volunteers "normals" because they serve as healthy, normal controls in studies being carried out with ill patients. They also provide doctors with a means of studying what is normal in order to understand better what is abnormal. Dr. Jack Masur, director of the center, describes such volunteers as "our most precious resource." Usually there are thirty or so at the center.

Today thousands of Americans volunteer to take part in medical tests in research centers, military hospitals and penitentiaries. The normals at the NIH Clinical Center go there of their own choice, often from far away, and stand ready to take any tests that come along. Most of the volunteers are recruited by either the Mennonite or the Brethren religious sects, which are accredited by Selective Service to provide nationally useful work for young men, in lieu of military service. Some of the normals are conscientious objectors. Most of them are young men and women in the eighteen-to-twenty-five age bracket, but a number of oldsters also serve.

Gary Schrag is a Mennonite and a conscientious objector. At NIH he receives only his room, board and laundry from the Government. For spending money during his first year he gets ten dollars a month from the Mennonite Central Committee. During his second year this stipend will be upped to twenty dollars a month. The Brethren pay young volunteers $7.50 a month, up to age thirty-five; older ones get twenty dollars. After completing his two years of volunteer duty and thus fulfilling his draft board's requirements for military service, Gary plans to return to Kansas State University to complete his education.

When Gary swallowed the tranquilizer, he was taking part in a broad study of the brain processes which govern an individual's ability to pay attention. Some persons with brain disorders, particularly epileptics, cannot always pay attention, for reasons not well understood by medical science. During the experiment, Gary took repeated psychological tests to measure his attentiveness. His blood pressure was measured, his brain waves were recorded, and samples of his blood and urine were analyzed. At the same time, other normals were being deprived of sleep for several days and nights. Later the results of these tests were compared with identical tests that had been given to *petit mal* epileptics, persons who suffer only minor lapses of consciousness.

These studies are providing some clues to the manner in which the brain operates. They show, for example, that certain tranquilizers, lack of sleep or *petit mal* epilepsy impair the individual's ability to pay attention, but in different ways. The results suggest that different areas of the brain are affected by each of these agents.

"Five years ago it was thought that the same system in the brain co-ordinated the individual's behavior and also produced brain waves," explains Dr. Allan Mirsky, the psychologist in charge of the study. "Now these tests indicate there may be certain systems responsible for maintaining behavior and other systems that control the brain waves. In other words, brain-wave recordings by themselves can fool you—they may seem to indicate that the subject is alert while in fact he is under the influence of a tranquilizer and is having trouble paying attention."

Gary Schrag and the other normals who took part in this test may have experienced some peculiar reactions, but they were in no physical or mental danger; otherwise the tests would not have been made. A physician was nearby with an antidote to be administered if any of them needed or wanted it.

The cardinal rule at NIH is to safeguard the volunteer. Not every researcher can tap the pool of normals. A doctor in need of them as controls for a test must convince a committee of NIH's medical board that his work involves no undue hazards for the normals and that the information he seeks is attainable in no other way. If the committee approves, the project passes on to the board itself, and if the board approves, it goes to the director of NIH, who has the final say. Thus far no volunteer has suffered any serious injury.

Still, it's natural for some normals to worry, especially during their first weeks at the Clinical Center. Joan Benedict, a perky, nineteen-year-old blonde, recalls that the Saturday before she came to the center she had a dream in which a voice said, "You are on heart research." Then shadowy researchers in a dream world induced her to have a "heart attack." Joan was still shivering from this nightmare when she reported the following Monday to Willard W. McGinnis, chief of patient activity and administrator to the volunteers. After the introductions, McGinnis said casually, "By the way, Joan, you're going to be on heart research." She managed to keep her composure then and later, when the doctors took a blood sample during the rigorous physical examination required of all volunteers.

"But I cried for an hour afterward," she remembers. "Now, after taking part in a number of tests," she says, "I'm a walking sieve and I've never felt better."

Joan lives in the center's wing for heart patients and, as do many of the volunteers, shares a hospital room with a patient, an older woman stricken with heart disease. Joan often spends evenings chatting with patients—a self-appointed, morale-boosting assignment. She has been saddened by the death of some of her elderly friends. Thus she knows at firsthand something of the importance of tests in which she takes part, a research project to develop new therapeutic agents to combat hypertension or high blood pressure.

The specialist in charge of this research, Dr. Louis Gillespie Jr., points out that some compounds interact with the body's chemistry to alter blood pressure. "Our philosophy is not just to take compounds that look good in animal studies and pour them into patients," Doctor Gillespie said. "Sure, it's important and fortunate every time we find a drug that lowers blood pressure, but the real goal of our research is to find a correlation between the interaction of the body's chemical activity and blood pressure. If we find this, maybe we can prevent hypertension rather than treat it."

When Joan and other normals on heart research receive test compounds, their responses to the drugs are compared to those of heart patients who are given the same treatment; thus, researchers can measure the drug's effects on blood pressure and metabolism. When Joan isn't taking part in such an experiment, she works on charts in Doctor Gillespie's laboratory or plays with hospitalized children at the center. Each volunteer does such work as time permits. And there still is time for Joan to have some recreation. She has dates, goes to National Symphony Orchestra concerts and takes part in the volunteers' program of play-going, picnics and discussion groups.

Bob Akers, a six-foot, twenty-two-year-old electrical-engineering student from Detroit, wasn't any more nonchalant than Joan about giving his first blood sample. He fainted. As of now, he estimates, the doctors have needled him more than one hundred times during his first year at NIH. "When they take blood in the morning," Bob says, "I hardly wake up." Bob is an extremely busy young man. When not on a test he works part time as an electronics technician in the laboratory, helping design and assemble complex gear needed for medical measurements. He is in his second year at the center and is continuing his education at American University.

Tests sometimes involve more than minor discomfort or loss of sleep. One of the studies in which young Akers took part required that he relax in a lounge chair in a room where the temperature was set at fifty degrees Fahrenheit. This wouldn't have been too chilly, except that he was wearing only bathing trunks, a plastic-bubble helmet and a maze of wires and electrodes which were measuring his heart rate, body-heat loss and other indicators of his condition. This test took place in the center's metabolic chamber, designed to test the effects of activity and disease on human energy conversion. Bob shivered his way through the test for a team of researchers who were investigating the effects of eating and cold exposure on metabolism and body-heat exchange. He describes his meals in the chamber as "an eggnog with a high protein in it that tasted like sand."

The doctors expect that volunteers will be uneasy at first and capitalize on this natural fear of the unknown by studying its effect on the volunteer's hormones. This is significant research because fluctuation of the potent body hormones, hydrocortisone, adrenalin and noradrenalin, has far-reaching effects. These hormones regulate the body's metabolism of life-sustaining proteins, fats and carbohydrates and they influence blood circulation.

When volunteers first report for duty, their hormone level usually is above normal, sometimes twice normal. "This is to be expected," says Dr. David A. Hamburg, who is collaborating in the study with Dr. John W. Mason of Walter Reed Army Institute of Research. "The volunteers are facing a stressful situation. Some of their friends have asked, 'Isn't it dangerous?' The volunteers decide they will take the risk; they come here even though some of them are still plenty worried."

The doctors are extremely cautious too. They are aware that the public is suspicious of the use of human beings for medical experimentation, particularly so since the horrifying revelations of Nazi experiments on prisoners without consent, caution or regard for pain. To guard individual rights, every NIH researcher follows a set of principles based on the "Ten Commandments of Medical Research Involving Human Subjects." This code, set down in 1949 following the Nürnberg war-crime trials, holds that "voluntary consent of the human subject is absolutely essential," and that an experiment should not be conducted when there is reason to believe that "death or disabling injury will occur." It directs researchers "to avoid all unnecessary physical and mental suffering." During the course of a test, under the code, the volunteer can bring the experiment to an end; the scientist in charge must be prepared to break off the test at any stage if he believes it will cause suffering.

Tests of newcomers show that their hormone levels drop to normal as the volunteers begin to feel at home, usually within a month. By this time the volunteer has discovered that he is running less risk than that involved in driving an automobile. At this point the doctors deliberately stir up the volunteers' stress again by showing motion pictures. Volunteers are shown two kinds—the type that stirs emotions, such as *The Ox-Bow Incident*, and shows that are merely interesting, like Walt Disney nature films. Researchers find that powerful movies often cause an increase in hormone output. On the other hand, calm, pleasant movies usually lower the viewer's hormone levels.

This particular study extends beyond movies. Some of the volunteers are asked to lead a fairly routine life during which they keep diaries, check a mood list nightly and have twice weekly interviews with psychiatrists. Their hormone activity is monitored regularly during this

"You're out of chocolate."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

project. These "normal life" tests already show that the emotional ups and downs of daily life are associated with similar ups and downs in hormone levels. On a day when a person is feeling well the body manufactures a small amount of hormones. A bad day increases hormone output.

Says Doctor Hamburg, "Because of the individual variation in levels, it is now possible to speak of an 'endocrine profile' as well as a 'personality profile.' We used to think of these hormone changes just as emergency responses. Now it appears they are delicately responsive to hourly experiences such as anger, sadness and happiness. It is a reasonable assumption that such powerful body substances participate in disease development, and this is what our studies and others eventually hope to demonstrate."

All volunteers at NIH are under hospital regulations, regardless of the type of study. Once admitted to the center, they are regarded as patients. During free time, the volunteer can use the center's gymnasium or arts-and-crafts shop or leave the center with permission. The volunteer must be back in his ward by nine P.M. or, if on a pass, by eleven P.M.

Jim Conrad, a twenty-three-year-old premedical student, a Mennonite and a pacifist from Tangent, Oregon, has been living under this regimen for more than a year and doesn't mind it. He has subsisted on some strange rations too. Once he spent six months on a study of cholesterol, a fatty substance produced by the body and suspected of playing a part in hardening of the arteries. For the first four weeks, Jim ate a diet consisting of 35 per cent fat. For the next seven weeks he lived on corn oil and skim milk—corn oil is thought by some to lower the cholesterol level in the blood. For the next seven weeks he drank coconut oil and skim milk—coconut oil is thought to raise the cholesterol level. In the last segment of the test Jim lived on coconut-oil cocktails and received doses of a new drug that blocks the synthesis of cholesterol in the liver; it was hoped the drug might reverse the cholesterol-raising action of the coconut oil. Every fifth night, at this stage, a tube was inserted through Jim's nose and down into his stomach to sample bile acids as he slept.

Apparently this oil-concentrated diet didn't damage Jim's appetite. When he had a break between stages of the test, he was told he could eat whatever he liked. He ordered a pizza.

"Just think, dear, with a mere flick of the knob we can bring into our living room the most incredible tripe!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The findings of these experiments still are being evaluated, but preliminary results corroborate the findings of others that unsaturated fats, such as corn oil, do lower the cholesterol level in the blood, according to Dr. Daniel Steinberg, who is in charge of this program. The new drug, which had shown remarkable effects in reducing cholesterol production in animals, is less dramatic in its effects in humans.

The fact that men and animals differ in the way they get rid of cholesterol is the most fruitful finding thus far, says Doctor Steinberg. About two grams of cholesterol should be eliminated every day to help the average human body maintain a proper balance—one and a half grams of this amount being manufactured in the liver and the other half gram coming from the diet. Rats convert their waste cholesterol almost exclusively to bile acids to get rid of it, and it had been thought men did the same. But "through Jim's study we find that only one gram of human cholesterol is eliminated as bile acids," explained Doctor Steinberg. "The other gram, when eliminated, is still cholesterol. This is a nice example of the dangers of extrapolating conclusions from rats to man."

Doctor Steinberg foresees the day when someone who can't get rid of cholesterol fat rapidly enough can be safely given a drug to speed its elimination or to slow down its production by the body.

Many studies need the help of older people. Mrs. Queen Victoria Wager, a Brethren adherent from Lincoln, Nebraska, recalls a metabolic diet study in which she had to eat the same menu every day for four months. She was sixty-five when she first volunteered. Now sixty-nine, she wants to volunteer again. Joseph Elmer Seehorn, a retired farmer from Mt. Crawford, Virginia, is a first-timer in the program. This spry gentleman of seventy-three, who admits he misses home cooking, is participating as a normal control in a Cancer Institute study that requires him to eat a fixed diet for forty-five days. There is nothing unusual about the diet, unless it is the distilled water that accompanies it. The main dishes, selected by Mr. Seehorn, are scrambled eggs for breakfast, baked chicken for lunch and beef patties for dinner. During this time researchers measure Mr. Seehorn's daily intake and output of nitrogen, potassium, phosphorus, calcium, chloride, sodium and calories. They also measure his basal metabolism and the concentrations of many of his blood constituents. This information is compared with similar measurements made on cancer patients.

From other parallel studies Dr. Donald M. Watkin, a cancer specialist, has learned much about the way the body uses nutrients. "Most current textbooks," he observes, "say cancer patients have increased basal metabolic rates. We have found this true only in certain well-defined situations. Frequently the apparent increase is due not to cancer itself, but to the patient's anxiety. Once such a patient gets over the idea that cancer is a death sentence, the rate comes down."

Studies of the differences in the blood constituents of cancer patients as compared to normals are yielding promising results. For example, Doctor Watkin has found that there is less unesterified fatty acid—UFA—in the blood plasma of normals after a fourteen-hour fast than in that of cancer patients after a similar fast. Unesterified fatty acid is the form in which fat from body tissue is transported in the blood to be used as energy. The cancer patient, to maintain his energy balance, demands more fuel than a normal person and he gets it by consuming his own tissues sooner. This phenomenon is largely responsible for the weight loss accompanying all but the terminal phases of cancer. UFA concentrations in the blood thus offer one method for estimating the degree of cancer's activity in the body, says Doctor Watkin.

More than 400 men and women have served as volunteer normals at NIH since the program began in 1953, yet volunteers are in short supply. For the most part, they filter through the Mennonite training center at Akron, Pennsylvania, or the Brethren service center at New Windsor, Maryland. Older volunteers come from old-age homes or through private physicians. A shortage usually exists in all age groups. Some researchers plead for the establishment of a corps of volunteers to meet expanding research needs. Dr. Henry K. Beecher, of the Harvard Medical School, sees the Jim Conrads and the Queen Victoria Wagers as the beginning of such a corps—a corps of healthy people who are willing to help to "do something positive," as Joan Benedict says, to bring the blessing of good health to others.

Cuba: State of Confusion (Continued from Page 35)

attempting to do and their actions were frequently in conflict. On the day the Ministry of Labor raised the wages of the shoe workers, for example, the Ministry of Commerce froze the retail price of shoes. The result was that a pair of shoes cost more at the factory than it could be sold for in the stores, and 13,000 shoemakers were out of work while manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer squabbled over how the higher costs were to be absorbed. The classic example of the government working against itself has been its schizophrenic attitude toward the United States. While Castro's tourist organization, I.N.I.T., was spending millions of dollars building beautiful beach resorts to lure the American tourist, Castro and his foreign minister, Raúl Roa, were broadcasting anti-United States diatribes which convinced the timid *norteamericano* that he would be assassinated in the streets.

The government was implacably honest, the investigator found, but its methods of accounting would have driven a Stateside comptroller into a padded cell. If, while on his helicopter jaunts around the country, Castro saw a pleasant site where a school might be established, he summoned his zone commander—usually a bearded veteran of the Sierra Maestra—wrote out a check on the spot and ordered him to build a school. Being impatient of small details, he would not bother to make note of the transaction even by filling out the stub. On several occasions employees of I.N.R.A., the huge bureaucracy of amateurs set up to implement the land reform, have missed a payday, for Castro, who likes to sign the master check for the I.N.R.A. payroll, was off in the country somewhere, eating rice and beans and making speeches to the *campesinos*. Ernesto Guevara, the bearded Argentine who heads the National Bank of Cuba, is just as casual about financial matters. On documents affecting the nation's economy, Guevara—who once startled a visitor by stepping stark naked from his shower to discuss a business matter—spurns such formalities as signatures and titles. He merely inscribes his nickname, "Che."

This casual attitude reaches far down into the lower echelons of government. Four of Havana's biggest banks were greatly upset when they received from a subordinate official in the department charged with recovering stolen property a simple memorandum ordering them to turn over some $3,000,000 which the banks were holding for persons accused of enriching themselves under the Batista regime.

The note was as curt as one which a bank robber might shove across the counter at a cashier, telling him to put the money in a paper sack, and the banks for their own protection wanted something more official. They sent an emissary to ask for a document citing the general law authorizing such seizures, and containing a formal resolution referring specifically to these funds. The emissary got nowhere. The young man who had sent the note grew angry. The banks, he said, were defying the revolution. The emissary said this was not so. They merely wanted a paper drawn in accordance with the revolution's own law ——

"Law, law, law," the young man shouted angrily, slapping his desk. "I am sick of this word 'law.' We do not operate by law. We operate *á lo libre*."

This habit of operating *á lo libre*, which in rough translation means to follow no set course, was particularly in evidence during the take-over of the agricultural lands. When the land law was first published, owners of the great estates took some small comfort from the fact that it stated specifically that the first lands to be taken over would be the wild lands owned by the government. Next privately owned lands that were not in production would be confiscated. Finally, they would get around to the producing lands. Actually, this process was reversed. The (*Continued on Page 90*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remember when flights of make-believe were made by plane? Now space ships are the transportation of "back yard engineers."

Only a few years have passed—but a whole world has changed. Changes occur in your personal life, too. And as they do, it may be of great importance to you to review your life insurance—particularly your instructions for payment of the benefits. Just as a will may become outmoded with the passage of time, so the settlement provisions that you specified in your policies some time ago may not meet your needs today.

To make certain that the arrangements for paying the proceeds of your life insurance really represent your current wishes, re-examine them in the light of your personal and business situation . . . and the age, health and financial status of those who are your beneficiaries.

Any Massachusetts Mutual representative will be glad to help you review your life insurance program to make sure that it will do the most effective job for you and your family. He is highly trained and experienced . . . his confidential service is yours for the asking, without cost or obligation.

If you don't know a Massachusetts Mutual man, call our General Agent listed under Massachusetts Mutual in your phone book.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL *Life Insurance Company*

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS · ORGANIZED 1851

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 88*) productive lands were taken first, and so far the government lands are still untouched. The law also provided that inventories would be made and receipts given for all lands and property confiscated. If the young men who came to take over the lands, crops, equipment and cattle had ever read this law, they gave no evidence of it. They did not bother with such trivial details as receipts or inventories, and the big landowners, Cuban and American alike, saw thousands of head of cattle driven off and millions of acres of land confiscated, with no documentary evidence whatever, except their own notarized reports, to show what they had lost.

"When we asked when we would be paid, they just laughed," one American cattleman said. "One thing about it, though. They were just as rough on the Cubans as they were to us."

To most Americans, this highhanded confiscation was simple theft, and along with Castro's fulminations against us and the leftward drift of his government, it is the main cause of our profound disenchantment with his regime. Some Americans who have been long in Cuba are less bitter. They consider the casual manner in which the confiscations were carried out—usually with a stiff politeness on both sides—to be more a manifestation of laziness than of larceny. If Castro did not bother his head with such small details as inventories and receipts, his subordinates saw no reason why they should. Not even the most sanguine of the landowners believe they will ever get their lands and cattle back. They do believe, however, that someday the bureaucratic mills will grind, there will be an accounting and some sort of payment will be made, even if only in the twenty-year, 4½ per cent peso bonds—which the government has promised, but has not yet produced.

Meanwhile, with what land and cattle are left to them—usually some 1600 acres and fewer than 1000 head—they are hanging on, waiting to see what happens next. What they have seen so far has not given them much confidence in the ultimate success of Cuba's land reforms. Many of them, on their own plantations, had already tried to do on a small scale what Mr. Castro is doing on a country-wide basis. They gave their cane cutters a little piece of land on which to raise the corn and beans that would feed their families during the dead season that follows the sugar harvest. The *campesino* didn't use the land. He let the weeds and brush grow up to the doors of his thatched hut and bought canned goods on credit at the store.

The government's great plans also may fail, not because of any basic weakness in their concept, but because of the sheer ineptitude of the people who must do the managing at the grass-roots level. The Cubans are trying to do in a year what it has taken the land-grant colleges and the agricultural extension service fifty years to accomplish in the States—to teach the farmer how to make the land produce. In their pride, and their anger at the United States for its military support of Batista, they have not asked us for our help, nor is it likely we would provide it so long as the matter of the compensation for expropriated American property is still unsettled. They have, however, sought help wherever else they could find it. Dutch polder builders have been hired to show them how to drain and dike the great Zapata swamps. Japanese experts have been brought in to teach them how to double their rice production—a prospect that is unlikely, since it would require the Cuban rice farmer to work as hard as his Japanese counterpart, which is foreign to his nature.

Some of the government's efforts to obtain expert advice have been both pitiful and humorous. A young Oklahoma cowpuncher, wearing a striped Texas shirt, a slip-knot tie with a silver eagle on it as big as a frying-size chicken and a pair of high-heeled, sharp-toed boots, walked into I.N.R.A.'s offices bearing his diploma from a correspondence course in agriculture, taken through U.S.A.F.I., the military educational service. I.N.R.A.'s agricultural director hired him, at $275 a month, to teach the *campesino* how to grow cotton.

Many of the farm directors which I.N.R.A. has sent into the field to teach the Cuban farmer new skills have had no qualifications other than a boundless enthusiasm for the aims of the revolution, and the stories of their failures are told wherever the displaced landowners gather to talk about their troubles. One young man was sent into Oriente Province to teach the people how to grow corn. Since I.N.R.A. provided him with no seed, he went around to all the little stores in town and bought up whatever seed corn he could find. He planted it fourteen grains to the hill, failed to thin it and the stalks grew up as spindly as tall grass. "The poor guy didn't even get his seed back," one witness said.

On one of the great cattle ranches in Camagüey the I.N.R.A. agent who had taken over was ordered to grow cotton. He began by plowing up 500 acres of good grazing land. "It had cost us eight hundred dollars an acre to build that land into pasture," the former owner said. "It was infested with marabu, a kind of thorny brush you have to fight like killing snakes to keep under control. If you plow it up, it comes right back thicker than ever, and the only way you can kill it is by poison. But if he tries to poison the marabu, he'll kill his cotton. I tried to tell him that, but he accused me of being a counterrevolutionary."

The Cuban makes a good cowboy, a fine horseman with a knack for handling cattle, and he can do a tremendous day's work at roundup time if somebody is there to encourage him and keep him plied with coffee, rice, beans and roast pig. On one big American-owned ranch, the Cuban *vaqueros* would round up, brand and inoculate 800 head in a day. When the government took over and started putting I.N.R.A.'s brand—a shield with a big *C* in the middle—on 6400 cattle, the same cowboys, under the supervision of a former radio announcer, took nearly three months to do the job. On their best day they branded eighty-six head.

Such stories could be multiplied many times, but they would give a distorted picture of the status of Cuban agriculture under I.N.R.A.'s management. Balanced against these failures are many examples of success—great fields of shade-grown tobacco in Pinar del Río, producing as heavily as they ever did under private management; acres of vegetables in Havana Province, stretching to the horizon, with little packing houses set up in the fields where girls, moving with a slow and languid rhythm, box jumbo-sized tomatoes for the American market; and pig farms, where the pigs seem as well cared for and content under Castro as they did under the Batista labor leader who once owned them.

Pessimistic observers feel that this heavy production is temporary, and that the effects of mismanagement on agricultural production will begin to be felt by next year, or the year after. For a while, they point out, the momentum built up by years of intense cultivation, irrigation and fertilization will keep the rich land producing at a fairly high level. Today, they argue, I.N.R.A. is reaping the benefits of the heavy capital investments the former owners made. The barns and storage buildings, the tractors and trucks and plows and harrows and harvesters are there and functioning. Eventually, though, the equipment will begin to break down and wear out, the buildings will fall into disrepair, the land, lacking skilled management, will produce less and less.

"It'll be like a big clock running down, with everybody tinkering with it, but nobody knowing how to keep it wound," one unhappy American said. "It won't ever quite stop, for as long as the rain falls and the sun shines on Cuba, this land will produce at a subsistence level. But it won't support the kind of economy it supported before, and it surely won't support the big social-welfare program the Cubans are setting up."

No Cuban connected with I.N.R.A., where the lights burn until the early hours of the morning and men come to work even on Saturdays and Sundays, would agree with this appraisal. Faith and work and struggle, they contend, will overcome the handicap of lack of skill and knowledge, and in time these things, too, will come. The land reform is the heart of the revolution, and God and Fidel will not let it fail.

The fact is, however, that I.N.R.A. has been so engrossed in its day-to-day operations, there has been little time to do those things that must be planned in advance. After every sugar harvest, for example, some 20 per cent of the sugar land must be planted to new cane, which requires heavy fertilization. The harvest is ending now, and so far as any importer knows, the quarter of a million tons of fertilizer which will be needed has not even been ordered yet.

Other future needs seem not to have been foreseen. When the National Bank, to conserve Cuba's dwindling dollar reserves, put restriction on the imports of some 200 items, including automotive parts, the parts dealers went to Guevara to point out that, with their parts bins empty, the trucks and tractors engaged in hauling the sugar cane to the mills could not be kept in running shape. If the trucks broke down, Guevara said brusquely, the Cuban canegrower could haul his crop to the mill in the ancient way, in a high-wheeled bull cart pulled by oxen. Not wishing to arouse Guevara, whose boiling point is low, the parts dealers did not tell

NEXT WEEK

THE BATTLE OF WISCONSIN:

KENNEDY VS. HUMPHREY

By Stewart Alsop

IN COLOR:

MUSICALS ON MAIN STREET U.S.A.

Home-Town Show Business Makes a Hit

By Paul F. Healy

JOE CUNNINGHAM OF ST. LOUIS

THE LADIES' FAVORITE CARDINAL

By Bob Broeg

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND,

THE TWO CITIES OF LAW

By Charles L. Black Jr.

KARIBA DAM,

THE LARGEST MAN-MADE LAKE

By David Howarth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him that there were not enough oxcarts in Cuba to haul a third of the crop. They did point out, though, that if they had no parts to sell, they would have to shut shop and put a lot of people out of work. Guevara's sparse beard bristled. "You'll shut up nothing and put nobody out of work," he said.

The parts dealers thus found themselves caught in the vise that now grips every Cuban businessman. If his enterprise is threatened with bankruptcy for lack of raw materials or goods to sell, the government has the power to "intervene"—to take it over and run it, as it sees fit. Even a going business may find itself intervened if its workers complain to the labor ministry that they are being unfairly treated, for under a new law the labor minister is required to settle all disputes "in the light of revolutionary goals," which means in favor of the worker.

This threat of government control may have an inhibiting effect on another great revolutionary program that is second in importance only to the land reform—the "buy Cuban products" drive. In the past Cuba has been the sixth largest customer for American manufacturers, spending some $450,000,000 a year for consumer goods ranging from automobiles to medical supplies. Today, under a strict licensing system which permits the importation only of those goods which are absolutely essential to the economy and which no Cuban manufacturer can produce, the merchants' shelves are rapidly being cleared of imported merchandise. The merchants, desperate for something to sell, are swamping the little manufacturers with orders for stoves, refrigerators, appliances, plastic dinnerware—anything there seems to be the slightest prospect they can make.

"Stoves, stoves, stoves, I am crazy with stoves," said one little manufacturer, beating his head. "For years I make ten little kerosene stoves a day in my shop. Now I have orders for thousands—big stoves, for gas, for electricity, for what do I know—uranium maybe. Now I must build a big plant, hire many men."

This is the point that troubles the small manufacturer. He wants to be patriotic. He also wants to make a lot of money. But to build an expanded plant, and to buy the jigs, dies and tools he will need to make a new product, will require heavy outlays of capital. Stock issues are out of the question, for in the present mood of uncertainty the Cuban with pesos in his pocket is reluctant to invest. Banks are equally cautious, for bankers know that if import restrictions on consumer goods were ever loosened, the flow of imported goods of better quality at cheaper prices would drive the Cuban manufacturer to the wall. I.N.R.A.'s Industrial Section will happily lend the money, for Cuba's workers, filled with zeal—or fear—are giving 4 per cent of their wages to the government for the development of the Cuban industry. But I.N.R.A. in return demands a share in the business—which means state control.

The prospect of hiring new workers discomfits the Cuban manufacturer too. Under the law he cannot go into a free labor market and hire a man and train him. He must inform the Ministry of Labor of his needs, and the ministry—in its drive to place 700,000 Cubans in industrial jobs—will provide the workers. Among these, the manufacturer fears, will be troublemakers who will deliberately strike his plant so that the government may take it over.

Any lingering hope that some semblance of a free economy would be allowed to survive in Cuba was dispelled last February, when Guevara, in a television address, announced that the government would insist on complete control of all basic industries, and that it would demand 51 per cent to 100 per cent control of any new industries that were formed. There was, Guevara implied, no place for purely private enterprise in Cuba.

At that moment the government, through its agrarian reform, had already seized complete control of all agricultural production. It had placed upon the foreign-owned oil companies, and mining and mineral interests, restrictions that, if severely applied, amounted to expropriation. It had taken over the Cuban Telephone Company after cutting its rates back to the level of 1902—and in the minds of many Cubans, shouting angrily into phones from which came a garble of unintelligible noise, or no sound at all, it had rapidly reduced the efficiency of the service to the same level. The other big public utility, the Cuban Electric Company, had not been intervened, but it was operating under a reduced rate structure that would not permit the construction of new power facilities an expanding economy would demand.

"We know now what we are in for," said a onetime strong supporter of the revolution. "Call it Communism, call it socialism, call it, as Mr. Guevara does, leftist nationalism, call it what you will. We are the pawns of the state. We have traded the brutal tyranny of Batista for the dictatorship of Fidel. So far it has been a benevolent dictatorship. But how long will it remain benevolent when the people begin to murmur and protest?"

There is already evidence that Castro's benevolence quickly wears thin, as those who had the courage to protest the government's leftward drift have discovered. Dr. Manuel Urrutia, the former president, is under house arrest. Maj. Hubert Matos, the former commander of Camaguey Province, is serving twenty years in jail. Maj. Pedro Díaz Lanz, the former chief of Castro's air force, is in exile. Young intellectuals, who believe wholeheartedly in the revolution, but who had faith that its aims could be accomplished within the framework of democratic forms, have found that the present government has no use for them. Many of them who offered their services have been refused. Others find themselves shunted off into unimportant jobs while strangers with more advanced ideas come in, from Chile, Mexico, Guatemala and other Latin-American states, to find important work as "advisors" to the government.

As a result the idealists among the Cubans are disillusioned and disappointed, and what they see happening around them troubles them. They are pleased by the fact that Castro has turned old barracks into schools and has converted his rebel army into work battalions to clear land and drain swamps and build roads and lay water and sewer lines in the dusty little towns that never had these amenities before. But they are saddened by the fact that the people themselves are being trained as a militia, in which everybody—even fat housewives, kidney-footed waiters, students and clerks—is expected to drill three hours a week, marching up and down the parks and plazas chanting, "*Uno, dos, tres, cuatro*, Fee-del Cas-tro." To them it is a wonderful thing that 5000 schools have been built in areas where under the old regime the children never saw a school. But they are depressed by

---

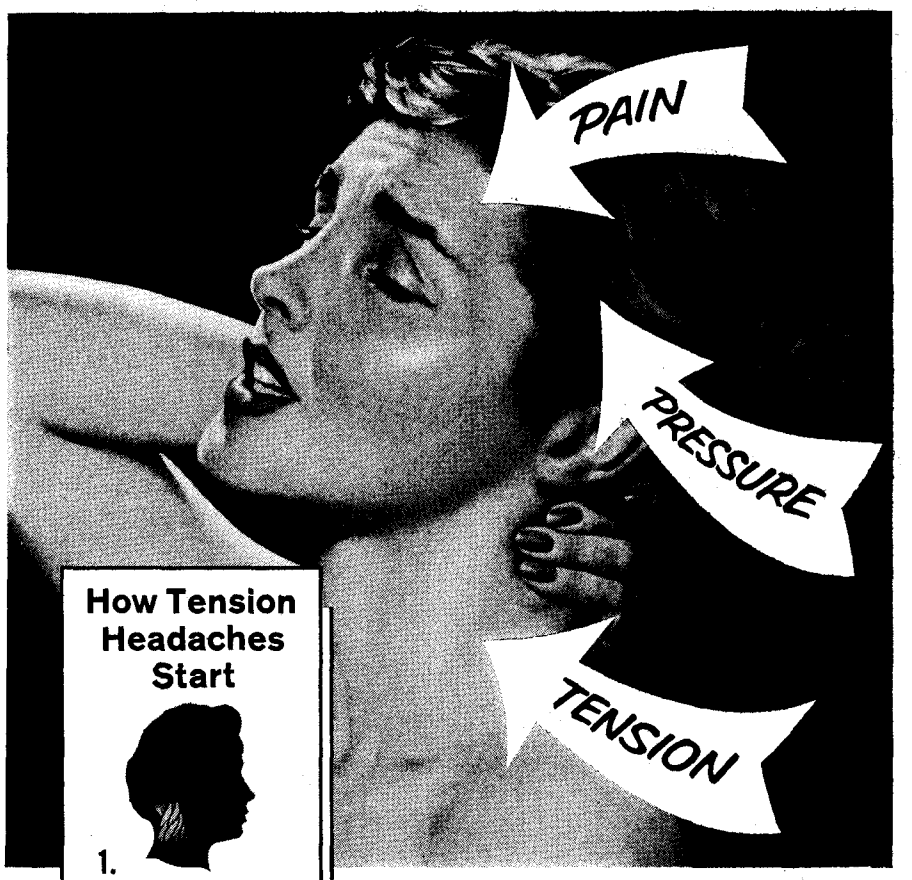
Many a man who is wrestling with temptation needs a better hold on himself.

CY N. PEACE

Better than aspirin—even aspirin with buffering for

TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES

Acts Instantly to Give More Complete Pain Relief



How Tension Headaches Start

1. Tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles . . .

2. . . . puts *painful pressure* on nerves.

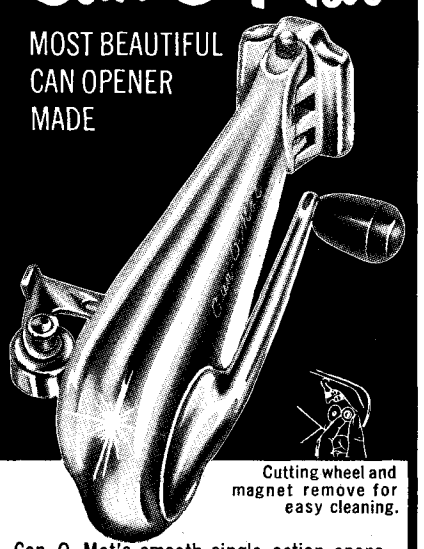
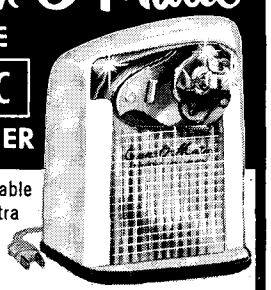
3. Tension and pressure cause headache pain. Anacin contains special medication (*not* found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) to relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast.

ANACIN® relaxes tension, releases pressure, relieves pain fast!

Tense, nervous headaches need the special medication in Anacin. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever and *no* special medication to relieve nervous tension. But Anacin contains a *number* of medically proven ingredients—each with a specific purpose. Anacin not only relieves pain incredibly fast but also contains special medication to relax tension, release painful pressure on nerves—assuring a better 'total' effect—more *complete* relief from pain. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not upset the stomach. Buy Anacin *today*.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in···

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can-O-Mat®
MOST BEAUTIFUL CAN OPENER MADE

Cutting wheel and magnet remove for easy cleaning.
Can-O-Mat's smooth single action opens all cans. Beautiful! Choice of Copper, Chrome or Gay Colors. All Chrome $7.95. Others from $3.98. IDEAL GIFT!
NEW Can-O-Matic™
PORTABLE ELECTRIC CAN OPENER

EXCLUSIVE retractable legs for opening extra tall cans. $24.95
WRITE FOR GIFT CATALOG R.
Rival
RIVAL MANUFACTURING CO.
Kansas City 29, Missouri
Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

NEW COUGH RELIEF!
NOW... A TINY PILL CAN STOP YOUR COUGH BY NERVE CONTROL
New REXALL COUGH-CENTER TABLETS

Non-narcotic tablet you swallow acts on the cough nerve center. Can stop your cough up to 6 hrs.! Safe, used as directed, even for children.
ONLY AT Rexall DRUG STORES

NEW COLORS
Kyanize
the good choice in paints

Pain Here
Nature's Warning of Weak Arch

Pain, callouses, burning feeling at ball of foot are definite signs of Weak Arch. Be fitted with Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Supports for quick relief. Thin, light, flexible. $2.00 pair up. Expertly fitted at selected Shoe, Dept. Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops. For FREE Foot booklet—write DR. SCHOLL'S, Chicago 10, Ill.

the fact that the civil-service examination given to new teachers is designed more to reveal their revolutionary zeal than to test their teaching capacity, that the new textbooks are couched in such gray and humorless language as "the tractors have arrived for the co-operative farm," and that little fellows seven years old are being put in uniform and taught to march "like Hitler's *Jugend*."

Even more disturbing is the fact that Castro has sought to turn Cuba into a nation of informers.

"Under Batista we called them *chivatos*—goats," a Cuban said. "Fidel has told them that they are *ciudadanos cívicos*—public-spirited citizens. Waiters, hairdressers, shoeshine boys, clerks in stores. They are supposed to listen to what people say about the revolution and report it to the police."

The zeal of these amateur detectives is as fervid as Mr. Castro could wish. Frank Ross, *The Saturday Evening Post* photographer, took a picture of yawning clerks standing by the last American refrigerator in a Havana department store. As he left the store ten minutes later a policeman tapped him on the shoulder. He had been informed, the policeman said, that the photographer was taking bad pictures of Cuba, showing people not working. The photographer explained that he was trying to illustrate Cuba's new industrialization. He was going next to a little factory where Cubans themselves were learning to make duplicates of the American refrigerator that could no longer be imported.

"Ah," said the policeman, brightening. "You take good pictures, hey? Please excuse me. Goo'by."

There are other minor manifestations that Castro's Cuba is taking on some of the atmosphere of a police state. As in Batista's time, a government employee is stationed at the telephone company, where he listens in on overseas calls, and residents of Havana, both American and Cuban, have discovered that their mail to and from the States has been opened. The average visitor, however, would notice none of these things, nor would he experience any personal unpleasantness. The press is vitriolic, and hate spews from the radio, but whether he is in the back country or Havana, the people still greet the American with warmth and friendliness.

The disenchantment with the regime which the wealthy felt from the start, and which many middle-class Cubans are now beginning to feel, has not yet seeped down to the little fellow in whose name the revolution was made and who is its principal beneficiary. He is not interested in such intangibles as democracy versus statism. His concern is with more material things, and he sees them coming, just as Fidel promised. In 800 new government-operated stores he can buy food and clothing, soap and soda pop and cigars, and bug spray to kill the mosquitoes which torment him, at prices nearly one-third lower than he had to pay before, and he is not concerned by the fact that this competition by the government may in time wipe out hundreds of small independent merchants. He was promised roads, and the roads are being built, even into the mountain areas where he once had to haul his coffee to the market on a mule. He was promised schools and milk for his children, and clinics where he could get medicine for the intestinal parasites that have drained his strength, and he is getting them.

He was also promised land, and this, too, is being provided. Five thousand land titles, beautifully inscribed on parchment, have already gone out, the government says, and 500 more, some of them dated last November, will be sent out as soon as Fidel gets around to signing them. Nor is the little landowner disturbed by the fact that though this is his land, he cannot mortgage it or sell it, and he must grow upon it what the government tells him to grow and sell his produce to the government at the price it is willing to pay.

The little farmer on his own "vital minimum" of soil, however, will be outnumbered by his brothers who work on the great co-operatives, for the over-all pattern of land use in Cuba will be much the same as it was in the past. The government is not parceling out the great estates to individual owners. It is keeping them intact, as economic units. Each will have its government supervisor, its government experts to supervise planting, cultivation and the harvest, and the government will own the farm machinery, provide the seeds and fertilizers, and market the crop. The *campesino* will work for wages, as he did under the *colono* in pre-revolutionary times, but as a co-op member he will share in the profits, if any are left after the government takes out the cost of administration. This is certainly not the type of co-op admired by Ezra Taft Benson, and it is a little difficult for the uninformed observer to tell wherein it differs from a Soviet collective farm. One thing is sure, however. The *campesino* will live in cleaner, brighter surroundings than the old dirt-floored, thatch-roofed *bohíos* that were his habitations when he worked for the *colono*. The government is building for him villages of small houses so elegant they bewilder him, for they contain such miracles as electric lights, kerosene stoves and indoor plumbing, including a shower and a bidet. He can buy this house "finished and furnished," at low monthly rentals paid over twenty years, for somewhere in the neighborhood of $2300.

With his land reform well under way and 600 co-ops, according to the government's figures, already in operation, Castro has turned his attention to other matters which need correction. For years, on the Cuban docks, the members of the longshoremen's unions did no work themselves. As union members they held the card which gave them the right to work, but it was their habit to sell these rights, worth from twenty dollars a day in wages at the smaller ports to as much as sixty dollars on the Havana docks, to hungry *caballitos*—"little horses"—whom they employed to work in their place for as little as $2.50 a day. To Castro this was an outrageous exploitation, and he sent armed sailors to stop it. As a result, fat old stevedores who had not toted a bag or lifted a bale in twenty years are struggling and wheezing on the docks, loading the sugar ships.

He is also keeping a sharp eye out for the first signs of graft in his government, and he has publicly announced that anybody caught stealing will face a firing squad. Lesser peccadilloes are also dealt with harshly. A high official of I.N.R.A. made the mistake of insuring all of I.N.R.A.'s farm equipment with a company partly owned by Fidel Castro's sister. He was exiled to a barren island off the south coast, where he is now morosely building fishing camps for tourists. The government, he was told in an official rebuke, will not tolerate nepotism or favoritism in any form.

In the minds of many Cubans this grim honesty is the greatest boon the revolution has brought to Cuba, and as long as it prevails, Castro can be forgiven his many aberrations from the norms of democratic government. He can turn his back on the United States, to the great damage of his country's economy, and embrace with fulsome smiles the visiting Mr. Mikoyan, while selling the Russian 5,000,000 tons of sugar at a price far less than the United States pays, and the people will shout, "Viva Fidel." He can denounce the presence on Cuban soil of the huge American naval base at Guantánamo, and no one will point out, mildly, that this huge installation brings some $30,000,000 desperately needed into the country, even though its rental is a pittance. He can even disappoint the *campesino*, who thought his days of hard work and low pay were ended, without endangering his regime too greatly. The only thing that could wreck him would be the grand-scale thefts that were normal in Batista's time.

In the handsome old capital building in Havana there is a great room filled with jewels, furs, Paris gowns, fine furniture, gilded mirrors, and a gold-and-ivory bed under which sits a silver *pot de chambre*. These are the treasures taken by the rebel army from the mansions of Batista and his followers. Someday they will be sold at auction to buy arms and airplanes, or seeds and fertilizers and tractors for the land reform. Today they are on display, and the people come and gaup and shake their heads.

There, not long ago, an earnest young Cuban turned to a visitor. "Fidel and his people," he said, "can do many crazy things in politics, and no one will protest. But let his people start collecting things like these ——" He made a noise like a machine gun. "*Paredón!*" he said.

It's a word that the people often shout when Fidel stirs them up against those who would betray the revolution. It means "high wall"—the wall against which the victim stands when he faces the firing squad. THE END

... ...

Son, Asleep

By Edna O'Brien

Sleep has made my wild
son tame.
I, staring, ask: *Is this the
same*
Whose identity is made,
Lost, remade by every shade,
By every golden cave of sun?
*Is this the boy whose legs can
run*
*Wind fast? Whose hands can
hurl a stone?*
*Is this the boy who ropes
alone,*
*Barehanded, birch-mustangs to
ride?*
There he lies on sleep's dark
tide,
Relaxed and curled, as if
he grew
Within me still—as if I
knew
Him yet as part of me. The
ache,
The hurting pride of him
awake
Is not so intimate as this
(Day-ruggedness must shun
my kiss),
And yet my heart was
calmer then;
Asleep, he seems too small
for ten.

... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Call on Debbie Reynolds

(Continued from Page 29)

While she's waiting, she models daytimes and dances nights in a dance hall.

"I went to a New York dance joint the other night with some people from Paramount, but that wasn't any good because the girls were polite and standoffish, and I didn't get to know them. I asked them if I could come back by myself. They said yes, so last night I went back alone. In the meantime I tried to buy the right kind of dress to wear. The one the shop sent to my hotel room didn't look like much when I was out of it, but when I was in it, it was a pretty wild dress. It was slit all the way up to the waist, with a zipper, so a girl could unzip it or keep it zipped, depending on her mood. It had an inner contraption too, and even if the girl wearing it was very well proportioned—shall we say doubly so?—the inside of it was still—well, built up.

"Because the sight of a dance-hall girl must shock a man right out of his seat and get him out on the floor," she told me. "I can't imagine any other reason, because those girls are naturally very voluptuous. 'Voluptuous' is a large word, but it describes a large situation. Anyhow, I couldn't get one of those dresses in exactly my size, because I wear a Size Five and they don't make them that small. Five is a kind of silly size, really. I had to settle for one a bit too large, but I wore it anyway."

"Do the girls dance any special way?" I asked.

"Close," she answered. "Not that they really have to. They can dance any way they want, but if a man becomes interested in one girl, he's apt to spend fifteen or twenty dollars on her in one night. I can't remember my best customer's last name, but his first name was Joe. I'm five-foot-one. I had on high heels, and he only came up to my nose. So he must have been very short. He was a riot. He kept kissing my shoulder and saying, 'I go for you, baby.' It broke me up. I almost got hysterical, but my laughing didn't seem to please him."

"Maybe because that's one way of cooling a man's ardor," I said; then changing the subject, I told her, "Tell me about the Jack Paar show you appeared on. I missed it, but the papers were full of it. I saw headlines that read: DEBBIE STRIP-TEASES PAAR. . . . TV AUDIENCE ROARS—FROM THE MOMENT DEBBIE SAT DOWN BESIDE PAAR THERE WAS PANDEMONIUM. As I recall it, Paar was reported to have referred to you as a 'well-built Jerry Lewis.' Did he really say that?"

"Yes," she told me, "he did, and on the air too."

"What triggered the whole thing?" I asked.

"Jack asked me, 'How are you?' We shook hands and we were kidding back and forth when all of a sudden he tossed me a line I didn't know how to answer. We were clowning around, dancing, with me leading him. Then when we sat down he said, 'Jeepers, you're strong. Were you that tough on Fisher?'

"There I was," she said, widening her eyes at me. "His audience was waiting for my answer, and what was I going to say? Anything I said would be wrong. So my answer was purely physical. I did a quick dive under Mr. Paar's desk and tackled him the way an end tackles a halfback. He disappeared from view, and all the audience would see was his handkerchief flying into the air with one of his shoes and his wastebasket.

"Before long he got the idea and began helping me. He took off his tie, and I threw that out where the audience could see it. Then I helped him take off his jacket and I tossed that out. He whispered, 'Shall I take off my shirt?' and I said, 'No!' But by the time he was back up into sight he had the top three buttons of his shirt undone, and people were standing up in the studio screaming hysterically."

Internal Revenue Department version: Cast thy bread upon the waters up to 20 per cent of the adjusted loaf.

M. E. MULLEN

She was full of giggles as she told me about it, but her eyes didn't laugh. She looked like a little girl, but her eyes seemed older than the rest of her. I remembered a photograph of her taken a few days after the news broke that she and Eddie were having difficulties. I mentioned that photo to her now. I said, "You looked like a teen-ager someone had just kicked in the stomach."

"I know the picture you mean," she said. "I remember it very well. It was taken after I had my children out for an airing, and when I came home there were a lot of strangers in my house—reporters and photographers. I didn't even know what had happened. Then they told me that my marriage seemed to be definitely on the rocks, but I still didn't get it. I remember saying, 'It's unbelievable that you can live happily with a man and not know he doesn't love you.' When they took that photo, I had just finished changing my babies. I wasn't thinking about how I looked. My mind was completely on another subject. When I saw that picture, I was surprised to see a couple of diaper pins still attached to my blouse."

"The general effect," I said, "was that of a naïve and bewildered little girl."

"As far as being naïve and girlish goes," she said, "I hope I will always be excited about life. Before I was married I dated, but I never dated just to date. I liked to go out with someone I really liked, or not go out at all. When I was younger I was pretty much of a tomboy. I was very young for my age. I never thought about growing up. I liked boys, but I would rather play baseball with them than date them."

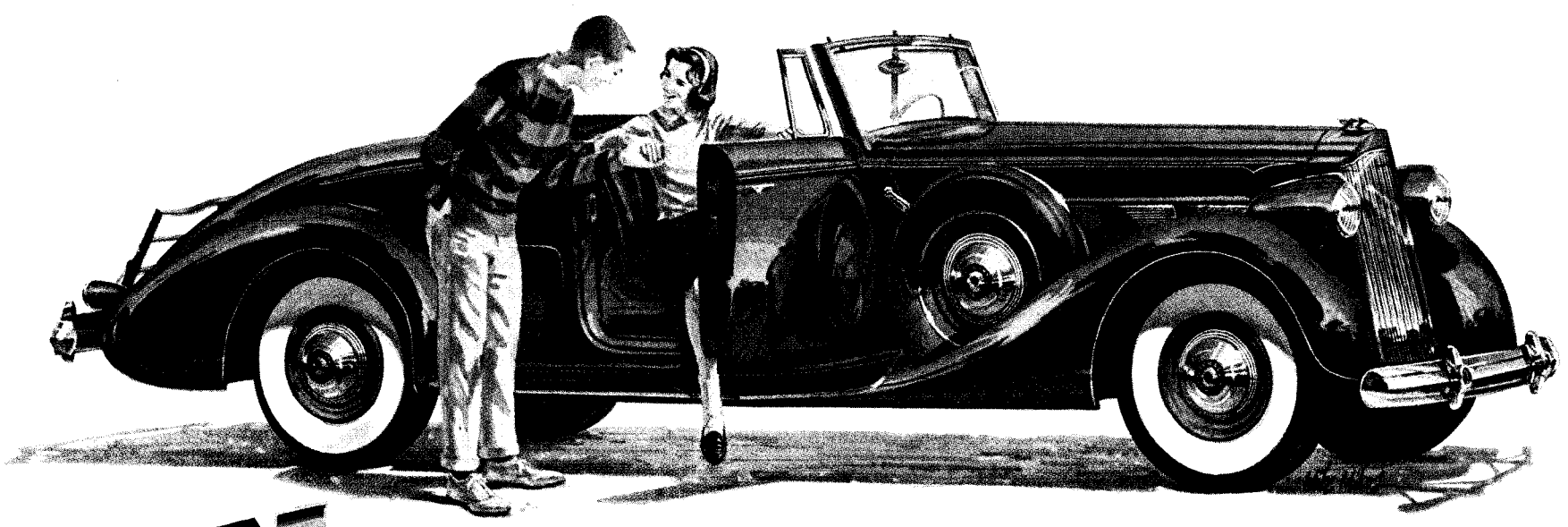
"How old were you when you and Eddie were married?" I asked.

"Twenty-three," she said. "I had lived at home with my mother until then, so I was extremely inexperienced. I had to grow up very fast. Too fast. As a matter of fact, I don't think that's the best way to grow up. I think it's the hardest way. But you certainly can learn that way, and it's very thorough."

What she said next sounded to me suspiciously as if she were talking to herself, not to me. I had the feeling that she had said it to herself not once, but many, many times—and that she would say it many times more. "As long as you can accept your experiences and digest them and not let them make you bitter or cynical or assume that life is always going to be that way, you'll be all right. But if you allow them to make you cynical and bitter ——" Her voice trailed off.

I said I thought it would have been easy for her to become bitter. "I wouldn't let me be," she said. "All my life I've hated

Since the first time a boy took a girl for a drive,
Federal-Mogul has supplied the best in engine bearings.
It's just as true today. Ask your mechanic!



This is the box your mechanic reaches for when he wants the finest engine bearings.

FEDERAL-MOGUL SERVICE

DIVISION OF FEDERAL-MOGUL-BOWER BEARINGS, INC.
11031 Shoemaker, Detroit 13, Michigan

BEARING FEDERAL Mogul SERVICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people who complain about their knee-aches or their backaches. All they had to do was look around them to see people having it more difficult than they. If you consider the road a lot of other people travel, you can say to yourself, 'Mine isn't that rough!'"

I said to her, "Talking about a rough period, there was a time when you were upstairs in your home, and downstairs the press was besieging you. In spite of all the stress, your statements to the press always seemed sound and sensible. I wondered at the time whether you were thinking them up yourself or had hired a press-relations firm to think them up for you."

"I hired no public-relations people," she told me. "I wrote all those statements myself. I don't believe anybody can really say what another person feels."

I thought of one statement of hers in particular. She had been in Spain for several weeks costarring with Glenn Ford in a film titled, *It Started With a Kiss.* Then, when the shooting in Spain was all done, she had flown to Los Angeles via the North Pole. When her plane stopped at Winnipeg for refueling, friends in California reached her on the long-distance phone and repeated to her some of the remarks which had been tossed back and forth on the previous night, during an impromptu press conference held in Eddie Fisher's dressing room in a Las Vegas hotel.

Some of Elizabeth Taylor's remarks—she was also present—were reported to Debbie as follows: "Eddie and I intend to travel and see as much of the world as we can, and we would like to travel as man and wife. . . . We respect public opinion, but you can't live by it. If we lived by it, Eddie and I would have been terribly unhappy through all this. But I can shamelessly say that we have been terribly happy. . . . I am literally rising above it."

Inevitably the questions asked at that press conference had gotten around to a possible refusal by Debbie to consent to a quick divorce. Elizabeth Taylor had answered that by saying, "At first Debbie was very much hurt, but I think now the hurt has left and she will consent to Eddie getting a divorce here."

In the interval between Debbie's plane's taking off from Winnipeg and its arrival at Los Angeles, she had composed one last statement. She told me about it now. "When I came home from Europe, people kept asking me, 'Will you give Eddie a divorce or won't you?' It wasn't a new question. Eddie had asked me before, and I had said no. But when I was coming home on that plane and I knew there would be people waiting for me at the airport, I prepared a last statement on the subject. It was this: 'The position in which I am placed makes it necessary for me to give my consent, but they would have gotten married anyway.'"

She stopped for a moment. Her eyes looked past me at the wall. "Seems like all I did last year was prepare last statements." She said slowly, "It was a very pressured year for me. In that one year I had enough emotions to wear me out."

"You came through all right," I told her.

"If I did, maybe it was because I never told an untruth," she said. "Whatever I said about my emotions was honest. What I felt must have been obvious; I can't hide what I feel. I'd be better off if I could. For that matter, I'd be better if I didn't feel so much."

I told her, "I should think the average woman's instinct would have been to clobber the other woman in her life."

She said firmly, "I tried to do everything and think of everything as I will five or ten years from now. If I had talked or acted as I felt at the moment, I might have said and done wrong things. Then later I'd have thought, 'Why did I say that?' Or 'Why did I do that?' Unfortunately our situation became public property. If it hadn't, I think the three of us could have dealt with it in a mannerly way. I would probably have said no to the idea of a divorce, and perhaps it all would have worked out differently. But because it was dumped right in the public's lap by the other people involved, I had no choice."

I said, "Some of those who have watched you whirling around of late with an 'I-don't-care' air have told me, 'Debbie seems to be having herself a ball. She must be having a great time being a bachelor girl again.'"

She listened to the taxi horns squawking outside of her hotel and said, "Whether what happens to you is for the best or the worst depends on what you make of it. You can be miserable or you can be happy. I think I'm having a great time now, and I think I'll keep right on doing that, because I have so much to be happy about. Before I was married, I wanted children. Now I have two children. They are all anybody could ever want. In addition, I have a lovely home; my professional career is looking up, I can travel everywhere, and I have very dear friends. So inside I'm happy. I really am, but it has taken time to acquire that philosophy."

I said, "One of the things people still believe is that Elizabeth Taylor was not only one of your good friends, but your best friend. Either that's true or it's wrong. Whichever it is, it keeps popping up."

"Elizabeth and I were good friends," she told me, "and I'm sure we will be again someday, because life is very short, and not getting along with anybody makes no sense. But the truth is Elizabeth has very few close girl friends. She never has had them."

"Because she was more interested in men?" I suggested.

"Not only that," Debbie told me. "Elizabeth was unlucky in becoming a part of show business so early in life. She was only *ten* when she started in *National Velvet,* and even before *National Velvet* she was modeling, which is really a branch of show business, so there wasn't a chance for her to have a normal girlhood. You don't have a chance to make lasting friendships when you're always working in movies and in a studio school instead of a regular school. The girl friends I made when I went to school are still my best friends. My best girl friend of all is my ex-gym teacher. Well, Elizabeth never had that.

"When I finally got around to meeting Elizabeth at M-G-M, we were friendly on a 'hello-there' basis, but we weren't really close. I was only seventeen and just beginning in show business, and Elizabeth was already a star."

She paused a moment. Then she asked me a searching question: "How many best friends do you have?"

I thought about that for a moment and it stopped me. I had never worried about it before, but some of the people I think of as my best friends might not feel that way about me. Which made me wonder if the phrase "best friend" always connotes a two-way relationship.

Debbie went on: "Perhaps what people are talking about when they say Elizabeth and I were best friends is that Elizabeth's husband, Mike Todd, and my husband, Eddie Fisher, were very, very close. Eddie adored Mike, and Mike adored Eddie. For that reason all four of us were closer than we would otherwise have been."

I said, "I gather that things sort of came to a head when Eddie attended Mike's funeral in Chicago."

"He didn't want to go," she told me, "but he felt that he should go, and I felt that he should go too."

"Don't you ever get lonely?" I asked.

"Never," she said, and added with almost too much emphasis; "never, never!"

I suggested, "After all, there is no one to protect you. Suppose a prowler broke into your home at night?"

She told me, "I keep a loaded gun beside my bed. Not only that, my brother lives at my house, and downstairs I have a cook with her husband. If I were *really* alone I'd be miserable."

"Let's be practical," I said. "Since your marriage went on the rocks, your value to various studios and motion-picture producers has risen sharply. You know that, don't you?"

"What I know is this," she said; "I was under contract to M-G-M for ten years. Last December my contract was renegotiated and I got out of it. I'd never been free before to work where I wanted to. If I weren't free, I couldn't be making *The Rat Race* for Mr. Seaton and Mr. Perlberg. All that is changed."

"Has what happened created a greater demand for you socially as well as professionally?" I asked her.

"You'll think I'm cynical when I tell you," she told me. "But I'm not cynical. I'm merely observant. A great many people invite me out now, because they have a man from out of town and they're trying to line up a date for him, and I happen to fit into their picture. I think that's enjoyable. However, I am careful to go in my own car and come home in my own car, so there are no problems. That way the evening is easy for me."

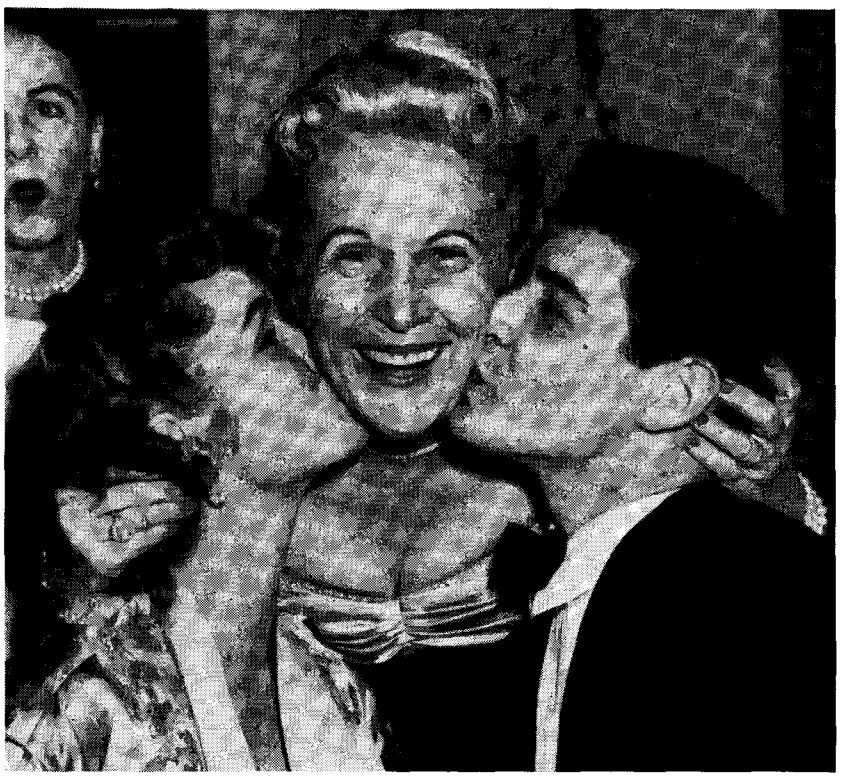
"You mean because nobody has to pick you up?" I asked.

She said, "If I want to go home early I can go home early. I don't have to take anybody out of his way. If I'm stuck I can come unstuck. If some man drinks too much, I can go home—and I do."

I said, "I read somewhere, 'Eddie wanted bright lights. Debbie wanted a home. Her career was going great guns. Eddie hadn't had a big hit record in years. Dating Liz Taylor was something to bolster his ego.' What's your reaction to this statement? Is it a valid one?"

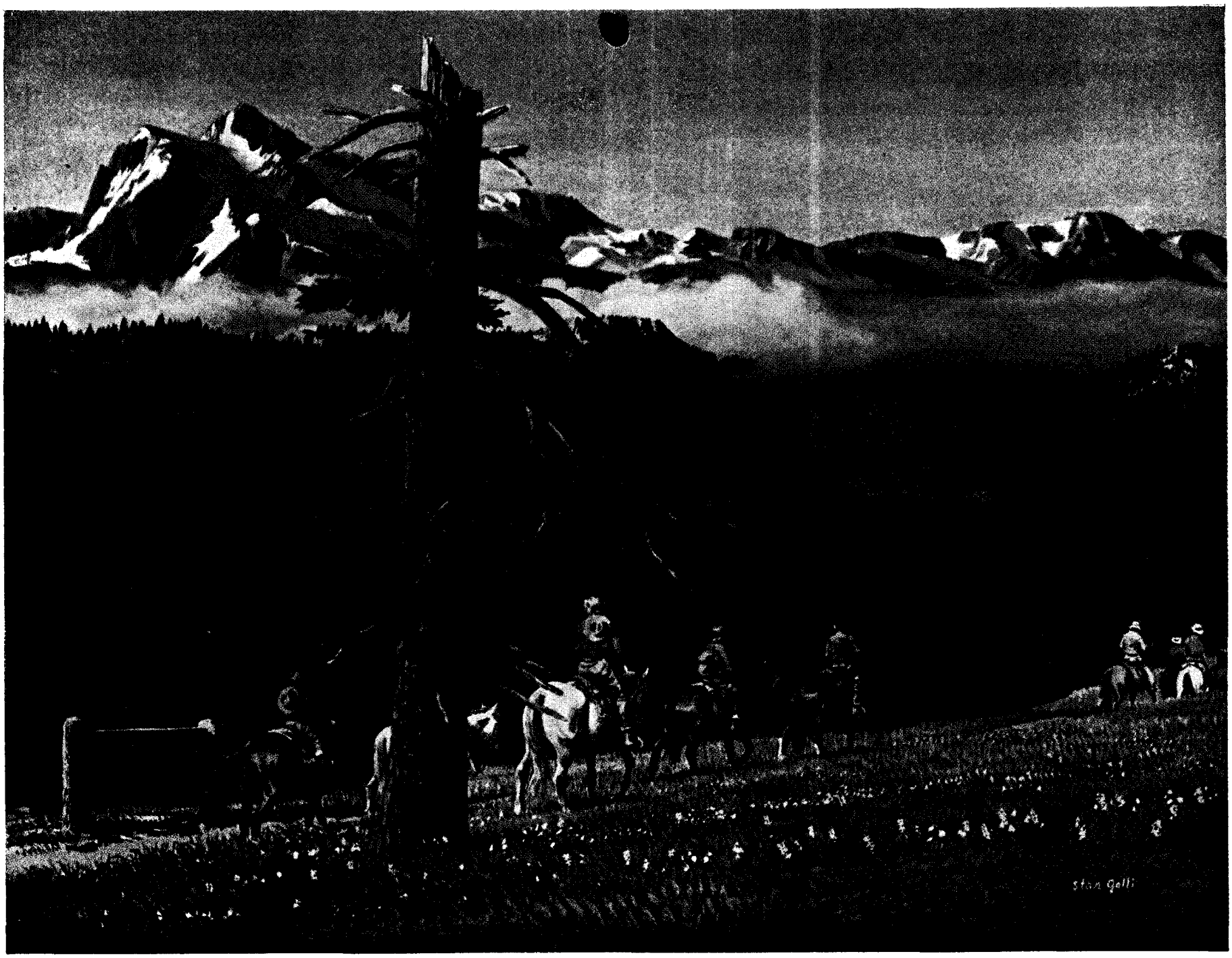
"I think not," she said.

(*Continued on Page 98*)



In the past six years Eddie Fisher has repeated some of his romantic checkpoints. Above: Debbie Reynolds, Jennie Grossinger and Eddie—Nov. 10, 1954. Below: Elizabeth Taylor, Mrs. Grossinger and Eddie—Feb. 11, 1960.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



RIDERS IN THE MOUNTAINS enjoy scenic grandeur of high elevation lands ideally suited to recreation. Commercial forestland below is primarily devoted to growing timber in repeated crops, providing recreation and other values as compatible benefits. These are basic principles of proper land use.

our forest heritage must be wisely used and perpetuated

Treated 4-Square siding repels water as shown below, at right. This quality contributes to longer paint life. The product is one of many developed through research to better serve Weyerhaeuser customers.

For more than three centuries America's commercial forestlands have supplied the needs of a vigorously expanding economy. Although constantly reduced in area by farms, villages, roads, parks and similar necessities of civilization, our timberlands must continue to meet the demands of a population that almost doubles every 50 years.

Our needs are many, varied, and mounting in volume. Forestlands must supply an ever-increasing amount of lumber, plywood, pulp, paper and other products. They also must provide fishing, hunting, recreation and other social benefits for more and more people. In addition, they must continue to serve as watersheds and wildlife habitats.

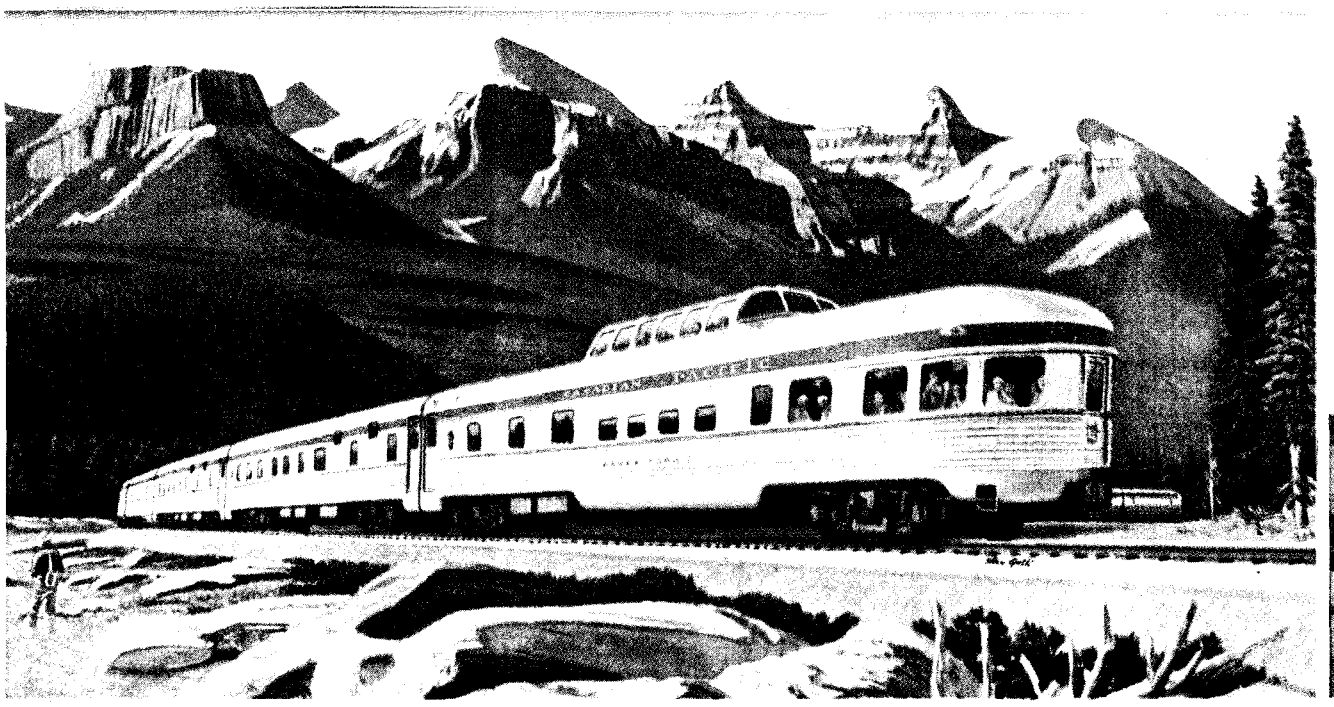
If the needs of the future are to be met, every acre of timberland must be wisely used. Such lands must serve the greatest good of the greatest number in the long run. Wherever practicable, they must be used for a variety of compatible purposes.

Commercial forestland must be devoted *primarily* to perpetual timber production. Properly managed, it can provide many other benefits as well. Our land is so managed.

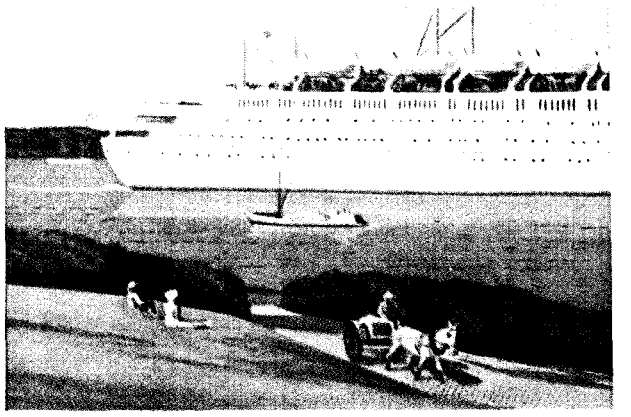
Weyerhaeuser Company

Producers of lumber, plywood, wood pulp, paperboard, shipping containers, folding boxes, milk cartons, hardboard, particle board, Ply-Veneer, bark and wood fiber products.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



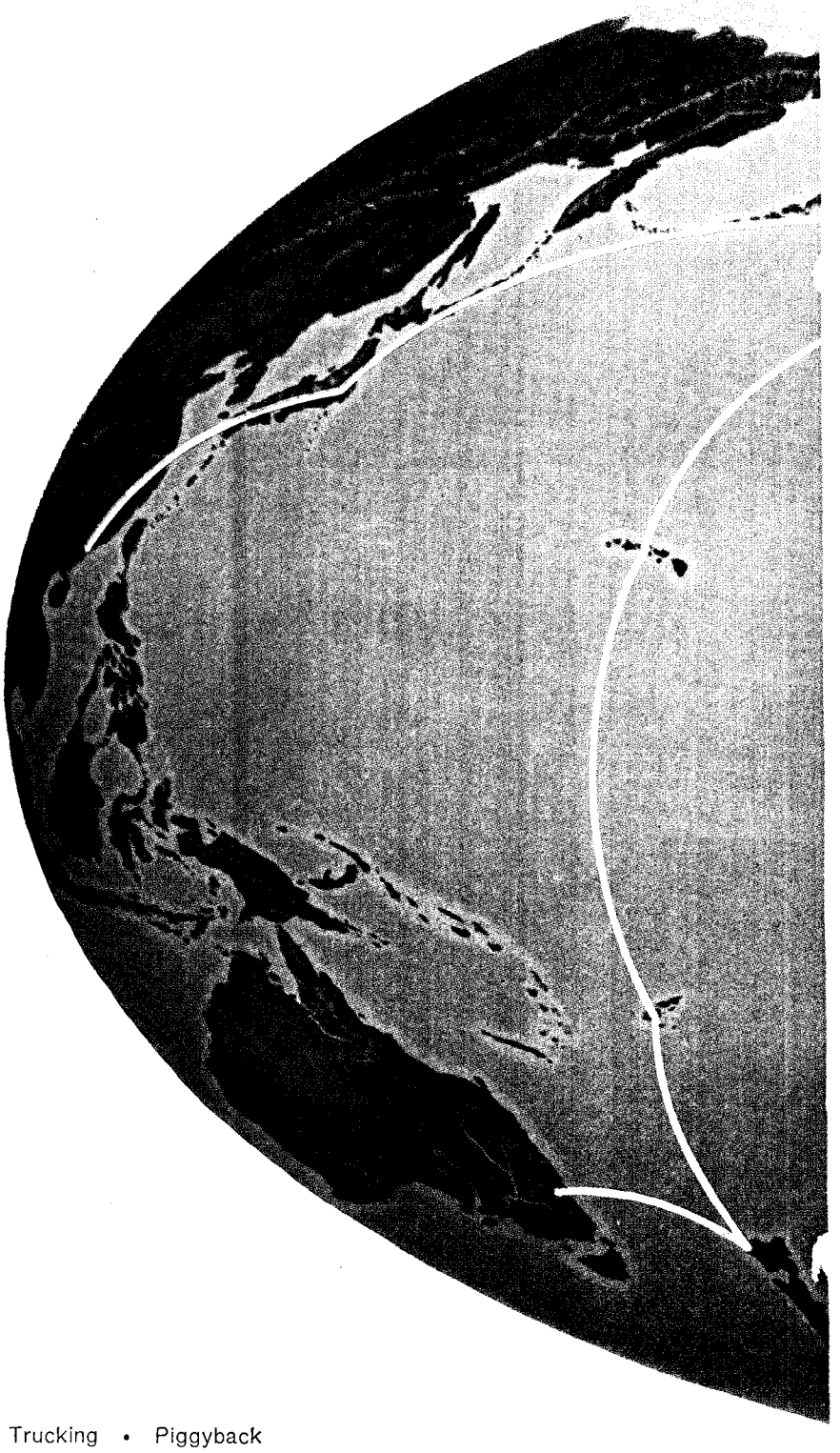
The Canadian travels the scenic Banff-Lake Louise route through the Canadian Rockies.



A White Empress glides past the Château Frontenac en route to Europ

By land, sea, and air, Canadian Pacific_the world's mo

Cross Canada by train on *The Canadian*...
sail to Europe on a White Empress liner...
fly to five continents via jet-prop Britannia!
Select your destination and Canadian Pacific
will take you there in comfort and luxury.



The Canadian Pacific scenic-dome streamliner *The Canadian* travels daily between Montreal-Toronto and Vancouver. When you ride in the glass-topped observation domes, you've a second-story view of the spectacularly beautiful Canadian Rockies. And when you stop to visit the truly luxurious Banff Springs Hotel or the magnificent Chateau Lake Louise—just two in Canadian Pacific's chain of fine hotels —you'll vacation in comfort unlimited.

White Empress liners sail every week in season between Montreal and Europe. On the inland route, passengers enjoy the sights of picturesque French-Canada for 1,000 scenery-spanned miles of St. Lawrence River travel. White Empress winter cruises take you to the West Indies and South America. And coming in 1961, a new 27,500 ton flagship, the Empress of Canada!

In the air, Canadian Pacific jet-prop Britannias fly daily across Canada and internationally to five continents. They serve Hawaii, the South Pacific, the Orient, Mexico and South America, northern Europe via the Polar route—and now there's a new service to Rome via the sunny southern route. Soon Canadian Pacific will introduce long-range DC-8 jets.

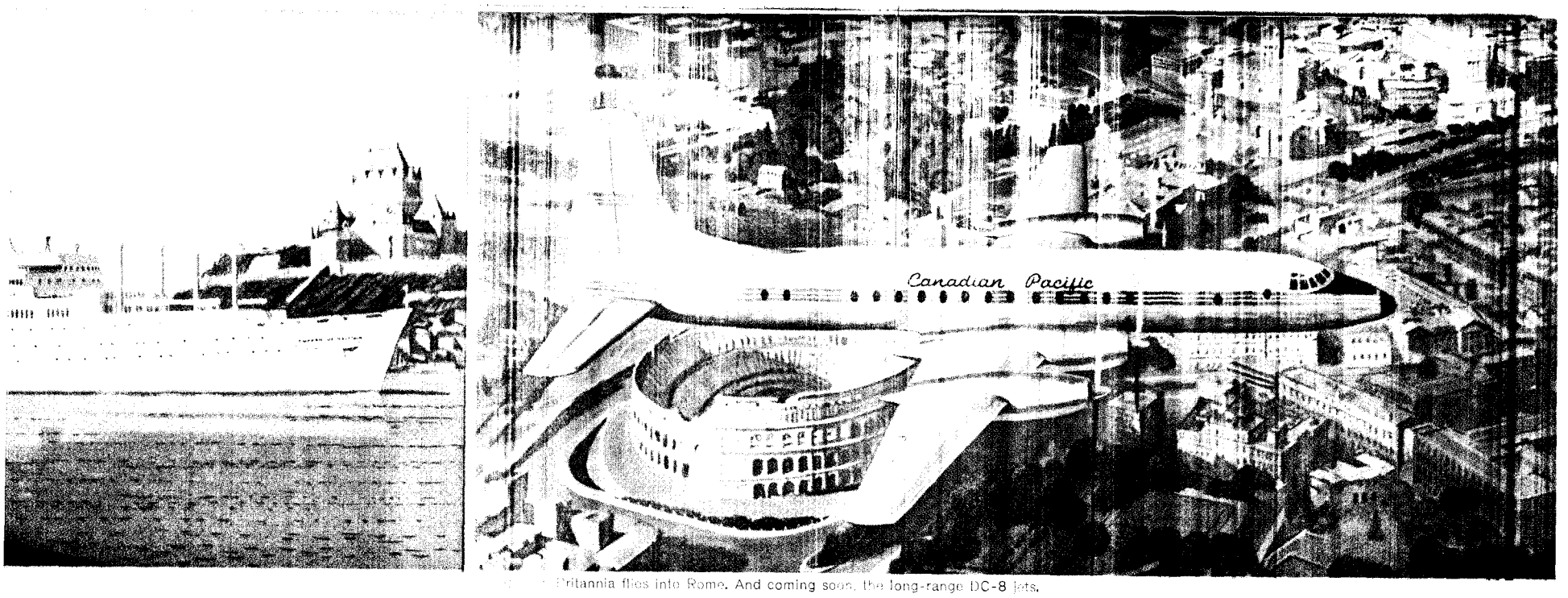
In all, awaiting your call for business and pleasure... more than 85,000 route miles of Canadian Pacific integrated travel services by land, sea, and air!

Canadian Pacific

THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

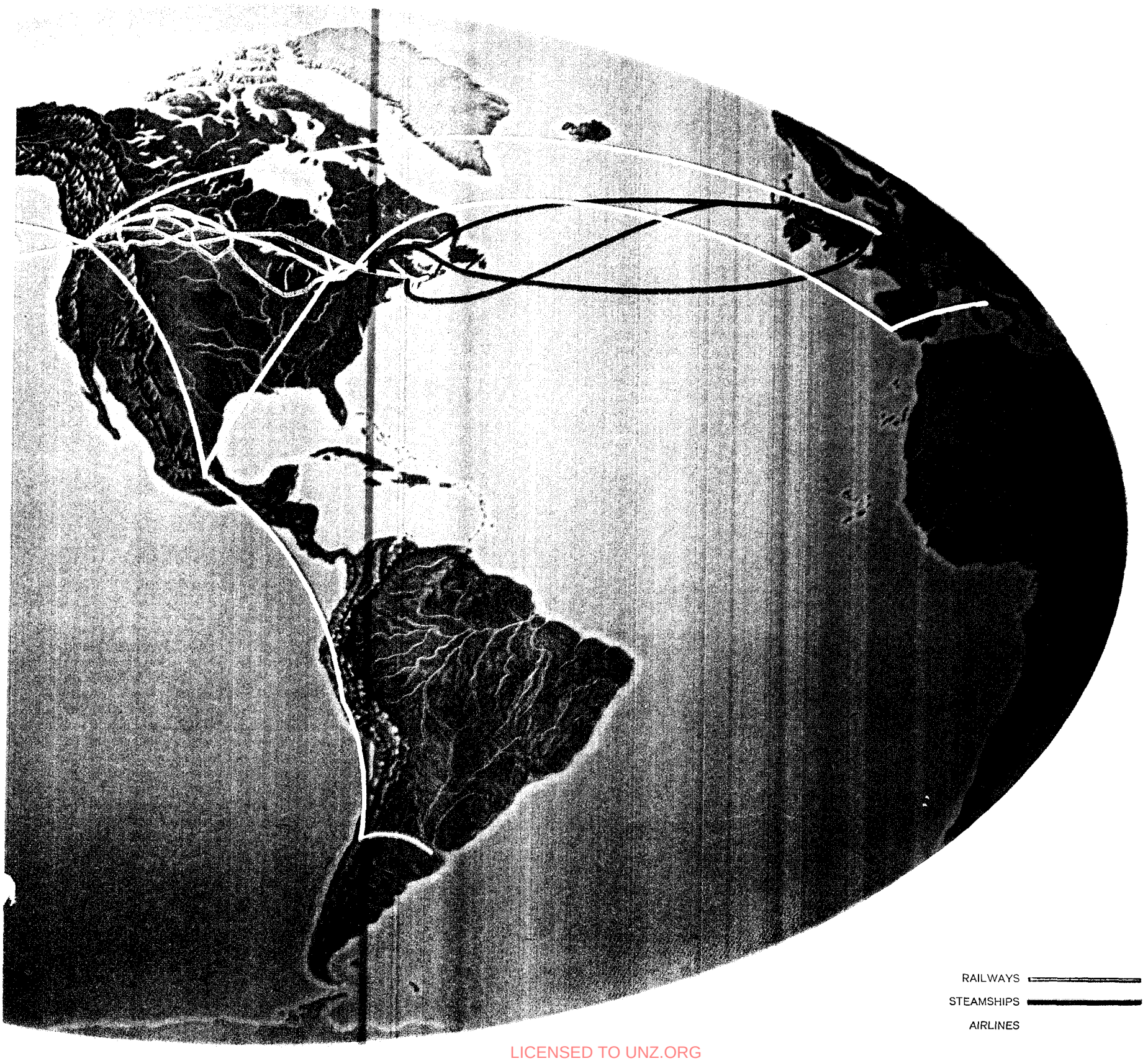
Railways • Steamships • Airlines • Hotels • Express • Communications • Trucking • Piggyback

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Britannia flies into Rome. And coming soon, the long-range DC-8 jets.

mplete transportation system_serves five continents



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 94*) "Not any part of it?" I persisted. "After all, your recording of *Tammy* sold over a million copies. Maybe *Tammy* hurt Eddie's ego from two angles—both as a singer and as a man."

"He liked the way I sang that song very much," she fired back at me. Then she said something else that brought me up short because I wasn't prepared for it. "Eddie is a very unselfish boy. He's a nice boy. He's very warmhearted and he's good. I have tremendous respect for him. If I hadn't, I wouldn't have been in love with him—which I was."

"From reading the papers," I said, "I gathered that you had a hard time believing that your love affair with Eddie was over."

"I didn't believe it until he told me himself," she said. "Then I had to believe it. Now it's a thing of the past. I just try not to think about it any more."

"Since your troubles," I said, "Liz's career has zoomed upward. So has yours. I'm not sure about Eddie's ——" I left it hanging.

She told me, "I hope you're wrong about Eddie. We'll have to wait and see. But personally—and I say this sincerely—I don't know of a better singer. God gave Eddie a gifted voice, and if I'm right, the public is wrong if they don't flock to hear him. If a talent can't survive and overcome something the public doesn't approve of, then the public is wrong. I can't believe that Eddie, who has tremendous ability and is a very bright boy, will lose in the long run."

"I don't know him," I said. "I have no way of telling whether he is dumb or bright."

"He's not dumb at all," she told me emphatically. "Some of the moves he has made in the past year may not have been too bright. But I've watched him work on the television show he used to have. He worked with many talented people, of course, but he put his own show together. He produced it; nobody else did. I'm very critical. I can judge a professional as a professional, and to me he put on one of the best television shows."

I wanted to say, "Maybe you were prejudiced." But I didn't say it.

"Before I met Eddie," she went on, "my mother used to watch his show. She'd say, 'Come in here and watch this,' and I'd say, 'I have an appointment, mommy,' and I'd run toward the door. But each time she made me stop and listen to him. I really met Eddie through his voice and through my mother. She is still one of his fans. Then in 1954, when we were both making a picture at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Joe Pasternak introduced us. Eddie called me up the night he met me and the next night and the next night after that. The way he acted was similar to the situation he's in now. For Eddie it's normal."

"How do you mean, normal?" I asked her.

"I mean I'm sure he was equally attentive when he first went out with Elizabeth. Don't get me wrong. Eddie is charming, but he's also sincere. There must be a reason for everything. Maybe Eddie needed Elizabeth more than me. You can't tell about those things, and I'm not going to question this one."

> The time to become a self-made man is before you're too old to finish the job.
>
> ANTHONY J. PETTITO

"You sound mighty noble," I told her.

"If it sounds too noble, I'm sorry," she told me. "It's what I believe. I don't understand people who think I have to treat this situation like a fishwife."

She thought about it for a moment and then added, "That doesn't mean I couldn't become bitter and cynical if I were willing to let myself. I still have to be careful about it, but it will pass. I'm working on it. By 'cynical' I mean that now that I'm a single girl again and am dating different men, I get many different kinds of conversations, and although I find them all amusing, I don't believe a word they say. Not a word."

"Different lines?" I asked.

"All different," she said. "It's amazing. But while I'm still cynical about the dialogue most men give me, I'm not cynical about the men themselves. Once you grow cynical toward the other sex in general, you're lost."

I said, "It'll be tough on some attractive, honest guy if he falls in love with you and, in spite of yourself, you're suspicious of him when he tells you about it. I hope your disillusionment doesn't last that long."

"It won't last forever," she said. "I won't let it. If this attractive, honest, nice man you're talking about *is* honest, I'll know it. It'll come through. I'll know whether he is talking straight or not."

I asked her, "Has being a divorced woman meant that many of the men you meet try to make passes at you?"

"Verbal passes, yes," she said. "Not physical passes. It's like a football game. I keep wondering who's going to throw the longest pass."

"And you're not about to catch it," I said.

"Certainly not," she said. "I toss it right back, as if it were a hot potato. But it's stimulating. I have to be alert."

She thought of something else. "If I ever remarry, I'll stop working."

"Was that one of the things wrong with your previous marriage?" I asked.

"Not necessarily," she told me. "When I married Eddie I worked very little. I made only three pictures in three and a half years of married life. But I had two children; I ran a home. My life was busy. However, oddly enough, now that I'm not married my life is much busier. I don't even have time to date once a week. I usually do a couple of benefits a week, and the way life is buzzing past me right now I wouldn't have time to be married. I doubt if I would even have time to fall in love, which is bad. That should be given a great deal of time.

"When I quit show business to marry again, I'll want more family, and I'll want to be with them. I won't want somebody else to raise them for me. What I really want is to be a cub-scout mother or a brownie mother. I wish I could go camping with them."

"You don't mean you want a whole troop of children, do you?"

"Goodness no!" she exclaimed. "Not *that* many."

"You startled me," I said.

"You startled *me*," she said. "I'm the one who'll be having them."

"I've heard that nature makes a woman forget the pangs of childbirth," I said.

"That," she assured me, "is a lot of nonsense. It's been more than a year since I had my last, and I remember every single thing about it. It's natural, of course, but it's not picking daisies."

"I guess no man, no matter how vivid his imagination, can ever really understand it," I said.

"It's silly for them to even talk about it," she said. "It's not understandable unless you go through it yourself. I wish it were possible to switch. I think it would do men good if occasionally they could have the babies. I wouldn't mind doing the pacing up and down in the hospital corridor, and there wouldn't be so much of their 'How do you feel, honey?' How do they think you feel? You feel lousy, that's how you feel, but you're supposed to say, 'Fine,' even if you feel terrible."

"If you've got anything else on your mind you want to spill, let's have it," I urged.

"There's one thing," she said. "I had an experience last year which hurt me, and I'm not talking about losing Eddie. I'm talking about the people who used to see Eddie and me when we were together, who apparently were our friends, but after Eddie and I were divorced I never heard from them again. It wasn't that they said anything bad about me, they just forgot me. I've tried to work it out this way: If you ask more of people than they are capable of giving, it's your fault. You must accept them for what they are, not what you want them to be. That's the way you have to accept everybody, including your husband and your children. It took me quite a while to learn that, and learning it still hurts.

"I don't mean that these people have chosen up sides. Maybe they've stopped getting in touch with Eddie too. Maybe they're people who don't want to become involved in our situation, so they shun everyone involved in it. In my case, I happen to like people. I am tuned in on people too much. They can get at me too easily; but by the same token, I'm very sensitive to the impressions of others. I can tell right away if people like me or don't like me."

"That should be a great protection for you," I told her. "It's like an early-warning system."

She said, "The trouble is, I want people to like me so much I keep trying to get them to like me. I sit and talk to them for hours, wondering why they're not getting to know me as well as I'm knowing them.

"One way to lick it is to build a wall around yourself. I had a wall like that for a while. It's only within the past few months that I've been able to tear it down. Then I started to feel alive again. Before that I felt like a plane trying to land without any landing wheels. I'll never feel that way again. It's like learning how to swim. Once you learn you always can. I can swim now."

Moon Pilot (Continued from Page 41)

"You are feeling better—yes?"

Rich made no reply. Instead he arose quickly and groped his way up the aisle, expecting any second the numbing effect of the drug. In the comparative privacy of the plane's pantry he cornered the stewardess who had offered to help him.

"That girl sitting across from me—who is she?" he whispered tensely. "Where is your passenger list?"

His intensity made her curious. "We are not supposed to show that." She was wary. "It's against regulations."

"Look—please." Rich pressed her arm earnestly. "This is extremely important. I've got to know!"

The stewardess hesitated. Then, being romantically inclined, she reached for the list on a shelf and ran a finger down the row of names. "Twenty-four-A," she found it. "The name is Lyrae—*L-y-r-a-e*. First name not given."

"Lyrae," Rich repeated, his fears reinforced by its un-American sound. "Where is she from?"

"We have no record of that, sir."

"Where did she get on this plane?"

"Los Angeles."

He looked past her and saw the girl named Lyrae watching them. "Is she traveling alone?"

"Well, not now she isn't." The stewardess smiled, a little puzzled by the good-looking passenger's taste. "Would you like my private and personal opinion about her?"

"Yes, yes." Rich accepted it eagerly.

"Well, from her looks I'd say she's a beatnik—you know, one of the 'beat' set."

"Thanks," Rich mumbled and returned slowly to his seat.

He pushed back his seat to a reclining position and closed his eyes to discourage conversation. His pulse was still pounding. He wondered if he shouldn't write a note to leave with the stewardess: "In the event of my death please notify Holloman Air Base immediately. The poison was given me by the passenger in 24-A."

A few minutes later he was surprised to discover that he felt fine. His queasiness was gone entirely. And as his strength returned his alarms subsided. Now he felt ashamed of his suspicions and glanced guiltily at the girl across the aisle. She was paying him no attention, reading softly aloud from her textbook, "My cousin lives in Chi-ca-go. Have you ever been to Chi-ca-go?"

I'm a jittery jerk, Rich admonished himself, relaxing. *Just because she has an accent and looks a bit odd, I jump to the conclusion she's a Russian spy. Get hold of yourself, son. You've been seeing too much television.* Still, he wondered where she was from.

She looked up from her book and asked simply, "Why?"

Rich was taken aback. "Why what?" he inquired puzzledly.

"Why do you wish to know where I come from?"

"I—I didn't say a word," he stammered.

"Oh," she apologized, "excuse me. I thought you did." And she went back to her English lessons.

This baffling exchange was their last for several hours. When the luncheon trays were served, Rich almost accepted one before he caught himself. Having missed breakfast in his rush for the plane, he was starving. He reached under the seat for his kit bag, took it to the men's room and there in locked privacy he sucked out a squeeze of the nourishing paste. It had no apparent taste or substance, but a few minutes later, back in his seat, he was surprised to find his ravenous appetite satisfied. It was not until the plane started to land at Philadelphia that their eyes met again.

"Are you going on to New York?" Rich felt it only polite to say something.

"No, I am getting off here too," said the girl.

They were disembarking before it struck him as curious that she knew his destination. (*Continued on Page 100*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SOCIABLES prefer Pepsi

Their friendliness makes them welcome

—their presence adds to the fun. Their choice in refreshment is the same as yours, Pepsi-Cola. It refreshes without filling. You're one of The Sociables. Have a Pepsi anywhere—at play, at home or at your favorite soda fountain.

"PEPSI-COLA" AND "PEPSI" ARE TRADEMARKS OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PEPSI-COLA

Be Sociable, Have a Pepsi

Refresh without filling

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 98*) No one had mentioned it. He lost sight of her briefly in the crowded airport, but saw her again at the taxi stand. She had not been met and she carried no luggage, Rich noted, which added to his mystification. In the cool May twilight a slight drizzle was falling, but she carried no coat, no cosmetics case, nothing but that plain metallic purse and the English book under her arm. She looked lonely and a little lost.

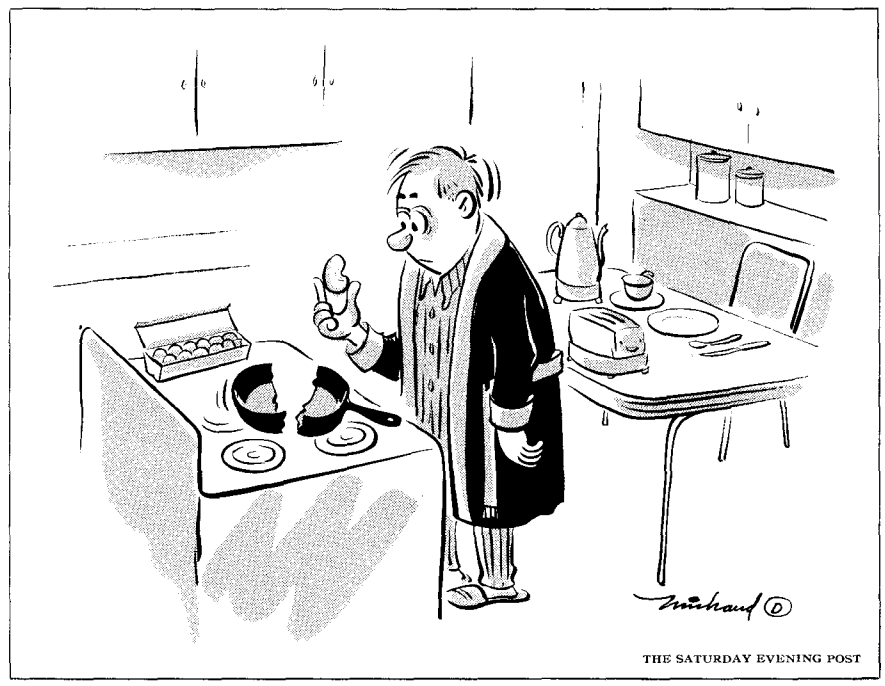
A taxi drove up, stopped in front of her, and the driver reached back to open the door. She hesitated, looking at Rich with a tentative smile. He glanced away, pretending not to see the implied invitation; and when he looked again she was gone.

He hailed a taxi. And riding into Philadelphia to the bus station, and for most of the way to Wilkes-Barre he wondered about her strange behavior—disturbing to a young scientist who believed that every enigma is explainable, even women.

From a pocket he took the little blue bottle she had given him, hoping for a possible clue. There was none, no label at all. Well, whoever she was, he knew he would never see her again. A week from now he would probably be cosmic dust—in endless and lifeless orbit around a lifeless moon.

His mother and older brother, Walt, had received his wire from Albuquerque, and a warm welcome awaited him after a two-year absence. Their home was a small cottage, but inside it was spotless. It was long after suppertime when Rich arrived. They had waited for him, and his mother had prepared his favorite dish—pigs' knuckles with sauerkraut and Moravian dumplings.

While she put supper on the table, Rich's brother, a foreman in one of the mines, bombarded him with some surprisingly astute questions about the Government's missile program. "How much thrust have your new rockets got? . . . Do you think nuclear power will replace the solid fuels? . . . What's the next big project after the X-fifteen?" Plus one or two guesses that were uncomfortably close to top secrets. Obviously the space age had captured more imaginations than they realized at Holloman.



Rich fended him off with vague answers and was relieved to find his mother more interested in the state of his appetite, laundry and celibacy.

"Have you found yourself a nice girl out there in New Mexico?" She was curious and perhaps worried about Indians.

"Not yet. They keep me too busy on the base."

"Helen Tregaskis is still here in town," his mother remarked as they sat at the table. "And she always asks about you."

"How is Helen?" he asked dutifully.

"Prettier than ever. Personally, son, I think she's still in love with you."

"I know she is," Rich's brother grinned. "She told me so herself. You ought to call her, Rich. She'll take over from there."

"Maybe I will," Rich said absently, watching his mother fill his plate and thinking about the girl on the plane.

What happened next was a painful crisis, the first of several to follow. Rich's embarrassed announcement that he was on "a special airman's diet test" and thus unable to partake of the delicious pigs' knuckles with all the fixings upset his mother greatly. Nor did sight of the tube of paste do much to allay her distress.

"Why, it's ridiculous! They have no right to starve you like that," she protested indignantly. "You aren't an airman. You don't have to go up in those planes—do you?"

"No, ma'am." Rich was technically truthful, his vehicle being a four-stage rocket.

"Then you eat some of these knuckles," she insisted, "and put that silly tooth paste away."

Rich did his lame best to explain why he couldn't, and no amount of inducement would make him touch anything else. So his home-coming dinner was not altogether a happy event.

He tried to make amends with a warm show of affection as he helped her with the dishes later, and this soon had her smiling again. Then they talked for a while until his brother went to bed, and Rich said he would like to take a short stroll before turning in. So he kissed his mother good night and went out.

He walked slowly along the dimly lighted street that held a thousand fond memories—every house, every tree, every crack in the pavement. He looked up at the moon and wondered if on other planets they said, "There's a beautiful earth out tonight."

In the next block as he passed a street light he was recognized suddenly by a girl in a passing car. She stopped with squealing brakes and swung up to the curb beside him.

"Rich!" she exclaimed in happy surprise.

"Helen!" He was genuinely pleased to see her. She was a stunning blue-eyed brunette, with more zip than a TV com-

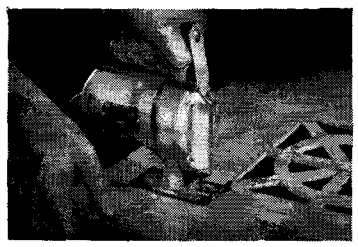
Photographed at Florida's Silver Springs

The fun comes sooner this year!

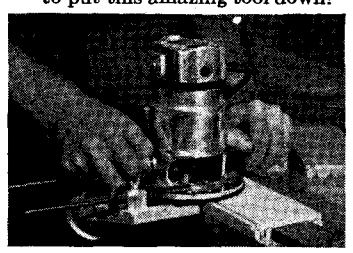
The "Sally Ho" will be in the water *weekends* ahead of schedule because Mr. *and* Mrs. invested in a Black & Decker U-3 Drill with a Sander Attachment. A *very* smart investment! Smart for HIM because *this* drill packs a *reserve* of power to drive many attachments. Smart for HER because lots of jobs get done lots faster *on* board or *at* home. The fun always comes sooner with Black & Decker.

See the complete line of B&D Drills at your B&D dealer. Priced from $16.95. Major attachments from $9.95.

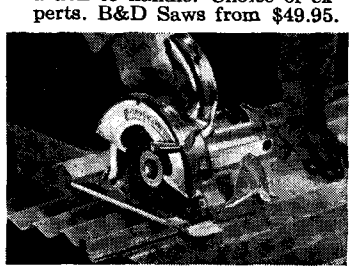
B&D's IMPROVED JIG SAW gives you 25% faster cutting. Cuts straight, curved or intricate designs. Two *extra* blades free. Only $29.95.

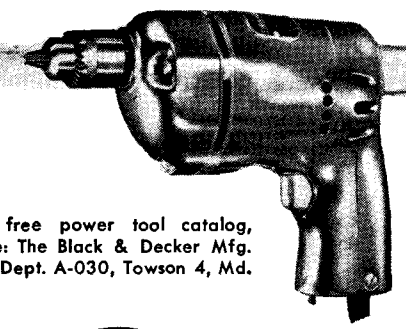


B&D's ¾ H.P. HEAVY-DUTY ROUTER is almost a complete woodworking shop. Talk about fancy work! You won't want to put this amazing tool down!



B&D's 6½" HEAVY-DUTY SAW turns amateurs into pros! B&D-built motor. Tough, durable, yet a doll to handle. Choice of experts. B&D Saws from $49.95.





See 'Tools-Electric' -Yellow Pages- for Service & Sales

For free power tool catalog, write: The Black & Decker Mfg. Co., Dept. A-030, Towson 4, Md.

50th YEAR Black & Decker®

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mercial, and her warm manner toward Rich supported his family's theory.

"When did you get into town?"

"Tonight. Just a few hours ago."

"Well, come on, get in here!" She opened the car's door and slid over, so that he could take the wheel. "Let's go park somewhere and have a good talk. I'm dying to hear what you're doing."

Rich laid an eager hand on the door, then hesitated soberly. He knew very well what parking with Helen meant, and it was a delightful prospect for a man who had come from two years in the desert. But he thought of his pledge to General Vannemann and fought off the temptation. "Well—er—maybe not tonight, Helen," he apologized. "I had a rough flight coming East and I'm shot. I was just walking around the block before hitting the sack."

"Now don't be absurd." She patted the seat. "You can sleep all day tomorrow. Jump in."

"Really, I'd like to," he assured her sincerely, "but I can hardly keep my eyes open. You understand, don't you?"

She studied him for a moment, then her warmth grew perceptibly less. "Sure. Sure, I understand. I'm being brushed off. Well!"

"Helen, please—I couldn't be happier to see you. Believe me, you look lovely. I—er—I'm just pooped, that's all."

"O.K., O.K., I get it." She was almost in tears, angry tears, at his transparent excuses. "I never had to beg you before and I won't beg you now—or ever! Good night!" She slid back behind the wheel, slammed the door and drove away like a jet taking off.

He gave a deep sigh for the shattered friendship and turned back toward home. He was almost home when suddenly he saw her, only a few yards ahead. She stood waiting for him on the dark sidewalk, the girl from the plane. Rich froze in his tracks.

"Good evening," she said quietly and moved closer.

He stared, incredulously. "How—what are you doing here?"

"I came to talk with you."

His suspicions soared. "About what?" he demanded.

"The thing your Air Force is planning to do." She spoke slowly and evenly with that faint, unplaceable accent. "It has no possible chance to succeed unless you correct the mistakes."

Rich was dumfounded as she paused, waiting for his response. "I—I don't know what you're talking about," he stammered. "You—you've got me mixed up with somebody else."

The strange girl shook her head. "No, I do not think so, Captain Talbot. They hope to send you around the moon in a rocket next Friday and to bring you back to earth."

He felt miles above it now, suspended in time and space, asleep and dreaming. His logical mind told him that what he was hearing was impossible. She couldn't know this. But somehow she did. And what was more frightening, she seemed to know more than he did.

"Your General Vannemann is a good scientist," she conceded generously, "and although his new rocket is crudely designed, it has all that is necessary to reach the moon—except for two things he has overlooked."

She glanced down at her black metal purse and opened it. "I will tell you what these are." Then, as a Wilkes-Barre citizen approached and passed, she closed the purse quickly. "May we go somewhere that is less public?" she inquired.

Rich was speechless now, and the man down the street was still staring back at her over a shoulder.

"I wanted to tell you on the airplane," the copper-haired girl confessed, "but there were too many people." She waited hopefully for his invitation.

Rich managed to close his mouth. Nothing in his briefing at Holloman had prepared him for this. Spies they had warned him about, yes. But in all the books he had read, or in all the television dramas, they had never used this approach. Concealing his panic, he addressed her in the standard manner, slit-eyed, and tough, lacking only a trench coat.

"Listen, lady, I don't know who the devil you are—and this pitch of yours about some rocket makes no sense. My name isn't Talbot, and I think you're slightly nuts. So stop following me, see?" He backed away from her warily.

"No, no—listen to me, captain, please!" she begged and took a step toward him.

"Go away!" He was firmly frantic. "Quit bothering me, or I'll call a cop!"

She stopped. Rich backed off a few more feet, then turned and began walking fast, waiting for the bullet in his back. As he crossed the street he glanced around at her anxiously. But she stayed there motionless, gazing after him with sad regret.

In front of his house he stopped and looked back again. She was nowhere in sight, and he heard no footsteps. But he felt certain she was there in the dark somewhere and watching him. Instead of entering the house from the front, he strolled around the corner and darted into the rear. Locking the kitchen door and turning on no lights, he crept into the parlor and peeked through the windows which faced the street. A car sped by, then there was silence. Suddenly he heard the town-hall clock striking midnight, and it rang a bell in his own belfry. With enormous relief Rich knew what he should do and why he had been ordered to do it.

He locked the front door, listened a moment, then crossed to a table where the telephone lay. He dialed for the long-distance operator, waited and then spoke softly so as not to disturb the sleepers. "I want Holloman Air Force Base in New Mexico. The number is Chaves four-three hundred." In his excitement he forgot to add "collect."

The ring awakened General Vannemann from a sound sleep. But after one minute of Rich's whispered report he was bolt upright in the bed. "What did she look like?" he shot back to Wilkes-Barre.

"Well, she was young, sir—around twenty or so. And nice-looking in a peculiar way, with sort of red curly hair cut short and big gray eyes." He described her attire. "And she spoke with a foreign accent. I couldn't tell what it was, sir."

"We can pretty well guess, can't we? And you say you got her name. Spell it!" The general grabbed a pencil and pad from his bed table.

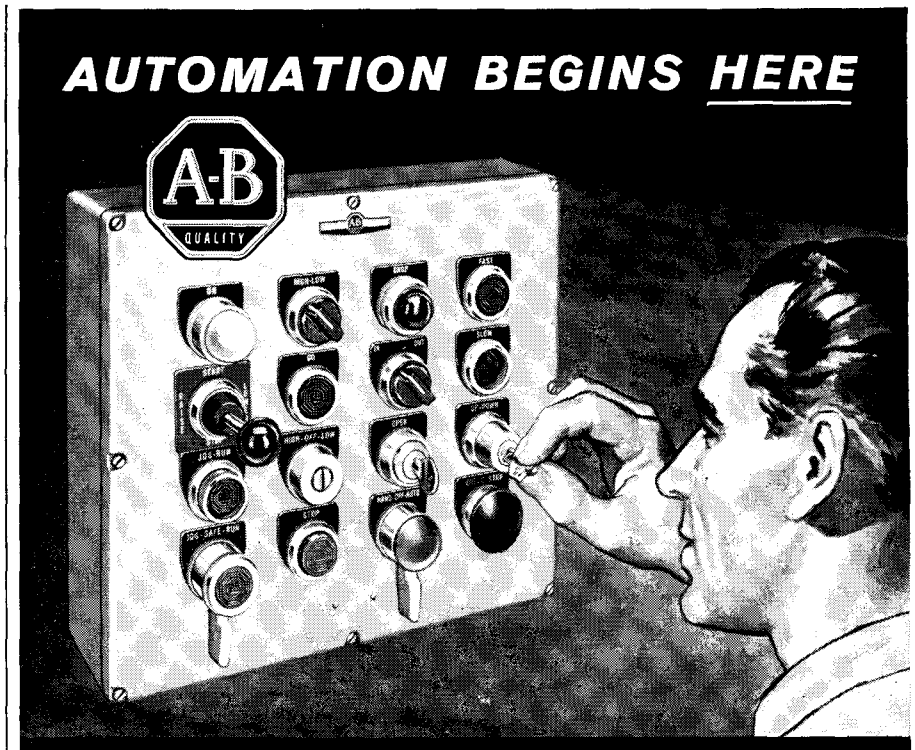
"Lyrae, sir. *L-y-r-a-e*. I remember that clearly. Sounds kind of Russian, doesn't it, sir?"

"That's not her real name, of course." The space chief's brain was now racing like one of his computing machines. "They're much too smart for that. But how could she know? Who told her?" A staggering thought struck him. "They must have a spy on the base here—one of our own men!"

"Good gracious!" Rich cried. "I never thought of that!" There was silence as they both entertained this ghastly possibility of an Air Force traitor; then, "What shall I do about this girl, sir?"

"I'm thinking." A pause. "Can you leave there tonight—immediately?"

"Well, sir—yes, if there's a train before morning." (*Continued on Page 103*)

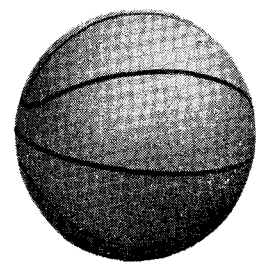


ALLEN-BRADLEY

Quality Motor Control

Continuous automatic production begins with reliable, maintenance free control units—and there's nothing to equal Allen-Bradley quality controls. You have a tremendous selection of A-B Bulletin 800T oiltight units—push buttons, selector switches, and pilot lights—to satisfy *every* control station need. Also, the die-cast aluminum enclosures are so attractive they give your machines a definite sales advantage. Send for Publication 6090 for full details. Write Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 South Third Street, Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

Basketball for YOU



You're the pivotman in this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to win a nationally advertised, laminated rubber basketball. Regulation weight and shape.

Get yours now by selling just two 1-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions or three 1-year *Holiday* subscriptions to persons outside your own home at the full subscription price. Renewals count the same as new subscriptions (one year *Post* subscription, $6.00; one year *Holiday* subscription, $5.00—U.S. and Canada). We cannot accept your personal subscription or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail to address below together with your name, address and remittance for the total amount. In return, we'll send the basketball.

This offer is good in Continental U.S. only until April 30, 1960. Sorry, no basketballs can be sold.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
259 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

Command the Pleasure of GRAVELY Power!

Know the pleasure of doing your lawn and garden work with the best. Enjoy the unmatched performance of the Gravely Tractor!

Mow the toughest rough or the finest lawn—*faster, better, easier!* Choose from 30 job-proved tools!

NEW full-flow Oil Filter, NEW Power—now 6.6 HP—integral REVERSE, ALL-GEAR DRIVE. Optional Electric Starter, Riding or Steering Sulkies.

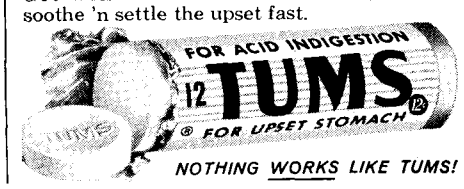
Ask your Gravely Sales and *Service* Dealer for a Free Demonstration. Or, write for 24-page "Power vs Drudgery" Booklet today!

GRAVELY TRACTORS, INC.
P.O. BOX 616-C DUNBAR, W. VA.

Do some foods give you

HEART BURN?

Get wonderful relief with TUMS. TUMS soothe 'n settle the upset fast.

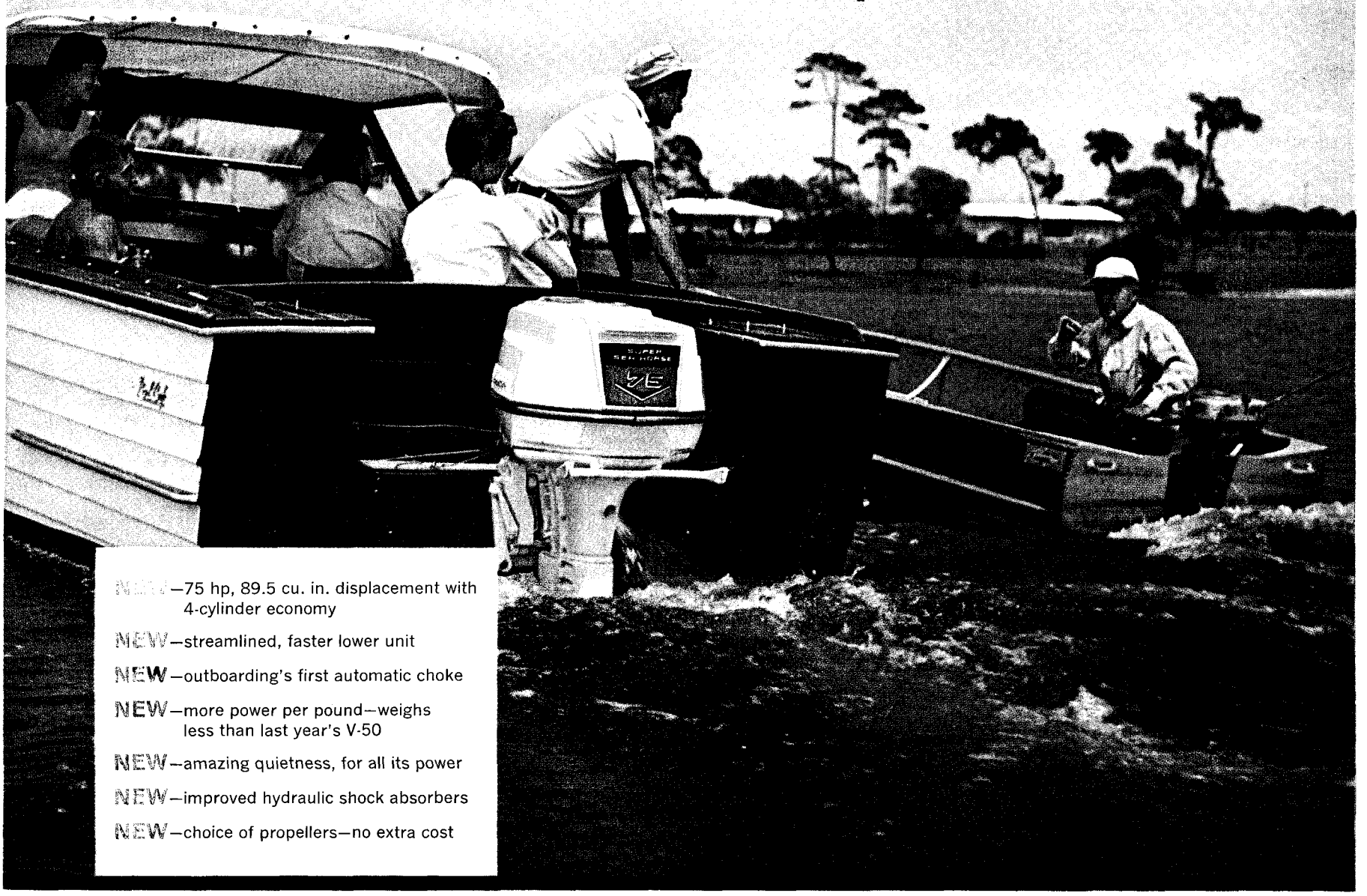


NOTHING WORKS LIKE TUMS!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALL-NEW JOHNSON V-75

Fastest Sea-Horse ever...*and* dependable as ever!



NEW—75 hp, 89.5 cu. in. displacement with 4-cylinder economy

NEW—streamlined, faster lower unit

NEW—outboarding's first automatic choke

NEW—more power per pound—weighs less than last year's V-50

NEW—amazing quietness, for all its power

NEW—improved hydraulic shock absorbers

NEW—choice of propellers—no extra cost

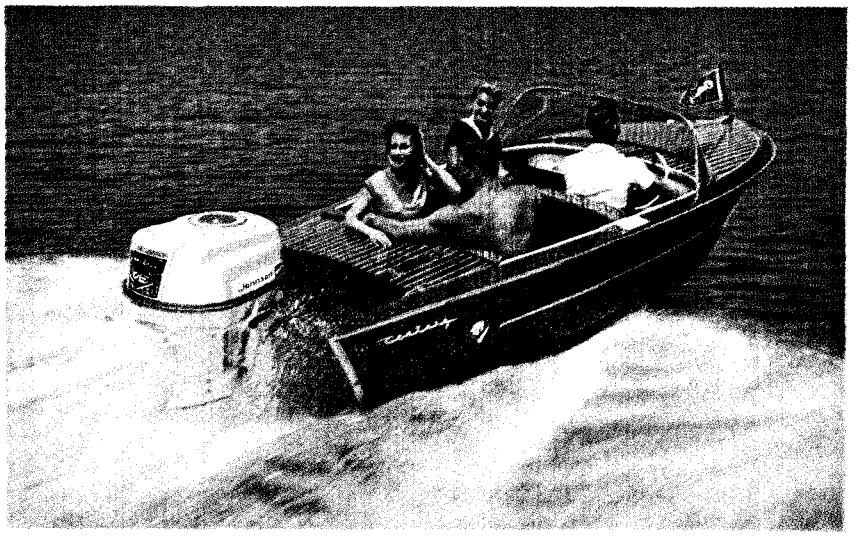
New Super Sea-Horse V-75 meets Johnson of the 1920's, still in use today.

MORE PEOPLE OWN JOHNSONS THAN ANY OTHER OUTBOARD MOTOR

There's nothing newer on the water than the Sea-Horse V-75: new *speed* the whole family will enjoy, new *power* to make even a loaded cruiser feel frisky as a runabout. One thing, however, is not new in this sleek V-75. It has the same rugged dependability that's been built into every one of more than two million Johnson motors. Johnson has made more outboard motors than anyone else—and more people have chosen Johnson than any other make of motor. There are many reasons. Johnson has always been a leader in styling, engineering and all-around value. But above all else has been Johnson's dependability—a by-word among boatmen throughout the world for over thirty years. This is the kind of reputation you want behind you when you take to the water. You'll find it in seven exciting new 1960 Sea-Horses, 3 to 75 hp, now on display at your Johnson dealer's. He's listed under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages. Prices start at $160, f.o.b. factory, subject to change.

FREE 1960 SEA-HORSE CATALOG! See your dealer or write Johnson Motors, 731 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois. (In Canada, Peterborough, Ontario) Div., Outboard Marine Corporation.

FASTEST MOVING SEA-HORSE EVER LAUNCHED. New Johnson Super Sea-Horse V-75 gives speeds over 40 m.p.h. on many boats. Priced at $895, electric starting included.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 101*) "What about planes?" Then quickly he rejected the idea. "No, they'll be watching the planes. Take a bus."

"Yes, sir. Where to, sir?"

The leader of the moon-probe project paused to plot a new orbit for him. "Now listen closely, captain. These are orders. I want you to take the first bus out of there tonight for New York—before they waylay you. Is your family asleep?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Don't awaken them. They'd ask too many questions. Just leave a note."

"Yes, sir," Rich whispered. "And what will I do in New York, general?"

"You won't have to worry about that. You'll be taken care of. Just call me at noon tomorrow. And don't talk to anybody, you understand? Not even the FBI."

"The FBI?" Rich was surprised. "Are they here?"

"They will be soon. I'm going to call them now in Philadelphia and tell them to fly some men over there tonight. She undoubtedly has some accomplices with her," the general surmised. "There's always at least one triggerman. We might be able to bag the lot. They wouldn't be so stupid as to send a lone woman after you."

"No, sir, I doubt it. But why can't I just stay here in my house, sir, and wait for the FBI?" It seemed logical and much less inconvenient to Rich.

"Because I don't want them to question you!" His C.O.'s reply was sharp. "The State Department doesn't even know our exact plans. Nobody knows except us, and we've got to keep it that way."

"But, sir," Rich reminded him hesitantly, "I just told you, this girl knows. She even knows the date. And she said we're making a mistake. In fact, I think she mentioned two mistakes."

"Don't be naïve, captain." The space chief's analytical genius was in high gear now. "They're trying to unnerve you. They're doing this in hopes of scaring us, because they want to get there first. I see the whole plot very clearly. It's typical Russian psychology—a war of nerves. By worrying us they could delay us. But you know and I know we haven't overlooked anything. We are ready, and they are not; it's as simple as that." He paused with a minor misgiving. "Unless they are planning to kidnap you. That's the only point I'm worried about."

"I see, sir." Rich welcomed the enlightenment. "It worries me too—a little, sir."

"Don't let it," the general reassured him. "Just do what I say and you'll be perfectly safe. Now pack up and get going. I've got to call Philadelphia."

"Yes, sir." Rich replaced the receiver quietly, went to the front windows again, but saw nothing to increase his alarm. He tiptoed down the hall to his room, shut the door, drew the curtains and turned on a light. When his suitcase was packed and a brief note written, he went out with them and hesitated at the door of his mother's bedroom. With a sigh of regret he kneeled, slipped the note under the door and then went out through the kitchen to the side street.

An hour or so after daylight the bus was barreling along at a fast clip through the May-green hills of New Jersey. It was half filled with sleepy commuters and two or three nondescript characters who could have been anything.

Rich studied them carefully in turn from the rear seat where he sat alone, alert to their every move or glance. He had begun to relax when they stopped in Dover and took on three new passengers, two middle-aged women and a man. The women sat forward, but the man looked around casually, then came to the back, planked himself heavily and opened a copy of a Philadelphia newspaper. As the bus rolled on, Rich edged closer to the window and surveyed the newcomer nervously from the corners of his eyes.

He was perhaps forty, thickset, with broad shoulders and big square hands. His suit was dark gray and wrinkled, and he carried a raincoat that needed cleaning. His face was rugged and unshaven, with a heavy Slavic jaw and small eyes of palest blue. Rich recognized the type with a start—the triggerman. He even saw the unmistakable bulge of the shoulder-holstered gun.

This was it. They had caught up with him. Rich's eyes darted to the two women up front. Would the triggerman dare pull it here with a dozen witnesses, or wait and follow him when he got off? He envisioned the headlines, AIR FORCE OFFICER'S BODY FOUND IN JERSEY MEADOW. The killer turned a page, and Rich tensed all over. Should he slug him now, snatch the gun and deliver him to the police at the next town? Yes, that was his best chance.

Suddenly he jumped as the man beside him spoke quietly from behind his paper. "We missed her."

Rich stared, unsure that he had heard correctly, or even that the words were addressed to him.

"My husband likes to eat in bed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"She must have had a car," the hoarse whisper resumed. "We flung a net over Wilkes-Barre an hour after we got the call. Four of us flew up from Philadelphia—combed the town, set up roadblocks, went through every hotel. She's either holed up there or she slipped through our fingers."

It took a moment for Rich to revise his picture of Khrushchev's triggerman. "Who are you—FBI?" he whispered. The man nodded. "Let me see your credentials," Rich demanded.

The other reached into an inside pocket, produced a small case, flipped it open, held it for Rich to see, then quickly put it back. "We need more details on this Lyrae woman," he murmured. "What did she tell you on the plane?"

"Not much. She gave me a pill for air sickness. I've still got the bottle." He brought it out, and the Government agent took it eagerly, removed the cap and sniffed at the contents.

"How many of these did you take?"

"Only one."

"Any aftereffects?"

"Well, yes—I felt better."

His companion pocketed the bottle. "It may have a delayed reaction." This startling possibility had not occurred to Rich. "Now," said the agent briskly, "why would this woman be following you? Are you a big wheel in the Air Force?"

Rich tightened at the bull's-eye question. "No, Mr. McClosky, I'm a very small wheel."

He received a skeptical glance. "You on some kind of secret mission?"

Rich shook his head. "I was simply on leave, visiting my family."

The FBI man was still dubious. "Now listen, captain, you don't have to clam up with me. We work for the same Government and we've got the same interests. So whatever the Commies want from you, it's just another piece of the big picture. And I'm in that picture with you. I can be blown just as high as you."

Rich was silent for a moment, thinking of next Friday and the moon. "I rather doubt that," he replied.

"Don't kid yourself. We could all go up together. So come on, give. This bunch we're dealing with doesn't play for marbles."

"How do you know it's a bunch?" Rich demanded. "I saw only one girl. If there were more of them and they plan to kill me or kidnap me, they could have done it last night. All she wanted was to tell me something."

"What was it?" McClosky asked eagerly.

Rich sat back and folded his arms. "I'm not talking."

They rode on in a thick climate of mutual distrust, each bound to his orders and wondering what Lyrae's were—and mainly where she was.

In the New York bus terminal they took a taxi, then changed to another around Fifty-ninth Street and Second Avenue, although no one seemed to be following them. At Seventy-third and Broadway the FBI man ordered the driver to stop, paid him and waited until he pulled away. Then he led Rich around the corner to where a sedan was parked with a man behind the wheel. They got in and rode east again, back through the park. Nobody spoke for a few minutes until McClosky asked the driver, "Any word from Wilkes-Barre?"

Their chauffeur shook his head. "Only one man remembers seeing her—with him," he nodded to Rich. "He thought she was a floozy trying to pick him up. When she didn't, he came back and made a play for her himself."

Are you sure the wall paint you plan to buy goes on as smooth, dries as fast and washes as well as those wonderful

LOWE BROTHERS PAINTS

Style-Tested Colors for Home and Industry

The Lowe Brothers Company, Dayton 2, Ohio

VISE-GRIP

DOES MORE JOBS EASIER THAN *ANY OTHER TOOL*

AT YOUR DEALER *only* $2.15 *to* $2.95

Dept. NO. SE 3

PETERSEN MFG. CO.

DE WITT, NEBRASKA

HOW TO MEET EXPENSES

YOU can earn extra cash to meet your expenses by selling subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, The American Home,* and *Jack and Jill,* and other popular magazines. Earn generous commissions in your spare time. We'll send details without obligation.

Write to

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY

257 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Penna.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rich sat forward with interest. "What happened?"

"That's what he can't remember," the driver said puzzledly. "When he came to, it was four A.M., and he was two miles out of town, walking toward Scranton."

McClosky turned to Rich. "See what I mean? They play rough." He took the blue bottle from a pocket and handed it up to the driver. "Pete, take this straight to the lab when you drop us off and have it analyzed. Tell 'em it's a rush job, then call me at the hotel soon as you get the report."

"Right."

"And if they've got the antidote, bring it to us—pronto!"

They drew up in front of a small hotel in the East Sixties and sat until McClosky was satisfied that no one had trailed them. Then he got out with Rich; they went inside quickly, and the car sped off.

The lobby was small but smartly appointed, and the manager wore a carnation. He expected them. No signatures were needed. He glanced at Rich with veiled curiosity, led them into his office and closed the door.

"You've got the woman's description?" McClosky spoke first; the manager nodded. "O.K. I'll have a man in the lobby day and night. If she comes in, he'll spot her too. Is the telephone bugged?"

"Yes, everything's taken care of." The manager looked at Rich. "Would you care to have your meals sent up?"

"It won't be necessary, thank you," Rich replied. "I've got them all here." He indicated his suitcase. The manager and McClosky looked down at it, then at each other with lifted brows.

They took the elevator to the top floor, where the manager led them into a suite done in chartreuse and shocking pink, with a sitting room and two bedrooms. Rich was impressed, realizing that Uncle Sam is not penurious with VIP's, and that he was one. The manager carefully tested the locks of the bedroom doors which connected with adjoining suites, then left them. McClosky turned on the television and ordered lunch, baffled by his companion's refusal to join him. Rich waited until he was finished with the telephone, then took it up, and McClosky whirled quickly. "Who are you calling?"

She Should Have Read Between the Lines

He got away, escaped the hook!
Now, ruefully, she's finding
That reading him just like a
book
Was too hard on the binding.

Richard F. Armknecht

"Holloman Air Base. On orders. Any objections?" By now Rich was sore of being hustled around, robbed of his home leave, chained to a bodyguard. Why couldn't they find this girl by themselves?

"O.K., O.K., don't get touchy." McClosky held up his hands. "I just wanted to know."

Rich placed the call and, waiting, inquired, "Do you mind if I take this call in private?"

"Sorry," said the G man. "My orders don't allow that."

Rich glared. Did they suspect *him?* And if so, of what? His slow burn increased; and by the time he heard General Vannemann's voice, he was simmering.

"Captain Talbot reporting as requested, sir. I am in New York."

"Good. Fine. Anything new?"

"No, sir."

"Neither have we. I'm turning this base inside out, looking for the dirty ——"

"Careful, sir," Rich stopped him hastily. "This line is tapped by the FBI." He glanced at McClosky, who seemed blandly indifferent to the disclosure.

"The devil it is!" the space chief exploded. "How dare they! This is official Air Force business."

"Would you like to tell them that, sir?" Rich asked. "One of them is standing right here beside me."

The general hesitated. "No, never mind. We've all got to work together on this, captain. Try to co-operate. But don't tell them a word about—you know."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's all for now. Keep me posted regularly at the times we agreed."

"Sir," Rich said quickly before the other could hang up, "may I say something personal?"

"Be careful," the other returned the warning. "Watch your words now."

"I will, sir; I just wanted to say that I think I'm getting a raw deal, sir. It isn't fair to keep me locked up in these rooms until—well, it's not what you promised me, general. I can't help it about this girl but I want some freedom; and under the circumstances, I think I deserve it."

His temerity surprised him and interested McClosky. It also impressed the general.

"Yes, I agree," Vannemann admitted after a moment's thought. "I'll call Washington and ask Ed Hoover to loosen your leash. It makes more sense anyway. If we hope to grab this woman who's been following you, then you're still our best bait. She can't find you if you're locked up in a hotel. And that means we won't find her, most likely. So we'll never know who she is or what she wanted. I'm surprised the FBI didn't think of that."

"So am I, sir." Rich admired the shrewd deductions. "Thank you, general."

He felt better after that and even ate his lunch from a paste tube without resenting it, although he looked longingly at the delicious meal which McClosky was putting away—a charcoal-broiled steak with French fries, a salad and a dessert waiting in a covered dish. The agent was fascinated as he watched the airman squeeze the last squirt from the tube, but his questions got him nowhere.

"Look," Rich told him, "you eat your way, and I'll eat mine."

"Boy, they must be fattening you up for something," McClosky speculated. "This case is taking on new angles every minute. I'm wondering what you meant when you told the general 'under the circumstances' you deserve ——"

He never finished. He had lifted the lid from the dessert dish and was staring—not at the chocolate éclair he had ordered, but at a folded piece of paper. Slowly he picked up the note, unfolded it and read a penciled message, "Captain Talbot, please do not avoid me. It is truly your life at stake." There was no signature.

McClosky leaped from his chair, knocking it over. "What's the matter?" Rich asked.

"Look at this!"

Rich took the note, read it, and they looked at each other in bewilderment. "Where—how did you get it?"

"It was inside that dessert dish!" the agent exclaimed. "That means she's here in the hotel! She slipped it in somehow,

Instantly at your fingertips...music's most exciting sounds

on The LOWREY ORGAN

Lowrey models start at $895, f.o.b., factory.

EASIEST TO PLAY OF ALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Most people wish for the pleasure and satisfaction of playing just one musical instrument. Lowrey owners have the fun of a whole orchestra.

You and your family can enjoy all these exciting instrumental sounds the first time you try The Lowrey—even if you have never had a music lesson. Simply set the plainly labeled "tabs" for the sounds you want, or combine instruments for rich orchestral effects. With all this tonal richness and variety, even the simplest tunes played by beginners sound wonderful.

But this is something you must discover for yourself. Visit your nearby Lowrey Organ Studio (listed in the Yellow Pages) and try this remarkable instrument. Or, phone your Lowrey dealer and ask to have an organ sent to your home for a free trial. Ask about our learn-as-you-play lessons, too.

You will find that The Lowrey is the most complete organ, for its price, on the market. Even the lowest priced Lowrey has *two* 44-note keyboards, *plus* 13 pedals and outstanding percussion. Easy time payments can be quickly arranged. The Lowrey Organ Company, 7373 N. Cicero, Lincolnwood, Chicago 46, Illinois.

THE LOWREY ORGAN

Easiest to play of all musical instruments
Its patented and exclusive features make the difference

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thinking that you'd get it." McClosky ran to the door, unlocked it, then whirled to look back. "You stay here. Lock this door and don't leave these rooms until I get back." He grinned. "How's this for luck? She walked right into our trap!"

He ran out, slamming the door. Rich reread the ominous note, then went to the door and locked it. Now he found that this startling development left him with mixed emotions. He sighed with pity for her wretched fate. He dreaded having to face her again. Then he turned back into the room and did just that.

She was standing in the doorway of the bedroom, wearing the same plain clothes, the same gentle, hopeful expression.

"I am sorry to surprise you this way," she apologized, "but there is so little time that I ——"

"How—how did you get in here?" Rich gasped.

"From the next apartment," she replied calmly. "It is unoccupied."

"But our doors were locked! I saw them being locked."

She smiled faintly, but said nothing. They looked at each other. Rich knew he should grab her and call the desk for McClosky. But he hesitated. Suppose the G men could not get her to talk? Any girl with her courage might have iron nerves under any test. Then too, as General Vannemann said, "We'll never know who she is or what she wanted." So wouldn't it be smarter to get it from her first, while she was off guard? Of course it was. He pretended to relax and changed his hostile manner to a friendlier tone.

"You took a big chance sending that note. They'll tear this hotel apart looking for you."

"I know," Lyrae nodded. "That is why I sent it—in order to see you alone."

"Oh." This stopped him for a second. "Well, in that case, won't you sit down?" he suggested.

"Thank you." She sat on the sofa, and her calm poise amazed him. She must be made of pure ice, he decided. Or maybe they train them this way.

"I—I'm sorry I was rude last night," he began and meant it.

"I understood." She tried to put him at ease. "I frightened you. I did not want to."

In this softer light she looked quite different, Rich noted; she was less like a beatnik and more like—well, Brigitte Bardot, only less obvious. Rich glanced around at the hallway door, hoping that McClosky would not return too soon. Then he sat on the edge of a chair facing his visitor, knowing he would have to work fast, even bluntly.

"Before you say anything else, I'd like to ask a few things. First, where are you from?"

Her gray eyes wavered as if she had dreaded this. "It does not matter," she murmured. "The only ——"

"It matters to me," he cut her off. "Are you a Russian?"

"A Russian?" She seemed puzzled for a second, then slightly amused. "No, I am not. And I am not a spy, as you think." Her eyes sobered. "I do not want anything from you, captain—only to save your life."

"Yes, so you said." He was ironically polite. "Now, who told you there was a rocket being shot to the moon?"

"I said you would try to," she corrected him. "And that it would fail—unless you follow our instructions."

"'Our'?" he leaned forward tensely. "Who is that?"

"My people. I can't tell you more."

Rich hesitated, watching her steady, serious eyes that never blinked. What was she trying to pull on him? Were her bosses so stupid as to think he would fall for this bush-league Mata Hari stuff, this corny routine about "my people, I cannot tell you more"? He felt sure that the next thing she said would be, "Take me to your leader."

"No," she said, "I do not want to see your leader. He would ask too many questions. I came here only to see you. Because I know that what happened to the chimpanzee will also happen to you, unless ——"

Rich slid off the edge of his chair, but caught himself. "The chimp! What—what do you mean?"

"He was insane when the rocket landed," said Lyrae quietly. "You did not know how to protect him from the proton rays which affect the brain."

The vivid memories returned to Rich of Charlie's intractable fork and his wild racing around the cage. But, of course, she could know about that from their spy on the base.

"Who told you that?" he demanded.

Lyrae knew what he meant, but she chose to answer him otherwise. "We have known about the rays for a very long time. There is a protection against them, a helmet made from beryllium. You must refuse to go until they have made one for you. And you must also cover the exterior surface of your rocket with a coating of ——"

She broke off suddenly and arose in alarm at the sounds of a doorknob turning and McClosky's voice from the hallway, "Hey, Talbot, open up, let me in."

Lyrae gripped Rich's hand and tried to pull him toward the bedroom. "Come with me. You must let me finish."

Rich was racked with indecision—to go with her or hold her for McClosky. It might be now or never, either way.

NOW, GET MORE HOT WATER . . . NOT JUST HOTTER WATER FROM THIS NEW, DIFFERENT WATER HEATER!

For normal needs dial **30** *. . . for busy days dial* **40** *. . . for peak days dial* **50** . . . yes, with the new Rheem "30-Plus" you merely dial for the gallons of hot water you need and get them, without waiting, without running out, without changing temperature. Now, with a flick of the finger, you set the new Rheem variable input control and get from 30 to 40 to 50 gallons of hot water per hour, heated to a safe, efficient temperature of 140 degrees, pre-set for you at the factory. Gone forever are the days of "overworked" water heaters and the inconvenience of waiting for hot water. Best of all, you won't "outgrow" the "30-Plus," won't have to replace it with a bigger capacity water heater as needs increase. Only your plumbing contractor can bring you this revolutionary new convenience in water heating. Call him today.

RHEEM MANUFACTURING COMPANY
HOME PRODUCTS DIVISION • 7600 South Kedzie Avenue • Chicago 52, Illinois

Growing families, new appliances, bigger homes and changing needs demand different amounts of hot water day to day . . . year to year. Now, dial and get from **30** *to* **40** *to* **50** *gallons of hot water per hour as you need it from one single water heater, the*

NEW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rich threw a glance to the rattling knob and looked back at Lyrae. The fear in her eyes tipped the scales of his decision. She trusted him and no one else, for some strange reason. So he must get the rest from her himself, and alone, before they lost every chance of getting it. Then McClosky could have her and the full facts too—if anything she said was a fact.

"Listen, if you'll go now, I'll try to get away and meet you," he promised earnestly.

"When?"

"As soon as I can."

"Where?"

"Wherever you say. Believe me—but go!"

Lyrae searched his eyes quickly, was satisfied. "Yes, I believe you." She released his hand, backing away. "I will wait in the park—nearby. Come there." Rich nodded and watched her run to the door at the far side of the bedroom, open it and disappear.

McClosky was now banging loudly in alarm. "Talbot! Talbot, who's in there with you?"

Rich turned and switched on the television, then crossed to the door, loosening his tie and pulling off his coat. He flung the coat onto a chair and unlocked the door. The Government agent almost fell inside, flushed and angry.

"What's the idea? Why didn't you answer me?"

"I fell asleep."

His watchdog eyed him suspiciously. "At a time like this you fell asleep?" He glanced around. "I heard a woman's voice in here."

"I left the television on." Rich nodded to it, and by now some woman was talking, selling a shampoo. "Did you find the girl?" he inquired.

McClosky looked back at him. "We don't know yet. We've got the whole staff under arrest. Come on down and see if you can identify her."

"Sure. Be glad to." Rich picked up his coat, feeling like a traitor.

There was panic in the pantry below, where all fourteen members of the hotel's staff were herded for Rich's inspection. He walked past the line-up of terrified maids and housekeepers, valets, cooks, bellboys and office help. No, he announced with apparent regret, Lyrae was not among them. Then McClosky grilled everyone, seeking her accomplices. The waiter who brought the lunch to their rooms swore that no hands touched the tray but his own. Nor had anyone glimpsed any strangers entering, leaving or in the halls. The harassed G man was very severe with his lobby spotter; then he called Washington and made a red-faced report.

It had been a rough day in Washington too. General Vannemann's idea of how best to hunt enemy agents was coolly received by the Federal beagles. And their demands to be told why this Captain Talbot was such a hot potato drew a similar chill from the space chief. Some sharp words were exchanged, and it was suggested to the general that both he and his captain were suffering with hallucinations.

McClosky's report shattered this cynical theory. The mysterious woman's uncanny ability to locate the airman within an hour of his arrival in New York could only be the work of an expert spy ring; and his alert superiors told McClosky that ten more men were being put on the case immediately.

It was quick and commendable action, but not quite fast enough. For while they were talking, and no one was watching him, Rich strolled out of the hotel and quickened his pace until he entered the park.

The fresh air cooled his brain a bit, and he reviewed the risks he was taking. If they planned to kill or kidnap him, he was, of course, walking into their hands—and worse, at his own suggestion. Why hadn't he trusted professionals like McClosky, who said this was undeclared war they were fighting with shrewd enemies who stopped at nothing? No, he had not behaved like an Air Force officer carrying a vital secret, but like an impulsive idiot. He could be court-martialed for this.

Rich halted suddenly on the busy path, surrounded by nursemaids and chattering children. He saw a policeman and decided to go back while it was still safe. He was retracing his steps, walking fast, when he saw her standing in the middle of the path. He stopped warily, scanning the benches on both sides for accomplices. The only man he saw was an old codger feeding peanuts to a squirrel. Then she came up to him and paused.

"Are you alone?" she asked quietly.

Rich nodded, and his eyes narrowed. "Are you?"

"Yes. Where shall we go?"

"We are going to sit right here," Rich said firmly and led her to an empty bench.

They sat facing the road where cars were passing in a steady stream. Rich satisfied himself that the policeman was still within hail, then turned to face Lyrae squarely. "Now listen to me, whoever you are. I'll give you exactly two minutes to convince me that you are not a foreign spy. And I'm warning you first that I don't believe one single word you have said so far."

She was puzzled by this sudden change from his friendly manner at the hotel. "But—but why should I not tell you the truth?"

"Stop it!" he said. "I'm only giving you this chance because you're a woman. But if I find you are lying, I'm going to turn you over to the FBI. Now, once again, where do you come from?"

She hesitated, then gave in to the unavoidable. "I live on Beta Lyrae."

"Beta Lyrae? Where is that?"

She looked up slowly at the blue sky. "Up there."

His eyes, following hers, saw only a few fleecy clouds against the westing sun, then swung to the row of tall buildings alongside the park. "Which apartment?"

"It is not an apartment. It is a planet," she murmured. "You cannot see it from the earth, not even at night. It is beyond—Andromeda, as you call it."

A long pause followed as his eyes remained fixed upon the faraway look in hers. Maybe she's just insane, Rich thought. With these odd-ball clothes and that accent, she might have escaped from some loony bin in Europe and made her way to America, obsessed with her moonstruck mission. Why not? The world is full of astral nuts, and she was the new space-age variety. But wait, he caught himself. There was still Charlie. So somebody had told her.

"No one told me," Lyrae answered his thought, "about the chimpanzee. We knew. We were watching. That is why they sent me to warn you, to prevent it from happening to you." She turned to him intensely. "But you must tell them quickly, captain. They must have time to make the helmet and test it, to satisfy themselves. Now, the coating for the rocket itself ——"

"Wait a second." Rich stopped her. "I want to know about you first. Who taught you this trick of reading minds?"

His stubborn lack of trust disappointed her, and she saw now that she could dispel it only by saying more than she wished. "That is our means of communication on Beta Lyrae. We have no need of words. It took me weeks to learn your language, but I am not as intelligent as most of my people."

Rich smiled faintly at this old saw from the science-fiction mills. "Well, well. And I suppose you can see into the future too?"

"At times, yes," she said. "We can transport the future into the present—for a brief moment—when it serves any great purpose."

That did it. Now she had trapped herself with a flat and provable lie. Rich leaned back and folded his arms. "O.K., let's have a sample. Let's see you do it," he challenged. "You'll never have a greater purpose than now, for your sake. Go ahead, give me a glimpse of the future. And don't give me a lot of words either. I mean something I can see."

She regarded his cynical smile unhappily. "But we are never sure that the vision will come—or what it may be."

"It doesn't have to be a full-length picture." Rich was magnanimous. "Just make it clear and convincing."

Lyrae closed her eyes and pressed the tips of her fingers to her temples. Ten seconds passed, then thirty, and Rich began to feel pity for her helplessness. She had come to the end of her little red rope. He touched her arm. "I'm sorry. I've given you every chance I can—and taken too many myself. Come on, let's go."

He started to rise when he felt the touch of a hand on his knee. He looked around and saw a child standing beside their bench. It was a handsome boy about three years old, wearing a white coverall play suit with a hood which covered his head. He was staring at Rich with large gray eyes and a very solemn expression.

"Hello," Rich greeted him. And Lyrae was also looking at him now with the same curiosity.

"Hello," said the child.

Rich glanced off to nearby benches, but none of the nursemaids was watching them. "Are you lost, sonny?" Rich asked. The boy shook his head.

"What's your name?" Rich inquired.

"Rich-mun," the boy replied.

"Richmond, eh? That's my name too." He smiled at the coincidence and patted the boy's head. "Now you'd better go back where you came from," he advised gently, "or they'll be worried about you."

The boy started to turn obediently, but Lyrae caught his arm. "Please—wait," she invited tensely. Rich saw a strange expression on her face as she gazed at the child.

Slowly she lifted a hand and tipped back the hood, uncovering a beautiful head of coppery-brown ringlets.

Puzzled by her gesture, Rich watched them both for a moment—until suddenly he noticed that the child's hair was precisely the color of Lyrae's. Then he also observed that their faces bore an astonishing resemblance, even to the powdering of freckles.

"Who—whose little boy are you?" Rich heard himself asking.

"Yours," the child answered quietly, and his level look moved to include Lyrae.

The pair on the bench turned to each other until their eyes met in bewilderment. Lyrae was the first to recover. She smiled dazedly as if to say, "Now do you believe?" Rich tore his gaze from her and stared back to the child. The boy was no longer in sight. He had vanished completely.

TO BE CONCLUDED

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Jeffers parked in the only driveway to Art's parking lot and left the keys in his car. To admit another car, Art drove Jeffers' automobile back into his lot, which bordered on a deep river. Unfortunately the brakes didn't work. Art barely managed to jump out before the car plunged into the river. It cost almost exactly the value of the car to fish it out. Jeffers sued for the market value of the vehicle.

"Art should have waited for me to return or else called a policeman to move my car," Jeffers argued. "As it was, he drove my car illegally, without my permission, so he should pay for the damage he did."

"All I did was to shift his car out of my driveway, where it had no business in the first place," Art countered. "I'm not responsible if his brakes failed to work."

If you were the judge, would you make Art pay?

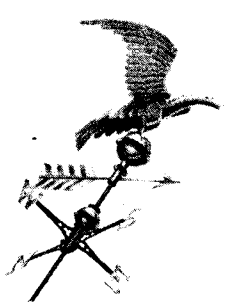
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Art did not have to pay. The court said that all he set out to do was to shift the car so his lot would not be blocked. It held that he was not responsible for dunking the car. *Based upon a 1959 Maine decision.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "Glen" photographed for Arrow in New York's glamorous Shubert Alley

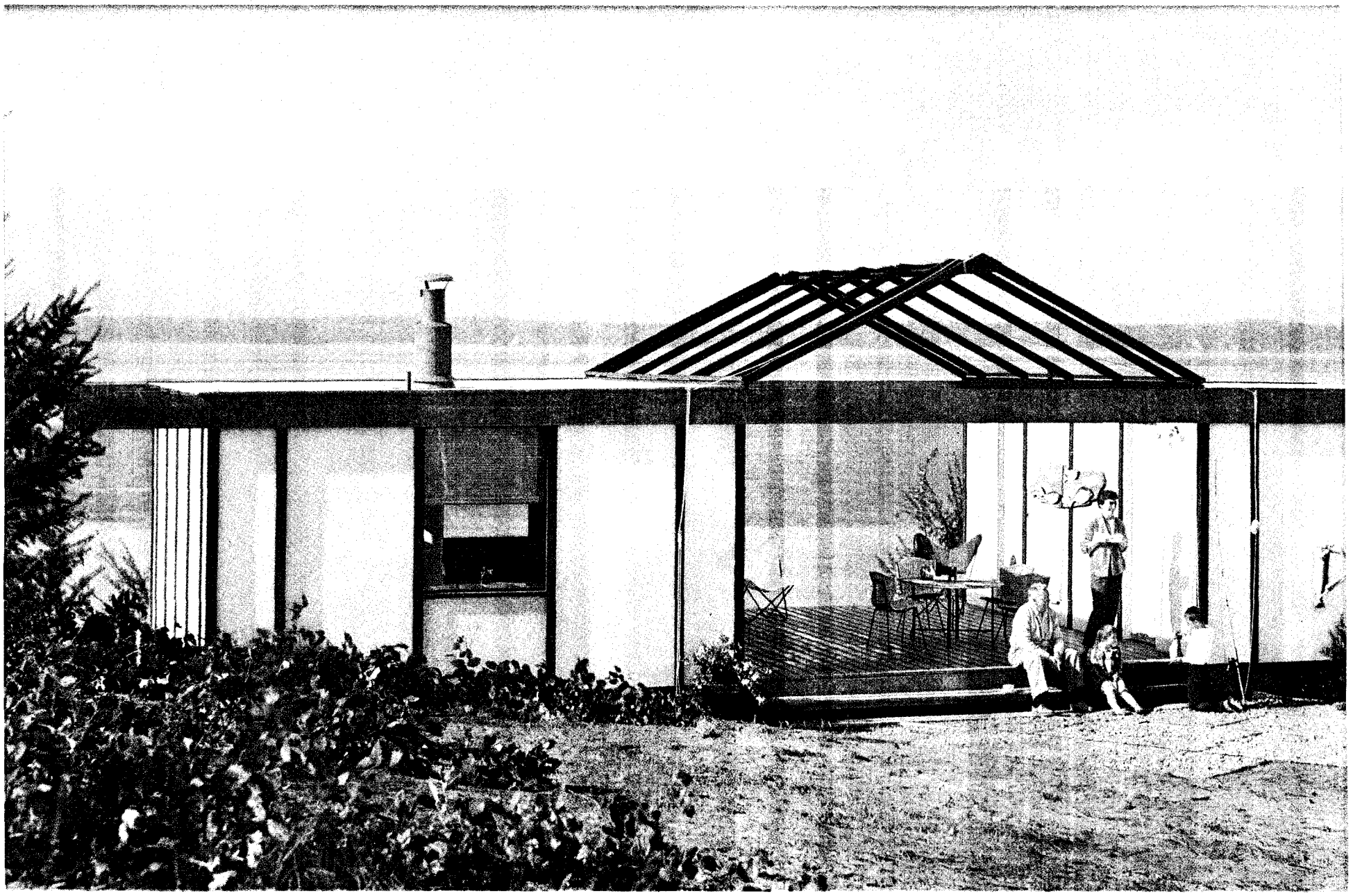
Wherever you go...you look better in an Arrow shirt



FIRST CHOICE of the fashion critics: Arrow *Glen,* the shirt that started the smart new trend to shorter-point collars. With permanent stays, this collar is wondrously soft . . . so comfortable to wear. All Arrow shirts have *Mitoga* fit to slim your figure . . . tapered sleeves that trim down neatly at the cuffs . . . superb fabrics, *Sanforized* labeled for lasting fit. All yours in the Arrow *Glen,* or the *Arden*—same shirt, but with semi-soft, fused collar . . . each 4.25. Arrow all-silk tie 2.50

ARROW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



College Shouldn't Take Four Years

(Continued from Page 21)

graduates who must be recruited for America's largest profession can spare the time to obtain the M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s that are requisites for academic advancement.

Although medical schools are swamped with applications, I am told there has been a decline in the caliber of candidates recently. Small wonder. A prospective physician faces eight years of study, internship and military service after he finishes college. Add two years if he intends to qualify as a specialist. At best, he is close to thirty years old before he can go into private practice. Few families in moderate circumstances can bear such a heavy, prolonged financial strain.

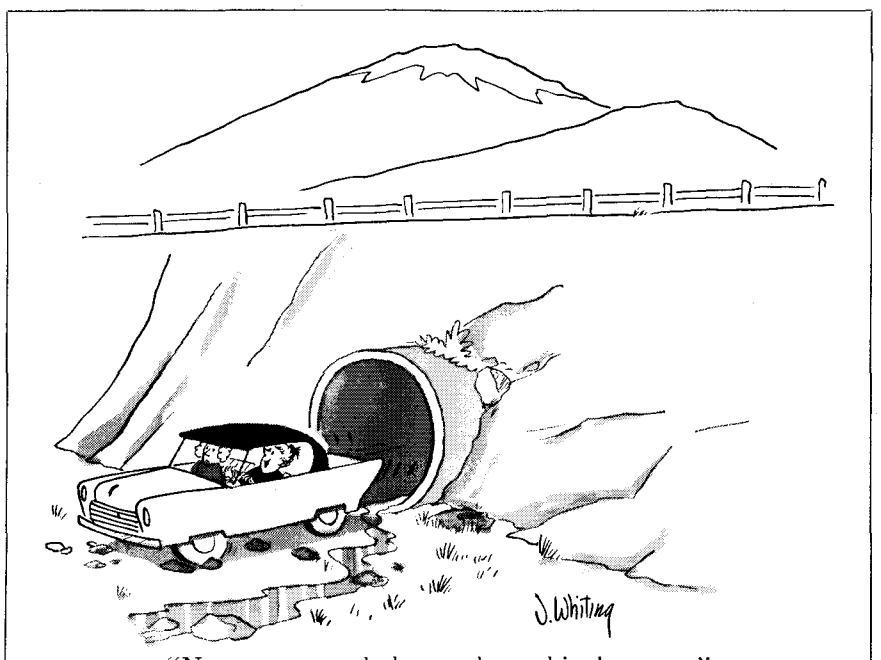
There is a logical remedy for relieving this costly time lag. It is the trimester plan for completing college in three years by dividing the school calendar into three terms of fifteen weeks each instead of the two sixteen-week semesters which now occupy energetic youngsters only 180 days a year. The saving of one year may appear to be a limited advantage, but the benefits are far-reaching when they are translated into better motivation for students and increased use of facilities.

The three-year college is not a new proposal. It flourished a half century ago at Harvard, Yale's Sheffield Scientific School, Johns Hopkins and Clark when, ironically, the reasons for adopting it were not nearly as urgent as they are now. Compulsory military service did not delay careers in that uncomplicated era, and college was the terminal point of education for all but 5 per cent of the students. Today 35 per cent of the nation's college graduates are taking advanced degrees.

I should point out that the trimester plan is not a reversion to the accelerated program of World War II, when compromises with academic standards had to be made. The schedule provides for 135 weeks of classroom work leading to a degree, compared with 128 weeks under the four-year system.

Two institutions recently introduced the trimester plan with conspicuous success. Last September the University of Pittsburgh made it optional for the freshman class. In a survey taken just before Christmas, 40 per cent of the 1080 freshmen indicated they will attend the extra term which begins late in April and runs through the first week in August.

Columbia's School of Business offered a fourteen-week session last summer as an experiment. At the end of the course 135 students were polled for their reactions. They groused about the heat—the building was not air-conditioned then—and the tedium of studying while friends were on vacation. But they agreed unanimously they never had spent a more profitable summer. In response to the heavy demand we are considering the adoption of the summer term as a permanent policy so that a master's degree in business administration can be earned in fourteen months—eight months less than the usual procedure.



"Not many people know about this short cut."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

At least six other schools—Dartmouth, Michigan, California, Penn State, Wayne State and Massachusetts—are studying year-round operation on the undergraduate level. Many more undoubtedly will bow to the inevitable now that there has been a breakthrough in faculty opposition, the chief stumbling block to the proposal in the past.

Any parent who has suffered with a child through the ordeal of waiting for an acceptance from a first-class college is aware of the desperate situation. In the last twenty years the college population has exploded from 1,500,000 to 3,600,000, and the big rush is yet to come. By the end of this decade, 7,000,000 boys and girls will be clamoring for admission to college.

Statistics are meaningless without a proper frame of reference. The most revealing census I have seen shows that 150,000 high-school graduates entered college in 1930 in sharp contrast to 750,000 in 1958—although during that span the number of youths of college age increased by only 28,000. These comparative figures reflect a profound change of attitude toward education. A college degree today is the equivalent of a high-school diploma a generation ago as a modest status symbol and a minimum qualification for a junior executive job.

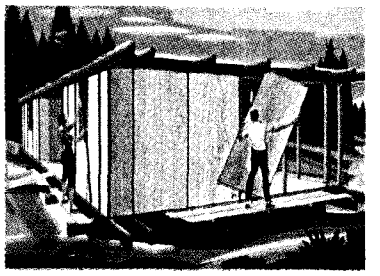
This rosy picture of intellectual growth suddenly turns bleak when we look for classrooms and laboratories to accommodate our bright young people. The blunt truth is that we have been coasting on the impetus given to higher education during the second half of the nineteenth century when the majority of our 1850 senior colleges were established. Since 1946 only forty-eight new schools with a combined registration of 48,000 have been founded,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wo homes!

...one for the work-week the other for pure pleasure

NOW'S THE TIME TO START PLANNING your place in the summer sun —a fir plywood second home where the whole family can enjoy vacations and spur-of-the-moment outings the year around. It needn't be expensive or elaborate. You can start with a simple one-room cabin, add to it year by year—and pay for it out of what you're probably spending now on yearly vacations and weekend motor trips. You can still find plenty of reasonably priced beach or mountain property, and you can count on fir plywood to help you build better, faster and more economically. See your lumber dealer for plywood and helpful building suggestions, or write for this plans and idea booklet.



20 vacation cabins you can build

Please enclose 10c to cover mailing (USA only)
DOUGLAS FIR PLYWOOD ASSOCIATION
Tacoma 2, Washington

Build your holiday home with

DFPA TESTED QUALITY

Fir Plywood

Always buy DFPA-Quality trademarked plywood

and the tax structure makes it unlikely that an adequate number of other new public and private institutions will be added to the list.

Existing colleges must absorb the impending tidal waves of students and they obviously cannot do it without a drastic overhauling of prevailing practices. Permitting educational plants to stand idle four months a year is indefensible in view of the severe shortage of facilities. Delaying the opening of college until the last week in September is a custom stemming from the days when students had to help harvest the crops. There is no longer any excuse for it.

The trimester system, which increases a college's productivity by one third without increasing the enrollment, is only one imperative step toward better use of facilities. I dare say every administrator is partially guilty of the charges in a report issued on December fifteenth. Philip H. Coombs, education program director of the Fund for Advancement of Education, declared that "institutions use their available classrooms at only 46 per cent of capacity . . . and their laboratories at only 38 per cent of capacity." This is largely due to students' aversion to classes after three o'clock in the afternoon or on Saturday morning.

In the same report Dr. Seymour E. Harris, chairman of the department of economics at Harvard, stated that "the proliferation of courses is a scandal from the viewpoint of both economics and education. . . . Teachers often do not understand the relation of these inefficiencies and their own pay." Doctor Harris was referring to professors who create little empires in subjects so esoteric that only a handful of students register for them.

Such loose management cannot be shrugged off with the excuse that scholars are unworldly men lost in the clouds. The public has a right to demand the elimination of academic fat which pads its tuition bills at privately endowed colleges and its taxes for state-supported universities. Since 1947 tuition in private colleges has gone up 124 per cent on the national average, but deficits have accumulated at a faster rate. Last December the Columbia trustees reluctantly raised the fee to $1450 a year, an increase of $350. The difficult decision was dictated by figures showing that the actual cost per student to the university is $2300 a year.

Projections of future costs carry alarming news for parents of young children. Experts say the annual expense for tuition, board and modest spending money, which now averages about $2500 at private colleges, will be at least $3500 in 1970 at the current cost-of-living index. The only hope for curbing this spiral is a year-round scholastic program.

Educational and industrial plants are similar in that a continuous operation is cheaper, proportionately, than a part-time schedule. Office and maintenance staffs are paid throughout the year; the carrying charges on property remain fixed whether the buildings are vacant or occupied. Preliminary estimates indicate the trimester plan would add 7 to 10 per cent to Columbia College's overhead costs. The allowance for faculty salaries during the extra term could be held to a 20 per cent increment by more stringent control of teaching assignments.

The two items would be offset, with something to spare, by the 33 per cent increase in revenue realized from collecting the full tuition in three, instead of four, years. The surplus could be divided equally between raises for teachers and reductions in fees.

Critics contend that the money involved hardly justifies uprooting the traditional routine. Remember, however, that students will capitalize on their earning potential, and communities will benefit from their services, a year sooner. Above all, the trimester plan will promote better student attitudes toward the serious business of acquiring an education. To me, this is the strongest recommendation of the proposal, a consideration that outweighs all the objections I will discuss presently.

There is a vast difference psychologically between breezing through college in four years and buckling down to three years of hard work. A youngster who must concentrate on intellectual challenges forty-five weeks a year to survive rigorous competition is sure to cultivate better study habits than he does now, distracted constantly by vacations and silly campus capers. Too many colleges have become travesties on seats of learning by glorifying sports, social organizations and recreational activities to the point of absurdity. There are schools that actually give credits toward degrees for courses in square dancing, fly casting, cooking, golf, tennis and beating the bass drum in the band.

College authorities who condone such nonsense seem to admit tacitly that, although their intellectual standards are not very high, they hope the student somehow will make up for educational deficiencies by what he gains outside the classroom. They speak of producing "well-rounded" men with character, common sense and vaguely defined qualities of leadership. ("Well-rounded" is not the phrase used in women's-college catalogues.)

Common sense is not a weapon good enough to grapple with the complex problems that beset modern man. The home and the church, not the schools, are the proper agencies for building character. Educators should reinforce the guidance of parents and religion, of course, but chiefly by teaching a student to understand the rational and social reasons why certain criteria of conduct are necessary for effective membership in society.

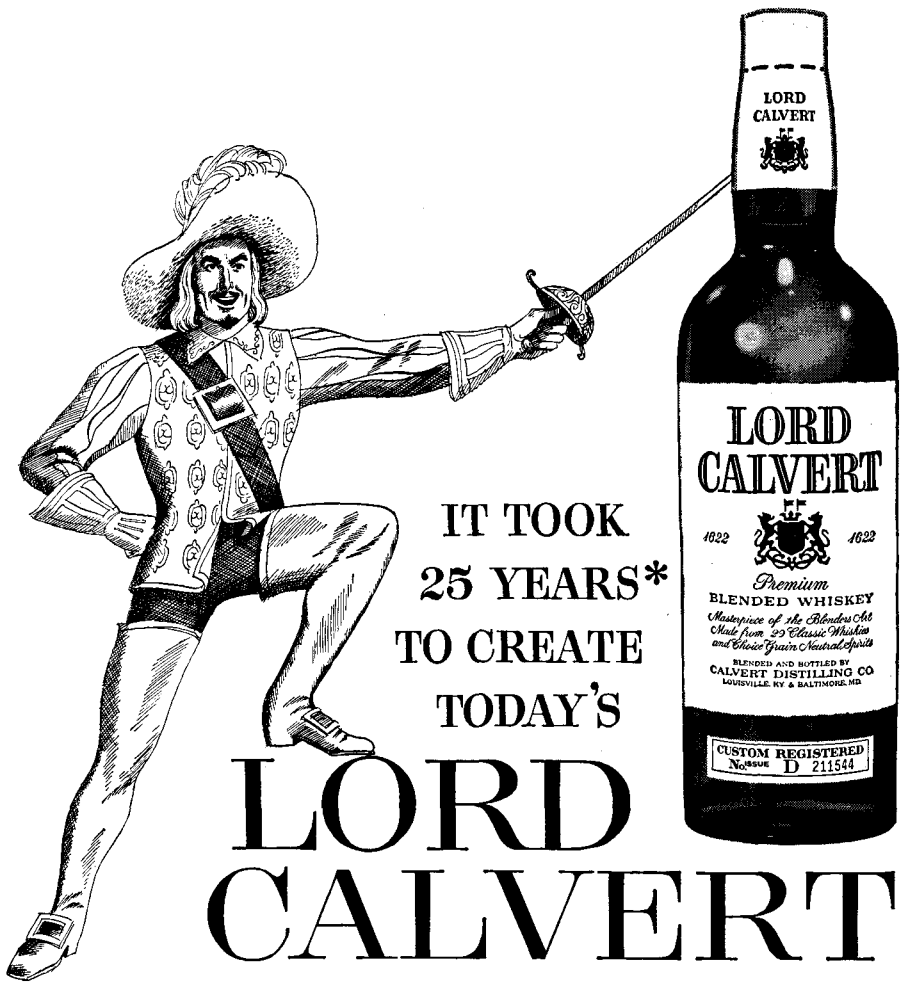
The primary functions of a college are to develop intellectual discipline, orderly processes of reasoning, ability to use the English language accurately and gracefully and to cultivate the good taste that is the most basic quality of an educated person. A college that defaults on these responsibilities is perpetrating a fraud on its students.

My principal criticism of higher education today is that we do not stretch the minds of superior students to their full capabilities. By the same token, marginal students who go to college to mark time before taking jobs—to play on teams, get husbands or wives or simply because it's the thing to do in their parents' social set—are permitted to slide by on what was called in my day "a gentleman's C." The curriculum is studded with snap courses that contain minimal mental nourishment and teach skills that can be learned faster and more cheaply in vocational schools.

Dr. Earl J. McGrath, former United States Commissioner of Education, has summed up the situation cogently: "In many colleges and professional schools instruction often is concerned with the trivial and the transient rather than the significant and the permanent. The distinction between a trade school and a college lies in just this difference of philosophy and emphasis on controlling ideas rather than on details and techniques."

A harsher indictment of our colleges is found in the fact that more than half the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IT TOOK
25 YEARS*
TO CREATE
TODAY'S
LORD
CALVERT

*Even with a century of distilling experience, it took our master blenders 25 years to perfect today's Lord Calvert. Tonight, try the world's most distinguished whiskey, Lord Calvert.

86 PROOF, 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

Enjoy Sports Again

Research finds new fast way to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery

Today there's a fast new way to shrink hemorrhoid tissues, stop pain and itching—all without surgery. The name of this medication: The PAZO Formula.

CLINICALLY TESTED BY DOCTORS. The PAZO Formula does *more* than just shrink hemorrhoid tissue. It also contains specific ingredients to relieve pain and itching promptly, fight infection, promote healing, and lubricate membranes.

WORKS FAST. Soon after using The PAZO Formula, you sit, stand, walk, and enjoy active sports in *comfort*. This superior over-all medication brings symptomatic relief even to long-time pile sufferers.

AVAILABLE NOW in stainless suppositories or ointment at your druggist's. Get faster, more complete relief without surgery. Get . . .

The PAZO® *Formula*

Another Fine Product of Grove Laboratories

EARN MORE! Increase your earnings this year by forwarding new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, American Home, Jack and Jill* and other popular publications. Generous commissions. For details write to:

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY

258 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

students who matriculate drop out before they are graduated. The commonest reasons given for leaving are financial difficulty, academic failure and early marriage. It would be preposterously naïve to suggest that a B.A. can be made as attractive to girls as a marriage license, but I am convinced that money problems and scholastic deficiencies stem from a more pertinent factor—lack of motivation.

Despite rising costs, it still is true that no economic crisis short of a family tragedy ever has thwarted anyone determined to remain in college. Millions of boys and girls have worked their way through school, and they always will. I know it's not easy; I waited on tables and did odd jobs at Miami University in Ohio. The point is it can be done.

Perhaps students who flunk out of college should not have been admitted in the first place. Freshman dismissal rates hit a shocking 40 per cent at some state universities obliged to accept all high-school graduates within their boundaries; but low I.Q.'s alone cannot account for such mass mortality. Experience and research prove that accomplishment is directly related to motivation. A goal that spurs ambition is the strongest incentive to sustained effort, and the majority of the youngsters who fail to make passing grades do not find that stimulation in college.

The trimester system can pay a handsome dividend in addition to saving a year for students with positive objectives. In adopting new policies necessary to implement the plan, a college has an ideal opportunity to scrap superfluous trappings and return to a hard-core curriculum in the arts, sciences and humanities that is the foundation of genuine culture. A compact program always fosters a climate for serious work.

The calendar accommodates nicely to a forty-five-week college year with a one-week recess—a little more at Christmas—during each term for traditional holidays and a three-week summer vacation. Following is a typical schedule:

FALL TERM: September 9 to December 23. Christmas recess.

WINTER TERM: January 2 to April 24. Week recess at Easter.

SPRING TERM: April 27 to August 17. Week recess around Independence Day.

SUMMER VACATION—August 18 to September 8.

Physicians and psychiatrists assure me normal youngsters can take the three terms in stride. During World War II and a few years afterward, many students were on a forty-eight-week schedule and showed absolutely no ill effects from it. And the level of performance never was higher. There will be protests that long summer vacations are necessary breaks in the grind of studying, but young people who work in less pleasant surroundings of offices and factories would settle happily for a three-week breathing spell.

Another point. Although I don't like to evaluate education in materialistic terms, a college degree adds more than $100,000 to a man's earning potential during his lifetime. Giving up a few months of leisure is a small sacrifice for such a rich reward.

Opposition to a year-around program can be expected from faculty members, chiefly on the grounds that it interferes with their spare time for research. A new feature of the plan satisfies that valid concern. Many outstanding teachers could make much more money in private industry, but they remain in the profession because it affords them the freedom to pursue projects vitally important to military, scientific and social progress. In the trimester setup they are required to teach four terms every two years—the present arrangement—but they can put two vacations back-to-back and get the equivalent of a sabbatical with pay about every other year. Staff expansion for the trimester system may pose a problem in the beginning, but I believe it will be solved fairly quickly by the increased number of good people attracted to teaching by the better pay.

One trite argument sure to be raised is that college students need long summer vacations for reflection and maturation during the transition from adolescence to adulthood. It is a lovely theory, and someday students may even get around to putting it into practice. Pending the millennium, they will ignore the good books that professors wistfully assign for summer reading. They will continue to work at strong-back jobs that contribute nothing to their intellectual development or to waste the vacation on activities that prolong adolescence rather than promote maturity.

Statistics which have been compiled by college-placement bureaus show students average a net saving of $1100 for three summers of work. The median starting salary for college graduates now is $5200 a year. A student who attends school on the trimester plan instead of working every summer will gain $4100 by graduating a year earlier.

Suppose a boy is broke and must have $500 by next Tuesday to pay his tuition and dormitory bill. Isn't it futile to talk of his future earning power in the face of such an emergency? Not at all—not with the tremendous impetus given to student-aid programs in the last two years, the most salutary influence in higher education since the GI Bill of Rights.

As recently as 1956 less than half the $25,000,000 set aside by colleges for student loans was borrowed. The terms certainly were generous enough. At Columbia and many other schools the interest rate was 1 per cent until two years after graduation, then 4 per cent for the balance of the ten-year amortization period. Yet there was a strange reluctance to apply for loans.

The whole thing seemed rooted in the feeling that it was a serious mistake for young people to accumulate debts before embarking on careers. They were buying everything else on the installment plan—cars, clothes, furniture, pleasure trips—but there was a deep-seated prejudice against borrowing for an education, the most valuable asset anyone can possess. That attitude changed overnight in 1958 when Congress appropriated $45,000,000 for student loans under The National Defense Education Act. As someone observed, the Government's action made borrowing "respectable." Requests for loans have quadrupled at Columbia and elsewhere in the last two years.

At 1200 colleges participating in the Federal program a student can borrow up to $1000 a year, paying 3 per cent interest commencing a year after graduation and amortizing the loan over eleven years. Students are such good risks—defaults on loans are less than 1 per cent—that banks throughout the country are underwriting their expenses at about 4 per cent interest.

In addition to loans, some 250,000 scholarships with a value of $70,000,000 are awarded annually by corporations, foundations, states, civic groups and colleges. Actually it is easier to finance a college education today than ever before, in spite of rising costs, and it seems to me that this fact eliminates the last obstacle to acceptance of the trimester system.

The three-year college is a controversial issue that has been embroiling educators for more than a century. Harvard, the first college in the United States, was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

founded in 1636 with a three-year course patterned on the curricula at Oxford and Cambridge, but another year was added in 1642 to compensate for the sketchy quality of colonial preparatory schools. The first attempt to revert to the original program was made by the University of Virginia in 1819, but it was abandoned a few years later under pressures to conform with other colleges.

Dissatisfaction with the hardship the long schedule imposed on working-class families erupted in the 1850's. The Universities of Michigan, Minnesota and Georgia introduced shorter courses, but faculty opposition quickly killed the experiments. Three institutions were more successful in throwing off the clammy hand of tradition. The Yale Sheffield Scientific School required only three years of study for a B.S. in engineering from its founding in 1847 until 1920. The three-year program was standard at Johns Hopkins from 1876 to 1907 and at Clark from 1902 to 1922.

The most famous champion of the three-year college was Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard from 1869 to 1909. His bitter fight spanned several decades, but even his towering prestige could not defeat the reactionary forces aligned against him. As a grudging concession to Eliot, the faculty permitted men who wanted to finish in three years to carry heavier programs, but it discouraged the practice by demanding above-average grades and, later, by making a surcharge for the extra courses.

Eliot had a few distinguished supporters, notably Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia from 1902 to 1945. As far back as 1905 Butler introduced the "professional option" plan at Columbia whereby a student was admitted to graduate school after three years of college. He also expedited faster completion of college by expanding the summer session and giving advanced standing to boys with exceptional high-school records. In the main, however, the three-year college languished as an issue until James B. Conant, president of Harvard, revived it in 1944. Commenting on the dangerous time lag in education, Conant declared in his annual report: "We run the risk of losing the very men we need in law and medicine, for example, men of personal force, unless we can shorten the road that leads to a professional career."

In compiling the material for this article, I wrote to Doctor Conant, asking whether his opinion had changed. His reply, dated December 10, 1959, follows in part:

I am as enthusiastic about the three-year program as I was nearly fifty years ago when, as an undergraduate, I took advantage of it at Harvard. . . . You may wonder why I did not do something to forward this idea when I was president of Harvard for twenty years. In a word, the Harvard atmosphere had been so completely changed by Mr. Lowell [A. Lawrence Lowell, his predecessor] that a four-year curriculum was one of those sacred cows which I inherited and could not be touched, let alone moved.

Mr. Lowell had taken office in opposition to Mr. Eliot on the basis of a platform designed to "rescue the four-year college," and in his twenty-four years had completely won over to his point of view the faculty. . . . But *now another generation is on the scene*, and I am hoping that the wheel may come full circle.

The wheel is turning faster than standpatters suspect. Since 1955 the advanced-placement program, a measure to provide superior youngsters with short cuts through college, has spread prodigiously. The principle is as simple as it is logical. Each May the College Entrance Board holds special examinations in thirteen subjects for high-school students. Those who make passing grades in one or more exams do not have to repeat similar courses in college, but receive credit toward degrees for them. Approximately 90 per cent of the exams are passed.

Right now, more than 11,000 students have advanced standing in 391 colleges. Last September Harvard granted it to 449 entering freshmen—40 per cent of the class—and eighty-four of these were given immediate sophomore status. An official Harvard report states that freshmen admitted under the plan "perform, as a group, better than our sophomores in advanced courses."

I can't help wondering how many other youngsters would be saving precious time if we had more teachers like Alexander Herskowitz, a biology instructor at Midwood High School in Brooklyn. A few years ago Herskowitz became so interested in the advanced-standing program that he volunteered to conduct classes after hours to prepare students for the exams. Last May Midwood led the country's public schools with 104 candidates from a senior class of 1056 pupils.

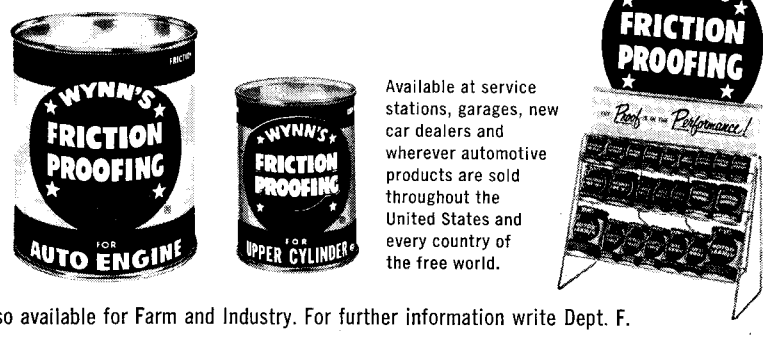
One defect in American high schools, the weakest link in our educational system, bears directly on the over-all factor of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"For heaven's sake, George, other people have missed six-inch putts."

The man who didn't WYNN!

It's going to take more than a screwdriver to get this car running again . . . a fairly new car, too. All this trouble – and the expense – could have been avoided with Wynn's Friction Proofing. When you add Wynn's Friction Proofing to your gas and oil *your car will run much better, much longer.* Be a Wynner and find out for yourself.



Available at service stations, garages, new car dealers and wherever automotive products are sold throughout the United States and every country of the free world.

Also available for Farm and Industry. For further information write Dept. F.

WYNN OIL COMPANY, AZUSA, CALIFORNIA • Affiliated companies in: Toronto, Canada; St. Nicolas Waes, Belgium; Caracas, Venezuela

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time. Poor co-ordination of instruction as a child moves up the ladder retards the efficiency of the learning process, a problem that is most acute in high school. For example, every pupil studies American history, but he repeats the same material in college. No one is to blame for this wasteful duplication. The college is correct in assuming that the high school's treatment of the subject is not thorough enough. The high school is caught in a dilemma posed by rapid, sweeping changes in the social order.

Paradoxically, our secondary schools were infinitely better ninety years ago. Three out of four boys went on to college, and the curriculum was tailored to give a small, homogeneous group a solid background in the classics. In the early 1900's the extension of free education and child-labor legislation forced the high schools to make a ninety-degree turn to serve the overwhelming majority whose objectives were jobs, not college. In the resultant emphasis on vocational courses college-bound pupils were lost in the shuffle. Now the pendulum is swinging in the opposite direction, but high schools do not have the budgets to adjust to the trend.

It is unfair to draw invidious comparisons between secondary schools in America and Europe, a popular pastime in educational circles. I almost fell into the trap last summer while touring schools in Switzerland, after attending a meeting in Paris as the United States' representative to NATO for nonmilitary affairs. I began to speculate on the utter dismay of American boys and girls if they were confronted by the curriculum at the *Humanistiche Gymnasium*, in Basle, for pupils between the ages of eleven and nineteen. The figures in parentheses indicate the number of years required in each subject for graduation:

Latin (8), Greek (5), German (8), French (7), mathematics (8), history (8), geography and geology (8), botany and zoology (4½), physics (2), chemistry (1), art (3½), penmanship (2), music (2), physical training (8). To round out a thirty-five-hour weekly program, pupils are given a choice of two years of Hebrew, English, Italian or descriptive geometry.

Then I remembered another chart showing the percentages of young people in three age groups still attending school in England, the Soviet Union and the United States:

Age	14	17	20
(Percentage attending school):			
England	90.0	10.0	3.0
U.S.S.R.	90.0	30.0	10.0
U.S.A.	98.0	80.0	30.0

We have brought equality of opportunity, the bright promise of democracy, to more people than any other country. There is, inevitably, a decline in the quality of a product when the stress is on quantity, but it is not yet a serious concern to us. Authorities qualified to pass judgment say the top third of our college graduates are superior to the entire Russian group and as good as the top tenth in England.

There is a threat, however, to the vitality of our education. It is not economic privilege or class distinction as it is in Europe. It is not the dilution of values under bureaucratic control, as it is in the Soviet Union. It is insufficient space for all deserving students and the length of time required to obtain a degree.

Money can ease classroom congestion, but the only practical area for saving time is the languid college schedule. A speed-up in elementary school is unthinkable for the pressures it would impose on young children. High schools are in an upheaval that precludes an early remedy for the time lag. Graduate schools are combating a tendency to lengthen courses as the fund of knowledge increases. The Columbia University library annually adds a mile and a half of shelves for new books. There are two familiar examples of the never-ending accretion of technical information. Ninety per cent of the prescriptions written today could not have been filled twenty years ago because the ingredients were unknown. Half the products now sold in supermarkets were not on display ten short years ago.

The trimester college plan is as feasible as it is imperative. It involves no sacrifice of academic elements or, for that matter, undergraduate tribal customs. There may be even more participation in extracurricular activities with students' attention focused on the campus forty-five weeks a year. Sports can continue on the present basis by dropping the freshman eligibility rule, as it was during the war.

To ensure a student body with the ability—and desire—for top-flight work, entrance requirements should be raised to a level that summarily bars applicants with indifferent high-school records. Since halfway measures never achieve the desired results, the three-year course should be mandatory, not optional. It always has been possible to earn a degree in three years by attending summer sessions and carrying a few extra credits, but less than 3 per cent of the enrollment do it voluntarily.

Many parents, among them alumni who wear the old school tie, will protest the rejections bitterly. It is, admittedly, extremely difficult for a parent to appraise a child objectively, but irreparable damage is done by pushing a youngster beyond his intellectual depth. Casting him into competition with superior students can lead only to frustration and the stigma of failure when he is forced to drop out of the fast-moving parade.

Marginal students can attain worthwhile goals in junior colleges. There, still within an academic atmosphere for two years, youngsters who mature slowly may find themselves and transfer to colleges that grant full-fledged degrees, if their marks warrant it.

In the enrollment rush rapidly approaching, parents who refuse to evaluate their children realistically will have the decision taken out of their hands. As costs rise—and they will—the public will demand that its tax funds be spent with more discrimination upon those students whose exposure to higher education benefits the society paying the bills. It may be argued that rigorous selectivity of students is essentially opposed to democratic principles. On this point I observe merely that democracy rests on equality of opportunity, not on the assumption that every citizen possesses equal qualities of mind and ambition.

There should be no artificial barriers that prevent a superior student from realizing the maximum of his potential. Financial obstacles have been leveled by loans and scholarships. The one remaining hindrance is the time factor, an anachronism in a jet-propelled age.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Unchecked Retirement

By Herbert Warfel

I don't miss office politics,
Nor running down the boss,
Nor griping during coffee breaks,
Nor the daily race-pool loss;
I grieve not for a conference,
Nor schedule of the day;
But one slight ache I cannot shake ——
I sort of miss the pay.

The Spectacle of Sebring (Continued from Page 30)

the minds of many Europeans Sebring crowds New York, Chicago and Hollywood on the list of well-known American place names. Says Baron Huschke von Hanstein, manager of the German Porsche team, "We have at least five first-rate European drivers ask us to bring them for every seat in our entry."

Ten days before the Twelve-Hour Race date the men and women who will drive the sixty-five starting cars begin to drift into Sebring. The big factory teams, such as Ferrari of Italy, come in force, led by the team racing manager and a senior engineer. They may bring three $25,000 automobiles built purposely for this race, dozens of crates of spare parts, scores of tires. There'll be six drivers, among the best in the world, and a crew of mechanics expert enough to change two wheels in forty seconds or replace a faulty fuel pump in seven minutes.

Other entrants will arrive with one car, a box of tools, a sleeping bag and just enough money for one thin meal a day. Rich or poor, their pattern of behavior will be the same—work on the car, drive it to the 5.2-mile circuit, try it out, bring it back, work on it some more, try it again, sleep a little, work some more. Ten minutes before the start on Saturday, with the cars lined up at forty-five-degree angles to the course, one or two cars may have wan-looking, red-eyed mechanics still desperately tinkering with them almost to the instant the starter's count booms down over the public-address system, "Ten... nine... eight... seven...";
and the drivers, standing on their painted crosses on the far side of the roadway, sprint to their cars, jump in, punch the starter buttons and get away.

A Sebring Twelve-Hour start is one of the most exciting spectacles in sport. Instead of starting off in evenly spaced rows as at Indianapolis, the cars come out in a roaring high-speed traffic jam, nose-to-tail, wheel-to-wheel. They are parked in gear, and the first car away will be the one whose helmeted driver is the fastest sprinter and quickest to throw himself into the seat, depress the clutch, hit the starter button and jam his foot onto the accelerator. However fast he is, the sixty-four others will be only split seconds slower; and as the howling mass of cars funnels under the Amoco Bridge in front of the grandstands, the onlooker inevitably believes that he is about to see the biggest accident in history. But somehow the cars get through, rarely even touching one another, to disappear around the first bend; and three and a half minutes or so later the growing scream of a single engine announces the appearance of the leader, the field strung out for a mile behind him.

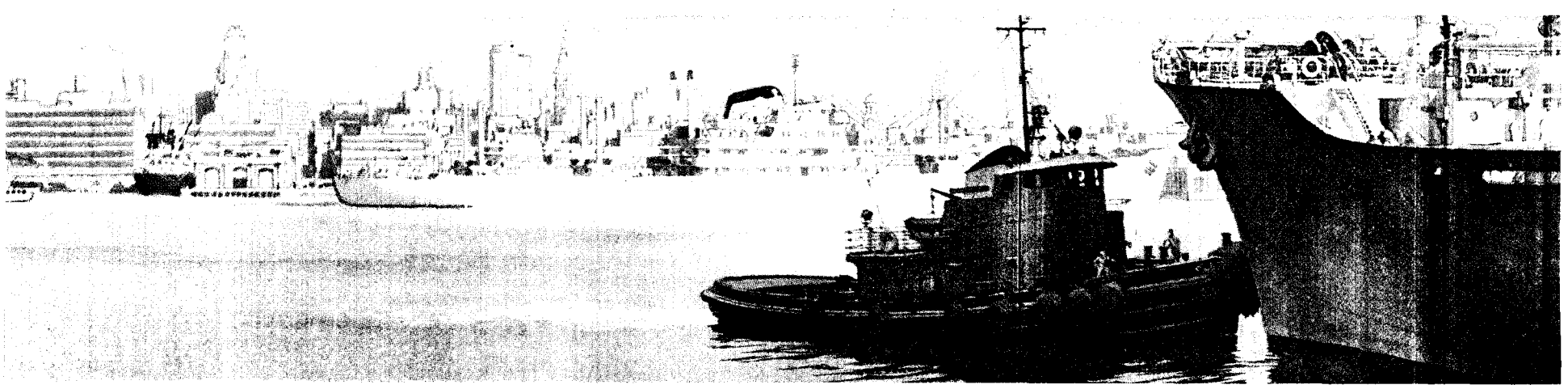
For the next twelve hours, until ten o'clock at night, in bright sunshine or tropical rainfall, the cars will boom around the twisting 5.2 miles of concrete airport runway and two-lane black-top road. By that time, the winning car may have covered 1000 miles, in the course of which 2000 brake applications and 5400 gearshifts may have been made, every one of them timed to a half second. The winning driver's hands may be blistered, his leg and shoulder muscles jumping with fatigue spasms, his nerves so taut that despite exhaustion it will be hard for him to sleep when he finally finds his way to bed. His monetary reward may be $5000 or so, to be split with his codriver and the owner of the car. But his sense of accomplishment will be enormous and, because of Sebring's unique place in American auto racing, his gain in reputation will be great.

The Sebring race had its beginnings in 1950 when Sam and Miles Collier of Florida, chief architects of the postwar sports-car racing revival, decided that the 2300-acre wartime B-17 field at Sebring would make an ideal site for a distance race. A former Air Force officer, Col. Claude D. Richardson of Sebring, persuaded the Sebring Firemen, a volunteer organization, to stand sponsor for the event. Alec Ulmann of New York, an aircraft-industry consultant and a long-time automobile enthusiast, entered the picture when he came to Sebring to do business with Richardson. Ulmann has for some years now been the sole promoter of the event, and it was he who persuaded the F.I.A. to add Sebring to the list of races counting toward the world sports-car championship.

There are two big championships in international automobile racing, neither of which has ever been held by an American. The sports-car championship is a manufacturer's championship and was based, in 1959, on points competed for at Sebring, the Targa Florio road race in Sicily, the 1000-kilometer race at the Nürburgring in Germany, the Twenty-four-Hour Race at Le Mans, France, and the Tourist Trophy of Great Britain. The cars used in these races may be of varying engine sizes—the smallest of motorcycle dimensions, the largest less than half as big as a 325-horsepower Buick—and they must be road-equipped, with lights, spare tire, doors, starter and so on.

The drivers' championship is contested in single-seat full racing cars currently held by international agreement to 2500 cubic centimeters of engine capacity—less than half the size of a Ford V-8, although the cars will do 180 miles an hour—and run in races of approximately 200 miles designated as *grands prix* of the host country—*Grand Prix* of Holland, *Grand Prix* of Italy and so on, with the *Grand Prix* of Europe held every year in a different country. These races are generically termed *grandes épreuves* and, as a rule, no country can have more than one. The American *grande épreuve* is Indianapolis, but this is merely a courtesy listing, since the Indianapolis authorities allow big engines which do not conform to the international formula used by the rest of the world. The *Grand Prix* of the (*Continued on Page 114*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The pace of progress continues in America's fastest growing port

The Port of Philadelphia, which is now the No. 1 import area of the nation, is growing at a rapid pace. It plays a major role in the dynamic renaissance of the Greater Philadelphia area. More and more, industry uses its modern facilities to import raw materials and export finished products. The port is only one of the factors that make this area fertile ground for industrial growth. Geography is another. Within a hundred mile area are more than 23 million people with an annual buying power of $49 billion. The comprehensive transportation network here makes them easy to reach. In addition, industry has at its disposal abundant, dependable electric power, available for every present and future need. If you want your business to grow fast, set it in this Land of Plenty.

PHILADELPHIA ELECTRIC COMPANY

A business-managed, tax-paying utility company owned by more than 100,000 stockholders . . . Serving the world's greatest industrial area, Delaware Valley

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 112*) United States of America, run on the Sebring circuit on December 12, 1959, marked the first time *grand prix* cars had run in this country since 1937; and, incidentally, a new champion of the world, Jack Brabham of Australia, was named at Sebring. The 1958 champion, Mike Hawthorn of England, was killed in a road accident last year; and the previous champion, Juan Manuel Fangio of Argentina had retired after winning the title five times.

The first United States *grand prix* in twenty-two years promised to be an exceptionally exciting race, since three drivers came to Sebring with excellent chances to win the world championship in this, the last event of the year—Brabham and the British drivers Stirling Moss and Tony Brooks. The championship was based in 1959 on points won in the *grands prix* of Monaco, Holland, France, Great Britain, Germany, Portugal, Italy and the United States—eight points for first place, six for second, four for third, three for fourth, two for fifth, plus one point for the driver making the fastest single lap in each race. Brabham came to Sebring with thirty-one points, Moss with twenty-five and one-half, Brooks with twenty-three.

Brabham would have been considered an odds-on favorite except for Moss' presence. Five times runner-up for the title, Moss is indisputably the greatest driver living. He has won almost every important race in the world, driving every kind of automobile—single-seat *grand prix* cars, sports cars, rally cars. He won the Italian *Mille Miglia*, the most dangerous and difficult race in the world—1000 miles over open highway—at an average speed of nearly ninety-eight mph that seems unlikely to be challenged in the near future.

In the early part of the 1959 season Moss had been so plagued by mechanical failure that he came to the sixth event on the calendar, the *Grand Prix* of Portugal, with only six and one-half points—the half point resulted from his splitting fastest lap of the day with Bruce McLaren of New Zealand in the British *Grand Prix*. But he won the Portuguese and Italian events with what seemed to be absurd ease; and in practice for Sebring, driving a privately entered Cooper-Climax, he broke the course record, which he had held at three minutes twenty seconds in an Aston Martin sports car, with a shattering three minutes flat. This represented an average speed of 104 miles an hour on a course that has two hairpin turns and five right angles.

When the *grand prix* starter's flag fell, Moss, Brabham and Harry Schell were in the first row of the grid, the fifteen other cars ranged in threes behind them. Moss, Brabham and Schell all were in Cooper-Climaxes—Brabham's a factory entry. Moss got away quickest and at the end of the first lap was leading Brabham by several car lengths. If he could maintain his position to the end, and if in addition he could even approximate his three-minute practice circuit, and if Brabham finished third or worse. . . . But on the sixth lap, having raised his lead to ten seconds, Moss' transmission failed without warning, his car coasted to a stop beside the circuit, and he walked back, a growing crowd following him at a little distance. Behind the pits his wife, Katie, came running to meet him. He was very calm for a man who had just seen his chance for perhaps $250,000 go glimmering. First-place money was only $6000, but to Moss, an astute and practiced businessman, the value of the world championship far outweighed that.

For the next two hours the race went on, Brabham running monotonously in the lead, his teammate Bruce McLaren just behind him. One after another, cars behind them cracked under the pace and dropped out—Ferraris, Lotuses, Coopers, the Kurtis Kraft-Offenhauser of 1959 Indianapolis winner Rodger Ward. Moss' teammate, the veteran French competitor Maurice Trintignant, crept closer and closer to McLaren and Brabham. The German Count Wolfgang von Trips appeared at the beginning of the finishing straight, laboriously pushing his big Ferrari, the engine dripping oil. Tony Brooks, who had been involved in a minor collision in the first lap, was well behind the leaders in fourth position. As the last lap began, officials gathered at the finish line to give Brabham the checkered flag symbolic of victory—but the Cooper that roared past them was not his, it was the second-place car, McLaren's. Brabham was 400 yards from the finish—pushing. A slow fuel-line leak had emptied his tank. Head down, gasping for air, he shoved the car across the line to take fourth position and collapsed. Trintignant was second, Brooks third and Brabham was the champion of the world; Brooks, Moss and the American Phil Hill were ranked below him in that order. Thirty minutes passed before attending physicians would allow Brabham to stand to pose for the photographers.

Automobile racing has reached a new level of popularity in America, and it is the rise of circuits like Sebring, the revival of road racing—as distinct from track racing—that has made it so. This is no new thing; the biggest crowds ever brought together for sporting events in this country used to watch the old pre-World War I Vanderbilt Cup races on Long Island—crowds running from 300,000 to 500,000. They were watching road races in the classic traditions of Europe, where the automobile, and automobile racing, had their beginnings. William H. Smyth, chairman of the United States Auto Club's road-racing division, thinks it likely that American road racing will attain a comparable scale within a few years.

In the period between the wars the American automobile changed from an unusual plaything into a commonplace convenience, and racing was restricted to dirt and board tracks. Abroad, the road race remained paramount. Europeans consider track racing to be a bore for drivers and spectators alike. They argue that the merry-go-round pursuit of almost identical machines offers little opportunity for the full expression of driver skill, and they believe that the racing automobile should be run in its natural environment—the standard two-lane road. European courses are laid out with right and left bends and curves of varying severity, they run up and down hill and dale, and even a torrential downpour of rain will not stop an important event; competent drivers are expected to be able to drive just as well on a slippery, rain-soaked road as they are on a dry one.

Part of Sebring's fascination lies in its adherence to these conditions. There are seven sharp corners in the 5.2 miles of the Sebring circuit, and five curves, or bends. One of the bends can be taken at around 120 miles an hour, one of the corners can be negotiated at no more than thirty-five; on one straightaway 160 miles an hour can be reached. Thus the drivers must almost constantly brake, shift, adjust the speed and balance of their cars; and it is in this area that driving skill shows itself. The skill required to drive really fast on such a course is of so high an order that the present list of officially designated "international" drivers numbers only sixteen men—and of these perhaps only six are capable of extending a big car to its absolute limit in reasonable security.

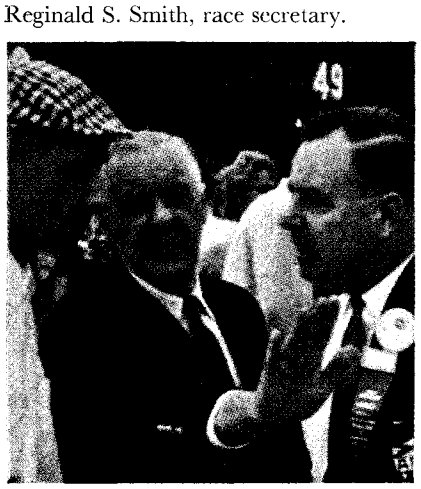
Because sports-car road racing is done in two-seater automobiles, most of which are suitable for ordinary touring use, and on circuits that at least superficially resemble regular highways, its spectator appeal is most compelling. It's easy for the onlooker vicariously to identify himself with the race driver. Police expect their catch of speeders to rise in the hours immediately before and after a race as a Walter Mitty-like transference convinces the ordinary driver that his skill is greater than he knew. It is not, of course. Only the most knowledgeable of spectators at a road race even begin to comprehend the level of skill attained by top-ranked drivers. Indeed, some drivers operate in such heights of virtuosity that only the most expert of their fellows can understand what they are doing, while conceding the impossibility of imitation. Tazio Nuvolari, an Italian who may have been the greatest driver who ever lived, was such a one. So was Juan Manuel Fangio, and so is Stirling Moss.

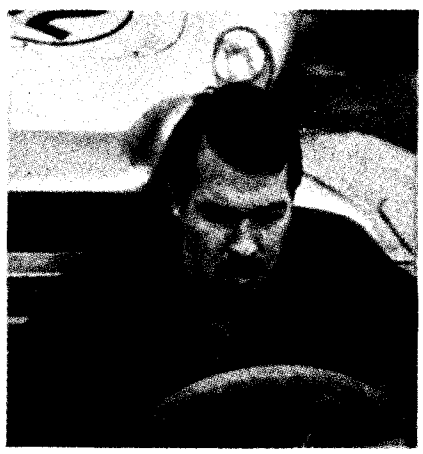
The essence of really fast driving is the "drift," or four-wheel slide. A drift is not a skid, a slide by either the front or the rear wheels alone. In a drift all four wheels slide more or less equally. A *grand prix* driver drifts all gentle, or "fast," bends, rather than attempting to drive the car around them with the rear wheels tracking those in front. The drift is faster. The driver provokes it deliberately, turning the steering wheel to point the car off the road on the inside of the bend, and perhaps jabbing the brake pedal to break rear-wheel traction with the road surface. He thereafter steers with the accelerator pedal—more accelerator will increase the angle of drift by spinning the rear wheels, thus lessening their grip on the road so that centrifugal force will move the rear of the car outward; less accelerator, by allowing traction to increase, will move the rear wheels closer into line with the front wheels. Since to drift a car is to balance it on the edge of control-loss, the maneuver is delicate and dangerous. Still, all really fast driving is done on the very limit of road adhesion. Richard Seaman, a first-rank driver in the late 1930's, put it best when he said that driving a 600-horsepower *grand prix* car on dry concrete produced exactly the same sensation as driving a fast passenger car on a frozen lake.

To drive in this fashion and live, it is desirable to have the characteristics shared by many *grand prix* drivers—physical reactions about three times faster than average, abnormally acute vision and an almost freakish sense of spatial relationship which allows a driver always to know exactly what his attitude is, which way he is pointing. This latter ability has the effect of slowing the passage of time. I once heard the Marquis de Portago say, "The car spun three times, but it was going very slowly, and there was lots of time in which to figure out what to do." He was speaking of the passage of perhaps two seconds.

Not many of the more than 120 drivers who compete in the Twelve-Hour Race at Sebring have gifts of that order; most of the *grand prix* drivers do. Those who do have it are instantly identifiable once

At center below is Alec E. Ulmann, director of the Sebring race, and (right) Reginald S. Smith, race secretary.





Joakim Bonnier, the only *Grand Prix* driver Sweden has produced since World War I.

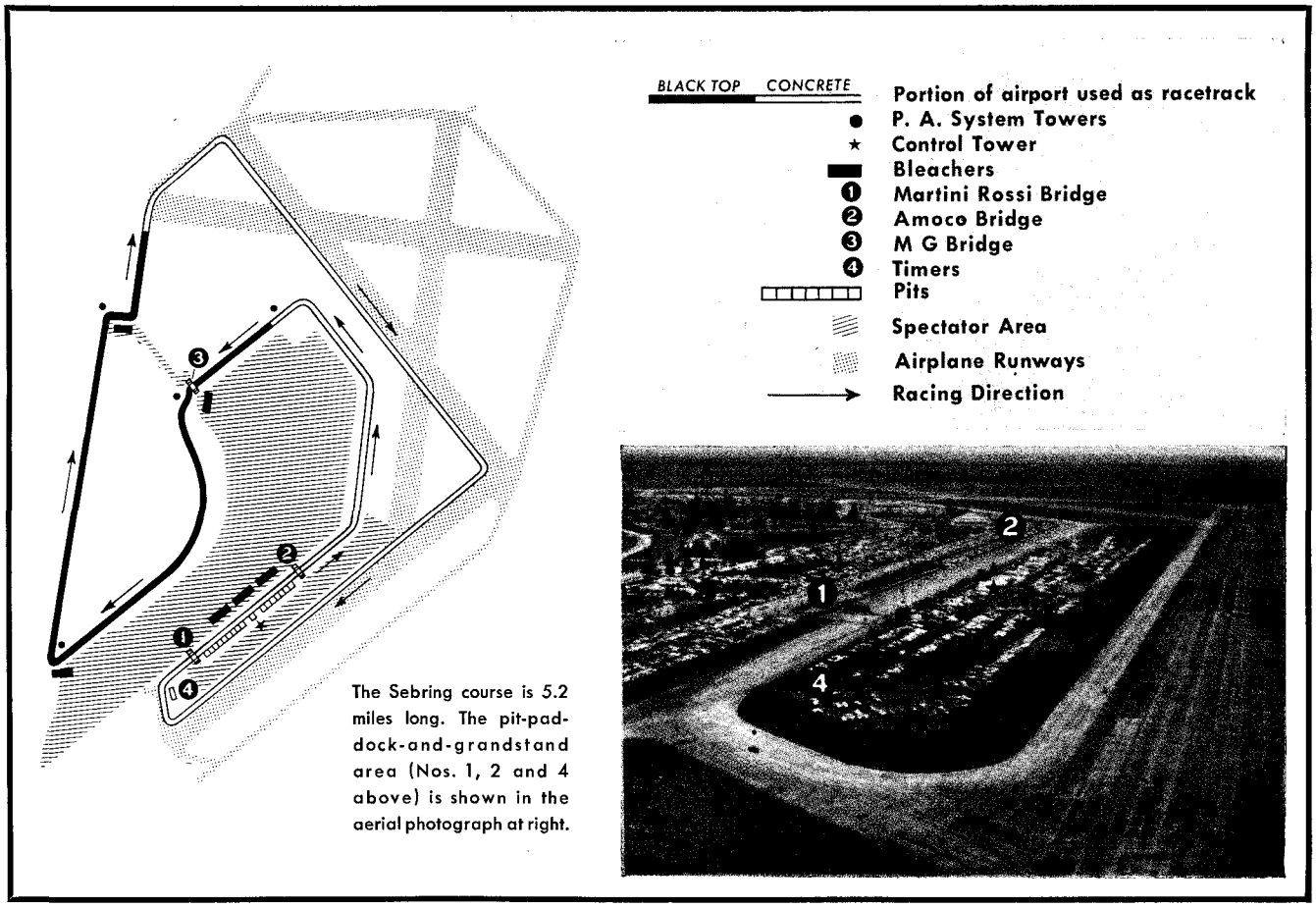
The late Jean Behra of France. He was killed when his Porsche crashed during the 1959 *Grand Prix* of Berlin.

"Smokey" Drolet. She was one of four women who entered the March, 1959, race.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the field has sorted itself out. Gregor Grant, editor of the authoritative magazine *Autosport*, has compiled a list of sixteen such—the Britons Stirling Moss, Tony Brooks, Graham Hill, Roy Salvadori, Cliff Allison, Ron Flockhart; the Australian Brabham, and McLaren of New Zealand; the Americans Phil Hill, Harry Schell, Masten Gregory, Dan Gurney, Carroll Shelby; Maurice Trintignant of France; Joakim Bonnier of Sweden; and Innes Ireland of Scotland. From the extraordinary ability of these men the level descends to drivers who are best advised to go slowly and take no chances. In no other race is there such disparity of skills as is displayed at Sebring. David Ash of New York, who has started and finished more races at Sebring than anyone else, has said, "There is probably no other American race in which absolute concentration is so important. Sebring is highway driving raised to the nth power; in addition to handling your own car you must constantly anticipate what drivers of differing abilities will do with theirs."

For all its apparent danger, only two drivers have been killed at Sebring in the nine years of the race. A driver was killed in 1957 in an Arnolt-Bristol when he "lost" his automobile in the tricky s-bends which come just after the cars have left the wide airport runways for the narrow black-top road; and a driver died in night practice for the 1959 running when he apparently forgot where he was on the circuit and ran his very fast Maserati straight through a hairpin corner. Most good drivers consider that competition with their peers is not as risky as normal highway travel. Because they are spectacular, racing accidents receive disproportionate publicity, but in a year that may see the deaths of ten drivers, 400 or 500 mountain climbers will die; and water sports will take as many as 6500 lives.



The Sebring course is 5.2 miles long. The pit-paddock-and-grandstand area (Nos. 1, 2 and 4 above) is shown in the aerial photograph at right.

Few of the thousands who pour into Sebring every March—most of them will show up every December now as well—would admit to thinking of the possibility of disaster. They drive into town keen with the sense of carnival and reunion. Sebring greets them in no special way. It's a sleepy little town, its main business street divided into two sections by a tree-lined circular park. The air is warm and often heavy with the scent of citrus blossoms. At one end of the business district is the Sebring Hotel, a typical commercial house, its lobby balcony the race press headquarters and drivers' information center. It's rarely empty from eight A.M. to midnight during the week of the race. Past the Sebring, a few blocks of palm-lined street finds Kenilworth Lodge, a shiny white resort hotel belted with a huge veranda and bordered on one side by groves of orange, lemon, grapefruit and tangerine trees. Hard left around the Kenilworth is the road to the circuit, six miles distant.

A ride around the Sebring circuit begins in front of the main grandstand and the concrete pit structures. The car whips under the Amoco Bridge, one of three offering access to the infield, and appears to be heading straight for the grass of the airport. It drifts along the line of luminescent cone markers through a left-hand bend, then a 925-foot straight, another left-hand bend, a short straight of 580 feet, a right-angle left-hand corner on to the black-top road, a thousand feet of straight into the lurching Esses after passing under the MG Bridge, then a long fast bend and a short straight marked with signs indicating 400, 300 200 and 100 yards—to guide the drivers in braking and down-shifting—before a sharper-than-hairpin corner. From a speed of 100 m.p.h. or so the car is dragged down to thirty-five as the brakes squeal under heavy application, and the engine howls through the gears. Most of the drivers apply the brakes with the ball of the foot and leave it on the brake pedal as they blip the accelerator with the heel; there is no time to shift the foot back and forth from one pedal to the other.

Around the corner the driver is flattened in his seat by acceleration through a 3625-foot straight before more braking and gearshifting take the car through right- and left-turn corners on to two short straights connected by a bend, and a right angle to the main runway, nearly a mile long. A right-angle turn leads into another wide runway, 3890 feet of it; then a horseshoe turn around the timing building under the Martini-Rossi vehicular Bridge and down the pit straight again. This is the circuit that Stirling Moss made in three minutes. How quickly could a standard passenger sedan do it? In a race for "compact" cars preceding the *grand prix* event in December, a 3.4 Jaguar sedan, driven by the country's foremost Jaguar specialist, Walt Hansgen, averaged seventy-eight miles an hour for two hours and did one lap in three minutes 55.2 seconds. A Studebaker Lark, expertly driven by Curtis Turner, was second. An ordinarily competent driver in a standard car might hope to get around in six minutes, an average of fifty-two miles an hour.

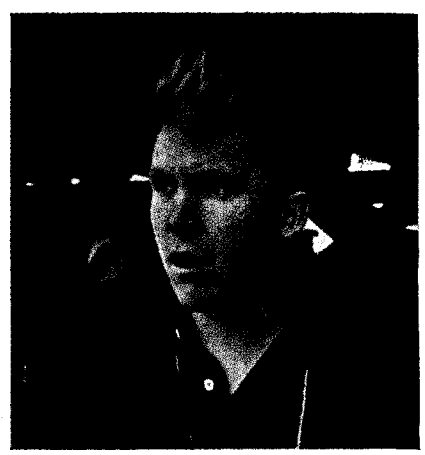
The quick trip around the circuit is the order of the day for the Sebring driver—after he's found a place to sleep. The town's hotels cannot begin to handle the influx, and motels fifty miles away are likely to be solidly booked. Between 500 and 700 Sebring householders rent rooms on a fixed-price schedule. A few of them no longer collect the room rent; the same visitors have been coming for so long that they're received as friends. The two biggest hotels, Kenilworth Lodge and Harder Hall, are usually fully reserved well in advance. There will be half a dozen big cocktail parties given in the two or three days just before the race, notable mostly for restrained drinking and the presence of remarkably attractive women. The Race Ball on Thursday night, marked by the crowning of a Race Queen and similar falderal, is a subway jam set to very loud music.

Every night of the week preceding the race Sebring is loud with the exhausts of drivers eager to show their acquaintance with the *mystique* by blipping their engines busily while waiting for traffic to

Carroll Shelby of Dallas, Texas, is one of five Americans listed among the top 16 drivers in the world.

Denise McCluggage, who is considered the best American woman race driver.

Fred T. Lieb of Huntsville, Ala., in his Turner, one of the smallest cars in last year's endurance race.



Lance Reventlow of Beverly Hills, California, owner and manufacturer of the Scarab racing car.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exciting reading!
in April Reader's Digest . . .

Too tired to love?

Many marriages are wrecked or blighted because of a single, hidden cause. In April Reader's Digest a well-known woman doctor, Marion Hilliard, M.D., discusses this intimate problem . . . and tells what to do about it. Page 69.

Abolish Professional Boxing! The outcome of many TV fights has been gangster-decided *before you see them!* (They *have* to go the limit so there'll be time to get in the commercials.) April Reader's Digest makes startling revelations about a "sport" which has become a cruel, crooked, senseless racket. Page 80.

How Well Do You Reason? Want to test your thinking ability against high school seniors? Here are 12 questions from the College Board Aptitude Test (answers on a separate page). This is not a quiz; it's a test to show how you deal with ideas, problems. Page 29.

Must TV Bring the Bathroom into Our Living Rooms? "Pitchmen" now bellow at you before, after, and in the middle of the most popular TV shows about toilet paper, bad breath, body odor and nasal drip. Article in April Reader's Digest cites specific commercials . . . asks if good taste shouldn't ban these outrages. Page 61.

The Scandal of Unemployment Compensation. Here are documented cases in which *undeserved* benefits have been stretched beyond belief! Despite crude attempts by officials to cover up facts, Digest staff writer Gilmore found that cheaters and loafers are stealing millions from taxpayers, suggests specific action to take. Pg. 31.

We Made Reading a Family Affair. Many parents don't realize the importance of reading until the children are in high school . . . and then, often, *it's too late!* Here's how one family started early, *despite TV*, to make reading fun . . . proved to their children that it has practical results. Pg. 169.

—and 29 other articles condensed to save your time—
selected from current magazines and books in—

April Reader's Digest on sale now

How to capture the rich rewards *of reading*

Reading can be your ticket to places you may never see, your introduction to people you may never meet, your passkey to experiences you may never live.

Jack Paar counts on reading to keep his shows vital and entertaining. He says, "No matter how busy I am, I keep pumping supplies of new material into my reservoir by reading."

The new depth and breadth of understanding you can gain through reading can help you in your work . . . enrich your relations with people.

But if you've let the joys of reading be crowded out of your life, you might follow the advice of Horace Mann, the great American educator. "Resolve to edge in a little reading every day. If you gain but 15 minutes a day, it will make itself felt at the end of the year."

Take a Digest "reading break" today

When you have a free moment—relax and take a "reading break" with Reader's Digest. In every issue you'll find articles of varying length, condensed to fit the brief breaks of your fast-paced life. After just a few days, see if your Digest "reading break" isn't helping you enjoy life a little bit more.

Keep yourself informed . . . make yourself a more interesting person in your work and in your personal life. Each month, read the best of the world's current magazines and books, condensed to save your time . . . in Reader's Digest.

clear, by double-clutching down-shifts for corners and by parading the main street at fifteen miles an hour in second gear. Now and then, around midnight, someone will really try something, and insomniacs in the Kenilworth will hear the high scream of a small engine wound out, sometimes followed by the slower rumble of a police car in hot pursuit.

Early in the morning of race day you can see the real thing—the green British cars, the silver Germans, the blood-red Italians on their way to the circuit, driven by tired-looking mechanics who seem always to be small men. These blip the engines up and down because they must; the cars are supposed to be sports cars, suitable for over-the-road driving, but the factory teams—from which the winner will come—enter machines that are fitted with ferociously powerful, highly tuned engines that will boil the radiators or foul out plugs if allowed to idle. They are designed to run efficiently only one way—flat out. The superhot *grand prix* cars are towed or trucked to the circuit. They can't be run on the highway at all.

Mixed in with the genuine factory cars are the others, the cars entered by a factory and sold to private owners—who, in effect, buy with the automobile an entry they could not otherwise get—and the privately owned cars of a dozen makes, Morgan, Porsche, Stanguellini, Ferrari, MG, Lancia, Alfa-Romeo, Austin-Healey, Aston Martin. All these carry the badges of the competitor—white racing number, taped headlight lenses, wheels stripped of hubcaps.

An American car has won only once at Sebring—a Cunningham, in 1953, driven by Phil Walters and John Fitch. The car was one of those built by Briggs Cunningham of Connecticut primarily to compete in the Le Mans Twenty-four-Hour Race. In 1957 Chevrolet entered a team of Corvettes under the leadership of Fitch, an international driver and the only American ever to be a member of the Mercedes-Benz team, and designer Zora Arkus-Duntov. One of the Corvettes was a special, high-performance machine; but it didn't finish the race, won that year by a Maserati.

The procession to the circuit starts before seven, and by eight has reached full density as cars carrying 25,000 spectators join in. Delay is rare; state and local police, joined by auxiliaries and volunteers, funnel the cars into the circuit as fast as the tickets can be grabbed by the gate-keepers. Most of them park within the grounds but outside the circuit, in the carnival atmosphere of exhibits and hot-dog and orange-juice stands, all of them run not by professionals, but by Sebring civic groups whose one-day profits almost suffice to support their projects the year round. Bank deposits in the town rise $1,000,000 to $1,500,000 during race week.

A track crossover and an incredibly steep vehicular bridge take 500 or 600 people into the ten-dollar-admission paddock area behind the pits. Some of these will watch the race from fifteen-dollar pit-roof seats. Perhaps seventy-five will spend $100 to headquarter for the day in the pavilion of the Automobile Racing Club of Florida, an organization set up by Ulmann to sponsor the race.

Most of the paddock-ticket holders base themselves on their parked cars, eating box lunches put up by the hotels, or sandwiches, hot dogs and plate dinners sold in the enclosure. They spend much of the race period on their feet, walking inside the circuit from corner to corner. The corners are the places in which to see the drivers at work. At the horseshoe turn, for example, one can safely stand close enough to the cars to see how much faster the rear wheels turn under acceleration than the front ones—the less skillful the driver, the greater the difference.

Track drivers are inclined to sneer at such niceties, arguing that a winning driver should stick his foot into the fire wall and steer; they are apt to consider road-race drivers "gentleman amateurs" and their mounts "sporty cars." The *grand prix* drivers, on the other hand, think of the track experts as brave men of limited skill, like tight-rope walkers. In point of fact, the two groups practice different but allied trades, like jockeys who ride steeplechase and flat races. The *grand prix* driver has a heavier armament of skills only because he has had to acquire them to survive. The use of brakes is a near science with some *grand prix* drivers, for example, but Indianapolis drivers use the brakes only in emergency or when they come into the pits.

Each kind of driver is likely to be superior on his home grounds. One Indianapolis winner who publicly derided Fangio's ability found, when he competed at Sebring, that he couldn't keep the Argentine in sight. The best an Indianapolis winner has done at Sebring is to place third. The late Bob Sweikert, 500 winner in 1955, did that, codriving with an experienced road racer, and after having asked Fangio if he might ride with him for coaching during practice. In 1957 and 1958, a 500-mile race for both kinds of drivers was run at the Monza circuit in Italy, and both times the American won overwhelmingly. The Monza trials were not considered conclusive, however, for several reasons—the cars were not evenly matched in engine capacity, the European cars were designed for road-circuit use and the race was run strictly under Indianapolis conditions. This meant counter-clockwise on a banked track, the race to be stopped in case of rain, and so on.

In point of fact, the differences of opinion between American track drivers and European *grand prix* drivers have been largely due to lack of acquaintance. Sports-car fans were astounded last July when Rodger Ward, the present Indianapolis titleholder, entered a standard track midget in an open race on the Lime Rock, Connecticut, circuit and convincingly won two out of three heats against a field of road-racing cars. It had long been held as gospel that a track car would not negotiate a right turn and could not be made to accelerate out of a corner, but Ward's midget stuck leechlike to an Aston Martin that held the Lime Rock course record.

On the other hand, when Ward had seen Moss, Brabham, McLaren and Brooks run away from him at Sebring, he said, "This is a very tough league. These are great drivers, and they have great automobiles."

For forty years now we Americans, although we build and use more cars than any other nation, have not really made ourselves felt in the racing of them. The Sebring races have already begun to change that picture. "There are five American drivers in the world ranking now," Alec Ulmann said recently, "and more on the way up. And when we run the second United States *Grand Prix* next December tenth, I expect that there will be at least two made-in-America automobiles on the starting grid." THE END

Well-behaved children usually go to bed quietly, several times an evening.

HOMER PHILLIPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My Adventures as an Illustrator

(Continued from Page 38)

By following this theory, anybody, even an amateur, could create a beautiful painting. A masterpiece, Mr. Hambidge claimed, was nothing more than an algebra problem.

Some of my friends embraced dynamic symmetry enthusiastically. "You'd better use it," they told me, "or your work will crumble." So I painted a dynamic-symmetry cover for *The Post* of March 28, 1931. Unfortunately the shape of *The Post* is not "dynamic," and as there seemed no hope of persuading the editor to change it, I gave up the theory after that one cover.

During the next few months my self-confidence ebbed rapidly. I painted one cover four times, using a different model each time, and then burned the canvases and discarded the idea entirely. I couldn't get a picture to jell in my mind.

Finally I decided that a change of scene was indicated. We took a boat for France, bringing along Jerry, our eldest son, born in 1932, in a wicker clothes-basket. But the change did no good. When we arrived home, after eight months, I was in a worse state than before. I'd ask everybody who came into the studio what was wrong with the picture. "I can't see anything wrong," they'd say. "It looks all right to me." No, I'd say, there's something wrong, I know there is; look closer.

I couldn't get at the source of my dissatisfaction, but I stuck to my easel, whether I liked what I turned out or not. Every day I worked from eight o'clock in the morning until five or six o'clock in the evening, with a short break for lunch. Eventually my self-confidence returned.

About this time I began to do a great deal of magazine illustration. I can remember how thrilled I was when, in 1935, George Macy, publisher of the Heritage Press and Limited Editions Club books, asked me to illustrate Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*.

Right off I decided that this was the chance of a lifetime. These were classics. I read through the books, taking notes and making little rough sketches. Then I discovered that none of the illustrators who had previously done *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*—and there had been quite a few—had taken the trouble to visit Hannibal, Missouri, where Twain lived as a boy. I decided to go to Hannibal for authentic details.

When I arrived, I found that Mark Twain had swallowed up Hannibal. There were the Mark Twain Hotel, the Mark Twain Barbershop, the Mark Twain Meat Market and the Mark Twain Soda Fountain. The house where he had lived as a boy had been beautifully preserved, and the little church he had attended still stood. In fact the whole town had changed very little since his childhood. There was a Mark Twain Museum and most everybody you ran across let on to be a Mark Twain expert.

I set about sketching everything—the houses, the church pews, the Mississippi at dawn and noon and dusk, even the cave Mark Twain had described. After a few days I had a sketchbook full of authentic details. Still I was troubled by the problem of clothes for the models I would use back in New Rochelle. How, in suburban Westchester County, was I going to get Huckleberry Finn's costume: "Huckleberry was always dressed in the castoff clothes of full-grown men. . . . His hat was a vast ruin with a wide crescent lopped out of its brim; his coat, when he wore one, hung nearly to his heels. . . ."

You can't buy a straw hat and make it look old by rubbing dirt into it. A hat has to be worn in sun and sweated in and sat on and rained on; then it will be old, and look it. I coveted the hats and jackets and pants which I saw farmers wearing around Hannibal. But how could I get them? One day as I was driving through the countryside I overtook a man wearing a straw hat in a beautiful state of decay. His trousers were patched, stained and tattered, his boots down at the heel and out at the toes. I stopped the car. "Will you sell me that hat?"

"Well, now," he said, scratching his head, "Ah don't rightly know. Iffen Ah sell this yere hat, Ah'll have to buy another. Don't see no profit in that."

"I'll buy you another," I said. "And you can have my hat to boot. And I'll do the same with your trousers and jacket."

The man looked at me shrewdly, sizing me up. "Store-bought?" he said. "Top quality?"

"Sure," I said.

"Don't mind iffen Ah do," he said. He climbed into the back of my car. I got in the front, and we swapped clothes. Then we drove into Hannibal and I bought him a new outfit.

That afternoon I cruised around the countryside, buying old clothes. By evening I had a carload: felt hats, straw hats, suspenders, overalls, sun bonnets, aprons, gingham dresses, overcoats, vests—all old and rotten, battered, tattered and splotched. I even bought the hat off a man's horse.

The next morning when I walked out of the hotel there was a crowd of people standing on the sidewalk, their arms piled high with old clothes. A little boy was all but buried under three moth-eaten overcoats. Everyone began shouting at me.

"Say, mister, lookee here!"

"This coat ain't fitten fur pigs, mister!"

"Quarter apiece!" yelled a lady, holding up a bundle of dusty aprons.

I retreated into the hotel, saying, "No, thanks very much. I've got enough, thank you." By noontime the crowd had drifted off, all but the little boy. When I ventured forth, he was sitting on the steps, his overcoats heaped beside him. So I bought them. As I discovered later, word had gone around that there was a crazy man in Hannibal buying old clothes for high prices.

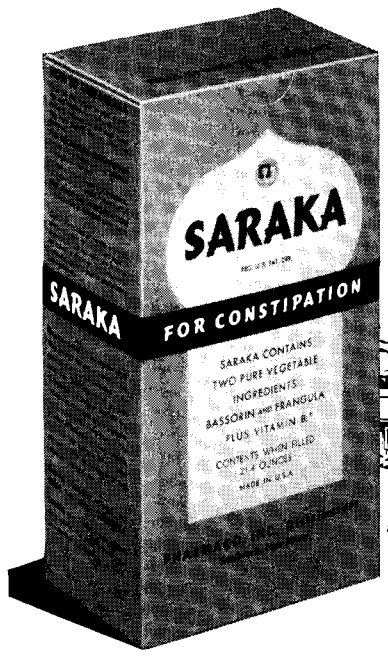
When I got back to New Rochelle and started painting the illustrations, I congratulated myself. The clothes were perfect. With them and the authentic details I had gathered, the illustrations glided along like a raft on the Mississippi in flood. The originals are now in the Mark Twain Museum in Hannibal.

If I have an illustration to do in a special setting, I always try to get the feel of the place. Once, to prepare myself for an illustration of a blacksmith's shop, I spent a morning in a smithy in South Shaftsbury, Vermont, watching the blacksmith pound out horseshoes. Sitting in the studio, I may imagine a setting and think it real and complete, but when I search out the actual counterpart, I always find some detail that will make the illustration ring true. The sign outside the blacksmith shop was such a detail. It read PRACTICAL AND ARTISTIC SHOEING. I never could have thought up that.

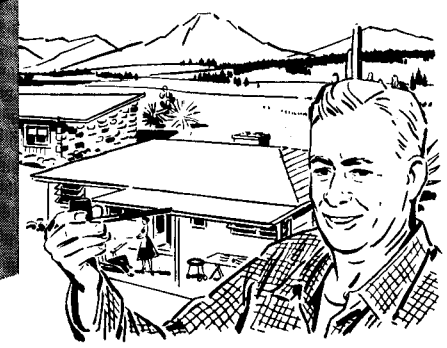
Nowadays authenticity in illustration—and television and the movies—consists of what everybody has decided should have been worn or used, whether it was or not. Take the TV Westerns. You'd think the West had an immense surplus of laundresses and tailors. Didn't cowboys ever wear dirty shirts or ragged vests?

Now...for today's younger men and women over 45

SARAKA


SARAKA
SARAKA
FOR CONSTIPATION
SARAKA CONTAINS TWO PURE VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS: BASSORIN and FRANGULA PLUS VITAMIN B1

The modern bulk stimulant...to help maintain regularity in the prime-of-life years



From coast to coast word is spreading about the miracle of SARAKA... the all-vegetable bulk stimulant that's helping thousands to get more enjoyment from the bonus years by promoting regularity in a gentle, effective way.

Unlike "trigger" laxatives containing strong chemical stimulants that may cause a harsh or violent action in the colon, SARAKA is known for its gentle double action that helps establish natural-like regularity, without hurry-up or discomfort. Only SARAKA contains Bassorin to add the bulk often lacking in the diet, plus Cortex Frangula for mild stimulant laxative action . . . and Vitamin B_1. No wonder many doctors who recommend SARAKA are themselves users! SARAKA is also available in sugar-free form as SARAKA-D.

Get SARAKA and take as directed. Middle-age constipation will be relieved and you will be helped towards that wonderfully easy regularity of youth that makes life more enjoyable.

SHOPMATE

POWERFUL 2.9 AMP. 1/4" DRILL WITH BALL THRUST BEARINGS

Almost double the power of ordinary drills! All the deluxe features . . . precision geared chuck, lifetime mirror finish, more torque per pound. At your hardware or building supply dealer or write to . . .

ONLY $19.98

POWER Shopmate TOOLS JOB TESTED

PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS, INC.
320 West 83rd Street, Chicago 20, Illinois SEP 360.
Canada: 452 Birchmount Rd., Toronto 13, Ont.

5 Borden's GREAT GLUES

There's an Elmer glue for every job you do! "Elmer's Guide to Good Gluing" tells you all about them with hints, tips and what to use where. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope for your free copy of this 16-page illustrated guide book. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I ran into this attitude in Hollywood once. At the time I had a studio in the Los Angeles County Art Institute. Samuel Goldwyn asked me to do a billboard for a movie based on the Hatfield and McCoy feud. To show me what he had in mind, he took me down to the set where the movie was being made, and introduced me to the principals. The heroine wore an extremely revealing dress. The man—Farley Granger, if I remember rightly—was wearing a picturesque shirt laced up the front with leather thongs.

"I'll be glad to do your billboard, Mr. Goldwyn," I said, "but I couldn't use those costumes. They're not authentic. At that period Southern mountain girls wore long gingham dresses tight at the neck, and the men wore blue jeans and work shirts."

Mr. Goldwyn was furious. "Dammit," he said, "I have six months of research by six men and *you* tell me the costumes aren't authentic." So I never did the billboard.

In 1936 I attempted another quasi-modern *Post* cover. I have forgotten everything about it, except that it wasn't very good. But my blood was up, blinding me to its lack of merit, and I took it down to Philadelphia and submitted it to the *Post* editor, Mr. George Horace Lorimer. He stood looking at the painting for a long time without saying anything, his burly shoulders slightly hunched, his big hands folded behind his back.

"I don't know," he said at last. "Some of my editors tell me I should be more modern." I noticed that he was nervously squeezing the fingers of one hand with the other. "I'll tell you what," he said, walking to the window and looking out, "you leave it here. Let me think it over. All right?"

"Well, sure, Mr. Lorimer," I said. "Sure."

"I'll let you know," he said.

I was shocked. My cover didn't matter; I saw now that it wasn't very good anyway. But what had happened to Mr. Lorimer? This was the first time he had ever put off a decision. It wasn't in character. And that bit about his staff telling him he should go "more modern"—he had never doubted his own sense of what the readers wanted. What could have changed him? I didn't know, but it scared me.

A week later, Mr. Lorimer definitely rejected my cover, and I burned it cheerfully, for in the meantime I'd got back onto my own track and my work was going well. Several months passed. Sometimes I wondered about Mr. Lorimer, but everything seemed all right again and I dismissed my worries.

Then I had a note from Pete Martin, who had become art editor in the early 1930's, saying that Mr. Lorimer would like to see me. When I walked into Mr. Lorimer's office, he didn't notice me until I was halfway across the room. Then he rose and said, "Well, Norman, I guess I won't be around much longer."

All of a sudden I felt kind of sick. "What's the matter, Mr. Lorimer?" I asked.

He walked to his desk and glanced absent-mindedly at a manuscript. "I guess I'm not the right man any more," he said. There were tears in his eyes. He had built *The Post*, made it a great magazine—his magazine. And now, after thirty-seven years, he was retiring. I mumbled something about being terribly sorry.

"No," he said. "No. Perhaps I am growing old. Maybe a younger man. . . ." His voice trailed off. "You'll be all right, Norman," he said after a moment. "Wesley Stout is going to take over."

I couldn't believe that this was the Lorimer I knew, and of course it wasn't. He was sixty-eight years old and visibly failing in health. I never saw him again. A year later, when he died, all I could remember was how strong he had been, how certain of his judgment and how kind. It seemed to me like the end of a whole era.

I'm afraid I moped a bit. Then, in the summer of 1938, Mary and I sailed for England with our three sons—Jerry, age six, Tommy, five, and Peter, two. I wanted to visit all the English illustrators whom I admired so much.

First I called on Arthur Rackham at his London studio. He must have been about seventy, a little bit of a man with a thin face and gentlemanly manner. Rackham asked me which illustration of his I liked best.

"That one you did for Hans Christian Andersen's *Fairy Tales*," I said, "of the house with one wall cut away so everything that's going on inside can be seen."

This delighted him. "You know I did that just a few years ago," he said. "When you get to be my age, it's very discouraging to have people say they like most of all something you did at twenty. It makes you think you haven't progressed, just grown old."

The next day I visited Edmund Dulac. He was quite unlike Rackham—a suave, Continental man, residing in a fashionable apartment in a fashionable section of London. Then I went to see George Belcher. He had made a tremendous success doing drawings of charwomen, chauffeurs, taxicab drivers. The Royal Academy had asked for a self-portrait, which he was painting when I visited him, by standing before a mirror. Though it was still early morning, he poured me out a half a water glass of whisky. He was a portly, red-faced man with a gruff, hearty manner. I thought he looked the archetype of an English country squire, partly, I guess, because he was wearing a pink hunting jacket.

After we'd talked a bit, he asked, "You a pretty good draftsman?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I guess so."

"Here," he said, handing me a pencil and a piece of paper, "make a little sketch of me." When I had finished, he looked at it for a minute. "All right," he said, pointing to the easel, "paint the eyes into this portrait. I'd do it myself, but I can't see without my glasses, and I don't want to paint myself with glasses. Look like a fool." So I painted the eyes in his self-portrait, and I am proud to say that I now have two eyes in the Royal Academy—blue ones, if my memory serves.

We spent the rest of our stay in England at the White Swan Inn near Oxford. I bicycled about the countryside, usually with either Jerry or Tommy on the handlebars. Those hours in the open air recalled my summers in the country as a child and made me think of buying a farm.

Back home, Mary and I saw a real-estate booklet listing houses for sale in Vermont, and I jumped at the idea. I had lived in New Rochelle for twenty years, and I had the feeling that it was beginning to run dry for me there. I need change—new people, new surroundings—to stimulate me.

So Mary and I drove up to Vermont. Bert Immen, a real-estate man in Arlington, showed us a farmhouse with an apple orchard, a river, two red barns, broad fields and sixty acres of land. We bought it the next day.

After arranging with a builder to transform the smaller of the two barns into a studio and make some changes in the house, we left for New Rochelle, all excited. The winter dragged; we could hardly wait for summer. But after a time the snow changed to dirty slush on the sidewalks, the spring rains came and finally we left for Vermont.

That summer lived up to all our expectations. At the bottom of the lawn the Batten Kill River formed a backwater perfect for swimming. Viewing the white house, the red barns and the deep-green mountainside, I thought, *It looks like one of those potboilers my grandfather used to paint for the city trade.*

For a while it seemed we had found utopia. I took long walks on the mountains, climbing through the orchard of twisted apple trees and into the forest of birch and pine and oak. Our three boys swam in the river from sunup to sundown. And when I awoke in the morning and looked out the window, I saw, not the crowded houses of New Rochelle, but the steep, forested side of Red Mountain, with the black scar of Rattlesnake Rock high up it.

The people we met were rugged and self-contained. None of that sham—"I am *so* glad to know you!"—accompanied by radiant smiles. They shook my hand and said, "How do," and waited to see how I'd turn out.

Dr. George Russell, the town doctor, once remarked to me, "You know, there really isn't a bad person in this town." And it was true. No robbery, for instance, had been committed in Arlington for twenty-six years. If a man was an out-and-out thief, his neighbors knew it and he couldn't live in the town. A mean-tempered man soon found himself isolated. His neighbors just wouldn't bother with him.

That summer I met 100 or 200 people I wanted to paint—Walt Squires, Clarence Decker, Nip Noyes—a whole raft of them. And ideas were jumping in my brain like trout on the Batten Kill at sunset. I'd found what I'd wanted—new people, new surroundings. The next summer we moved to Vermont to stay. Mary and I joined the Grange, and took the oath of allegiance to the State of Vermont before Harvey McKee, the undersheriff, so that we could vote in the state. And so we settled into the life of the community.

During our second summer in Vermont, Mead Schaeffer, a fine illustrator, and his wife Elizabeth bought a place in Arlington. I had known Schaef slightly back in New Rochelle; in Arlington we became fast friends. We criticized each other's pictures, talked about art and inspired each other. We were going to bring back the golden age of illustration, the glorious days of Pyle, Remington and Abbey.

By 1942 I had been painting *Post* covers for twenty-six years. It had been a constant challenge. If a cover was unpopular, I would feel scared. Every new illustrator had been a potential threat. So for twenty-six years I had to prove myself all over again with each cover I did. One day in New York an art director of an advertising agency said that he'd heard *The Post* was "in the doldrums."

"Is that bad?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "It could be."

Late one afternoon I had a phone call from Pete Martin, who was then *The Post*'s art editor. The morning papers, he said, would carry the news that Ben Hibbs had been appointed editor of *The Post*. I wasn't to worry, Mr. Hibbs liked my work. Would I get some sketches together to show him?

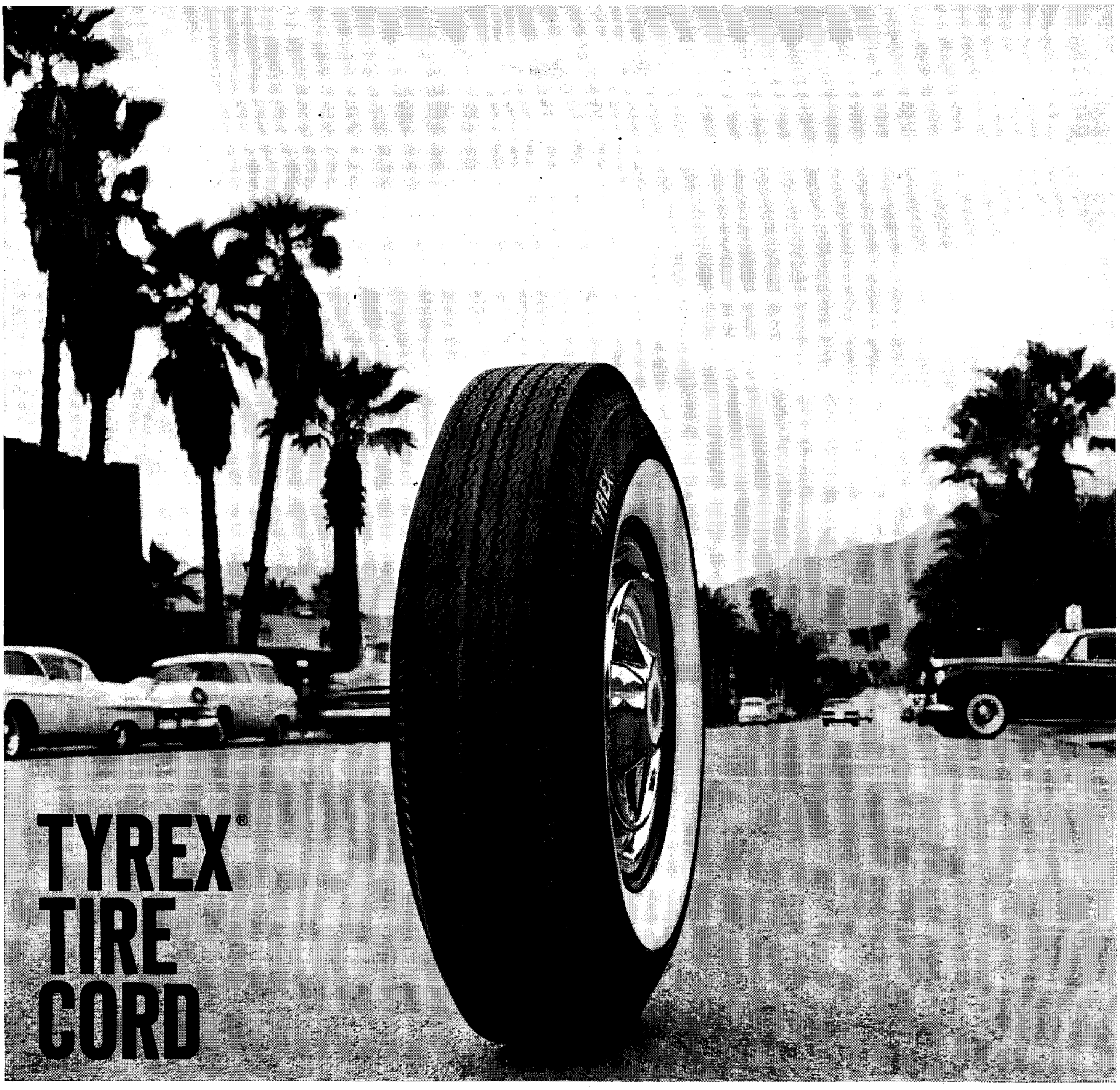
I worked up nine ideas, all, I thought, my very best. I wasn't taking a chance on any fillers; they might prompt Mr. Hibbs to reject the whole batch, and I'd be off *The Post*. Believe me, I put everything I had into those nine sketches, and I went to Philadelphia with an anxious heart.

The editor's office hadn't changed. There were the same pictures and furniture, the same large windows behind the desk, but instead of Mr. Lorimer or his successor, Wesley Stout, two rather young men were seated at the conference table. Both were in shirt sleeves, and they had their feet up on the table. One of them, a tall, lanky (*Continued on Page 120*)

"Success will never spoil Harvey; he's still the same pompous conceited windbag he always was."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MORE TIRE POWER FOR SMOOTHER RIDING

ONE MORE REASON WHY TIRES MADE WITH TYREX CORD ARE ON EVERY AMERICAN MAKE OF 1960 CAR

Why tires made with TYREX cord are best for your car, too:

1. Quieter, smoother riding—TYREX cord keeps tires round as tires *should* be for a smoother, quieter ride. Unlike nylon, tires made with TYREX cord are less affected by temperature changes, will *not* thump due to flat spotting.

2. More resistant to impacts—Tires containing TYREX cord meet impacts with MORE TIRE POWER, show more stamina against ruts, rocks, curbs, other road obstacles—*as proven by test!*

3. More resistant to heat—Tires with TYREX cord hold up better under heat—run cool and safe at highway speeds.

4. Longer wearing—Tested on taxis, trucks, all models of passenger cars, tires with TYREX cord regularly give best mileage—are unaffected, too, by water and moisture.

5. Basically stronger—Developed for tires exclusively, TYREX cord provides more tire power for today's more strenuous driving conditions.

When you're buying new tires, ask your dealer for tires made with TYREX cord . . . the tires that come on all makes of new cars!

TYREX

Tyrex Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y. TYREX (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) is a collective trademark of Tyrex Inc. for tire yarn and cord. TYREX tire yarn and cord is also produced and available in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 118*) man with a serious, comfortable face, rose to greet me.

"Hello, Norman," he said. "I'm Ben Hibbs."

"How do you do, Mr. Hibbs."

"For heaven's sake," he said, "call me Ben."

"All right," I said, startled by this informality. In twenty-one years I'd never thought of calling Mr. Lorimer by his first name; to me the editor of *The Post* was *Mister*.

Ben introduced me to Bob Fuoss, the new managing editor (now executive editor). Then he asked what I had to show them. I laid my nine sketches on the desk and acted them out, rather lamely as I recall. My mind kept superimposing the image of Mr. Lorimer's massive head on Ben's shoulders, and since it wouldn't fit, I'd get confused and lose track of what I was saying. When I had finished, Ben said, "Those are fine."

"Which ones do you want me to do?" I said, thinking, *Now he'll reject a few like Mr. Lorimer.*

"Which ones do you like?" asked Ben.

"I like them all—uh—Ben," I said. "I like them all. You know, you're the new editor, and I really beat my brains out to get some good ideas."

"Well, why don't you do them all?" Ben asked.

When I got back to Arlington, I said to Mary, "They're awful nice, the new editors. Ben Hibbs is a wonderful fellow. He accepted all my sketches, all nine. He didn't turn down one. It's wonderful, but I don't think it's going to last. You can't run a magazine that way."

In his shirt sleeves, I thought, *the editor of* The Post *in his shirt sleeves!* I was flummoxed.

Several months after our first meeting Ben asked, "When are you going to invite some of us up to Arlington?"

"Oh," I said, "come up any time." And I thought no more about it. In my mind the editor of *The Post* was still some exalted type of superhuman being. I couldn't believe that Ben would come to Arlington, even if I asked him. But he mentioned it again, and then Jim Yates, the new art editor, said, "You know, Ben Hibbs and Bob Fuoss really want to come up. They feel sort of hurt that you haven't asked them."

So I extended an invitation to Ben, Bob, Jim and their wives. It was accepted, and bolstered by Mary, Schaef, and his wife Elizabeth, who didn't share my awe and foolish fears. I staggered, mumbled and trembled my way through the weekend. By the time we put our guests on the southbound train in Arlington, I was a nervous wreck.

But I held myself together and waved good-by, smiling cheerfully. When the train had disappeared around the bend, I went into the station house and lay on the floor, flat down on my back. "A-a-ah," I sighed, taking deep breaths. "A-a-ah. Whew!" I could feel my tense muscles relax, turning to warm jelly.

"Come on," said Schaef, "let's go."

"No," I said, stretching out my legs and arms luxuriously, "I'm recovering. Leave me alone." Then I heard the station-house door open. Rolling my eyes back, I saw upside down the startled faces of Ben Hibbs and Bob Fuoss. "Hello," said Ben. "The train was derailed so we came back."

I was too thunderstruck to say anything. I moaned softly.

"Norman!" said Mary sternly.

"Boy, gee," I said, still lying on my back. "You people are so darn nice and easy. I was trained under Mr. Lorimer. Entertaining the editor's been a strain. And here you are back again." And I laughed naturally for the first time in three days.

The change at *The Post* came just as I was wrestling with a new project. Schaef and I were too old to enlist, so we had decided to do war posters without fee. I had a poster of a machine gunner and a couple of other ideas sketched out, but they didn't satisfy me. I wanted to do something bigger, make some statement about why the country was fighting the war.

In 1941, when Roosevelt and Churchill issued their Atlantic Charter with its freedoms proclamation, I had tried to read it, thinking that it might contain the idea I sought. But the language was so noble, platitudinous really, that it stuck in my throat. I juggled the Freedoms idea in my mind, trying to find a picture. But I couldn't get my mind around it.

"Eleven and three quarters by nine and seven eighths."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I did a *Post* cover and an illustration, went to town meeting, attended a Grange supper, struggling all the while with my idea, or rather, the lack of it. One night I suddenly remembered how Jim Edgerton had stood up in town meeting and said something that everybody else disagreed with. But they had let him have his say. No one had shouted him down.

There it was: Freedom of Speech. I could illustrate the Four Freedoms, using my Vermont neighbors as models and expressing the ideas in simple, everyday scenes. Freedom of Speech—a New England town meeting. Freedom From Want—a Thanksgiving dinner.

In the next couple of days I made rough sketches of the Four Freedoms, and Schaef worked up some posters. Then we set out for Washington. We saw a great many Government officials, but none could help us. The war was going badly; nobody had time for posters. Robert Patterson, the Under Secretary of War, said, "We'd love to print your Four Freedoms, but we can't. I think they'd be a fine contribution. We'd be delighted if *someone* would publish them."

Schaef and I became more and more discouraged as we were turned down by one official after another. Finally we took the train back to New York. I got off at Philadelphia to show some cover sketches to Ben Hibbs. As I was discussing them, I happened to mention that I'd just been in Washington. "Schaef and I were offering our services to the Government," I said. "He had some posters, and I had a series I wanted to do called the Four Freedoms. No one was interested, though."

"Let's see it," said Ben.

I hauled out the sketches and showed them to him, explaining rather listlessly what I'd been trying to do. Ben broke in, "Norman, you've got to do them for us. Drop everything else—just do the Four Freedoms. Don't bother with *Post* covers or illustrations."

I finally spent six months painting the Four Freedoms, and it was a struggle. I started *Freedom of Speech* over four times, and I wrestled with *Freedom of Worship* for two months. I wanted *Freedom of Worship* to make the statement that no man should be discriminated against for his race or religion. My first sketch was of a country barbershop: a Jew in the barber chair being shaved by a lanky New England barber—obviously a Protestant—while a Catholic priest and a Negro waited their turns, all of them laughing and getting on well together.

When I'd just about completed the picture, I found the situation bordered on the ridiculous. Catholics who came into the studio said, "Priests don't look like that." Negroes thought the Negro's skin should be lighter, or darker. Jews didn't like my portrayal of the Jew.

So I discarded the picture and started another—and junked it too. One day the art editor of *The Post*, who at that time was Jim Yates, appeared at the door. Where were the Four Freedoms?

"I'm doing them as fast as I can," I snarled politely.

Then I wrenched the sketch of the final version of *Freedom of Worship* out of my head, and painted it. There is a mystery about the phrase I lettered across the top of the painting—EACH ACCORDING TO THE DICTATES OF HIS OWN CONSCIENCE. I know I've read it somewhere, but no one has been able to find it in any book or document.

With *Freedom From Want* and *Freedom From Fear* I had little trouble. I painted the turkey in *Freedom From Want* on Thanksgiving Day, 1942. Our cook, Mrs. Wheaton, roasted it, I painted it, and we ate it.

Freedom From Fear was based on a rather smug idea. Painted during the bombing of London, it was supposed to say, "Thank God we can put our children to bed with a feeling of security, knowing they will not be killed in the night." I never liked *Freedom From Fear* or, for that matter, *Freedom From Want*. Neither of them has any wallop. *Freedom From Want* was not popular overseas. The Europeans sort of resented it because it wasn't freedom from want, it was overabundance; the table was loaded down with food. I think the two I had the most trouble with—*Freedom of Speech* and *Freedom of Worship*—are better.

The pictures were published by *The Post* early in 1943, not as covers, but as inside features accompanied by short essays by four distinguished writers. For the sequel I quote a letter Ben Hibbs sent me recently:

> Requests to reprint flooded in from other publications. Various Government agencies and private organizations made millions of reprints and distributed them all over the world. Those four pictures quickly became the best known and most appreciated paintings of that era.
>
> Subsequently, the Treasury Department took the original paintings on a tour of the nation to sell war bonds. They were viewed by 1,222,000 people in sixteen leading cities and were instrumental in selling $132,992,539 worth of bonds.
>
> Following the war, the original paintings were hung in our offices, and I love them. They are a daily source of inspiration to me—in the same way that the clock tower of old Independence Hall, which I can see from my office window, inspires me.
>
> Visitors who come into my office almost always exclaim over the paintings. The originals have been borrowed countless times for art exhibits, and even today we still receive many requests to reprint. Many people have asked me whether I regard Norman's favorites, *Freedom of Worship* and *Freedom of Speech*, as great art. I do. A great picture, I think, is one which moves and inspires millions of people. The Four Freedoms did—and do.

To start the war-bond drive I went to Washington. At the banquet that night I sat beside a woman who kept trying to make small talk. "Where do you live, Mr. Kent?" (She thought I was Rockwell Kent, the left-wing artist and author.)

"I live in Vermont," I said.

"Oh, Thurman," she said, turning to Assistant Atty. Gen. Thurman Arnold, "Mr. Kent says he lives in Vermont."

Mr. Arnold turned a cold crime-buster eye on her and said nothing. She turned back to me. "What is it like in Vermont?"

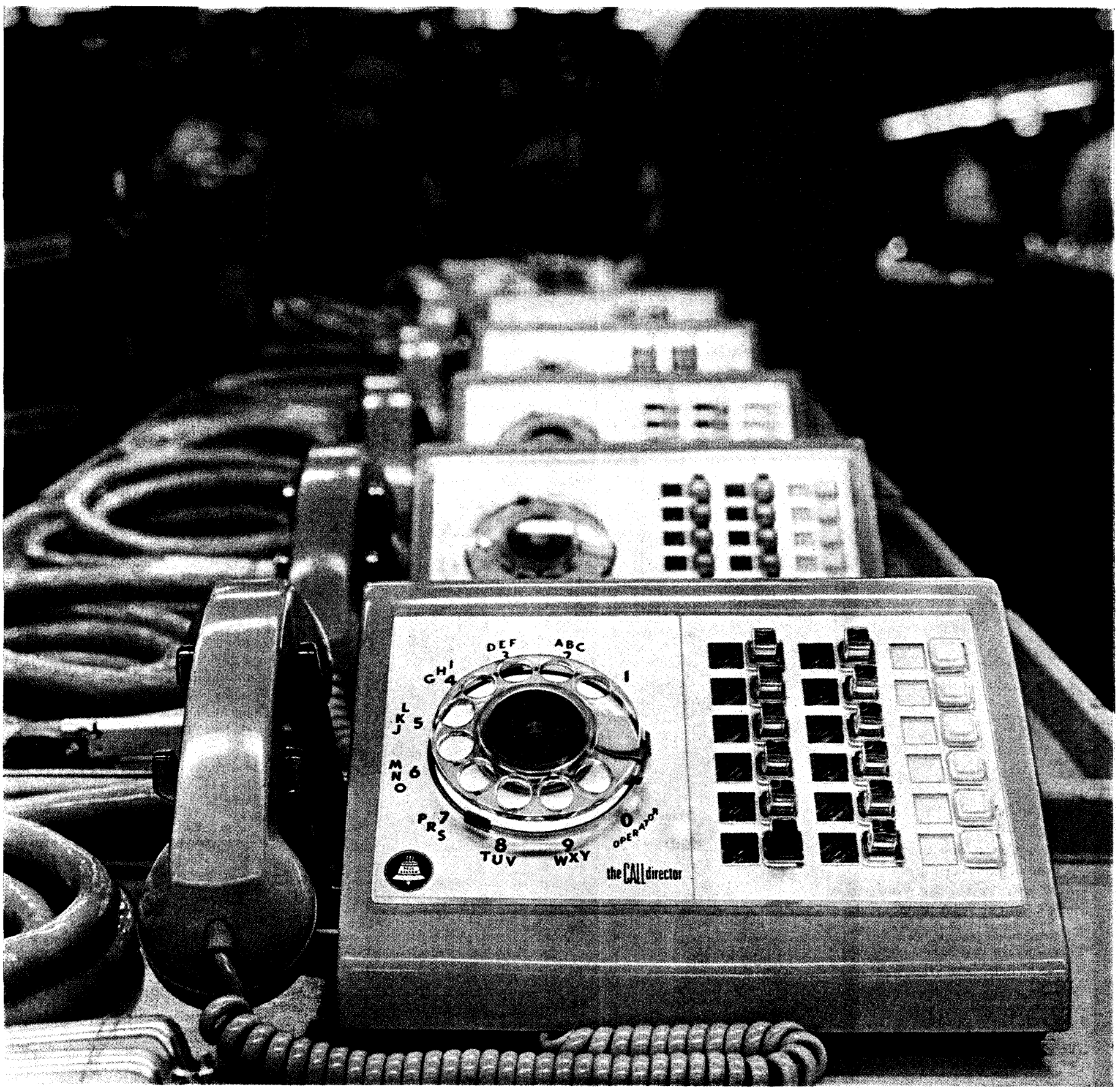
"It's pretty cold," I said.

In desperation I passed a note down the table to Ben Hibbs: "I'm terrified, and besides she keeps calling me Rockwell Kent. What'll I do?" Ben didn't reply, and I endured celebrity alone.

The next morning, seated on a dais in the midst of a churning sea of people, I autographed reprints of the Four Freedoms at a Washington department store. Late that afternoon I was asked to travel with the Four Freedoms show, which was to tour the country selling bonds. I was too worn out to answer. But Ben, bless him, said, "No. Norman's going to stay home and do *Post* covers."

Next week, in his concluding article, Mr. Rockwell tells about the first time he painted Dwight D. Eisenhower, and what Ike is like as a model and a person. —THE EDITOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE TELEPHONINGEST TELEPHONE EVER MADE

It's the new Call Director set made by Western Electric to give a busy executive *maximum* telephone service. (Any Bell Telephone business office will tell you more!)

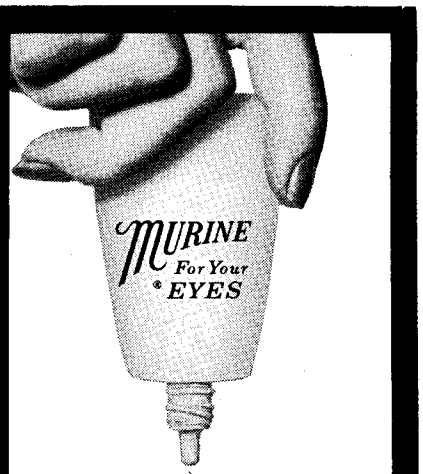
But it stands here as an illustration of Western Electric's partnership in the Bell System. Producing telephones for your home and office is one thing we do. Another is making the "behind-the-scenes" telephone equipment that operates so faithfully, so economically — and we aim always to make it that way. As manufacturing unit of the Bell System, that's our *main* job.

Western Electric

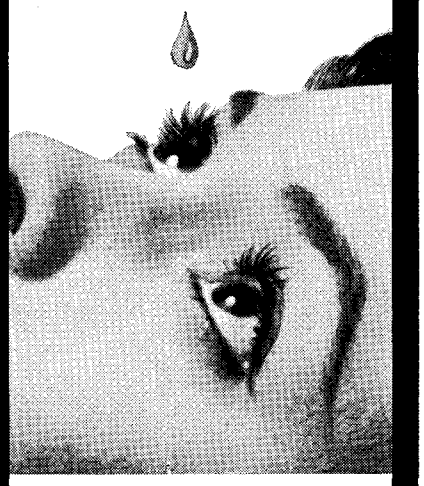
By teaming up with Bell Laboratories people who design the equipment and Bell telephone people who operate it, we help provide you with dependable, ever-improving telephone service.

Western Electric manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

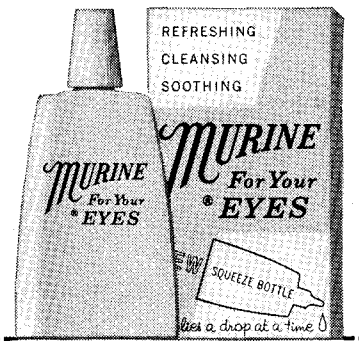


NOW! FAMOUS **MURINE** EYE COMFORT IN THE **NEW SQUEEZE BOTTLE**



Just squeeze one drop at a time... discover the easy new way to soothe your eyes...and so relax tension!

The same famous, gentle Murine now in a handy plastic dispenser. Just squeeze out comforting Murine, one drop at a time. New container can't break or spill in purse or pocket. Discover this easy way to soothe your eyes . . . and so relax tension. Keep a new squeeze bottle of Murine at home, office and in your car.



Murine is also available in familiar glass bottle with separate eye dropper.

MURINE
*FOR YOUR EYES**

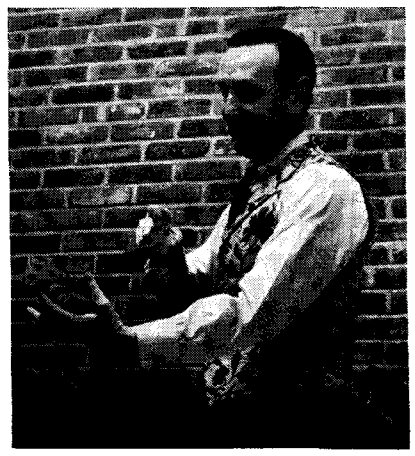
The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A.
*Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Keeping Posted

Of Cars and Card Sharks

"The Morgan three-wheeler," says author **Ken Purdy,** "is a very endearing automobile. It is also very crotchety. In a hard left turn it has a tendency to tip. At speeds above seventy-five, it seems to go along in great bounds like a kangaroo." Purdy ought to know. He owns a 1934 Morgan supersports model (below) and has become so savvy an automotive writer that he was asked to write the "Automobile" section for the next edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.* Purdy was editor of *True* and later of *Argosy,* before turning to free-lance writing five years ago. Since then he has written *Post* articles and stories on a variety of subjects. The Purdys have one son, one daughter and a home surrounded by twelve acres of Wilton, Connecticut, woods. In addition to his Morgan, Purdy owns three Bugattis—a *Grand Prix* racing car, a touring car and a coupé—plus two American station wagons. He has seen eight of the nine runnings of the Sebring (Florida) Twelve-Hour Race, which he describes on page 30. Which of his six cars does he drive to Sebring? None. Always takes the train.

Ken Purdy in his leaping automobile.



Morgan Kane "in my gambling vest."

Illustrator **Morgan Kane** also lives in Wilton, also has one wife, one son and one daughter. He has only one car, however, his pet luxury being an intercom system connecting his studio to the kitchen: "So I can call for my food." His wife, Kay, sees nothing unusual in this arrangement. She met her husband in a Cleveland art school; thus is trained to take artistic idiosyncrasies in stride. An accomplished hypnotist, Kane explains that his wife is under his spell. Actually he takes hypnosis quite seriously; uses it to help his son Jeff with school work. "It sharpens Jeff's memory and enables him to concentrate more and worry less." Kane is also a prestidigitator. Although he can manipulate cards, hide them and palm them, he invariably loses at his monthly poker session. Nevertheless, we thought him a pretty good choice to paint the river-boat gambler on page 26.

Author Joins the Navy—for a Day

Ronald Sercombe was halfway through a revised version of his aviation-and-medicine tale on page 32 when it dawned on him that he ought to see what he was writing about. Thereupon he sent an SOS to the Mayport, Florida, Naval Air Station, not far from his home in Jacksonville. Mayport's public information officer arranged for Sercombe to tour the base and talk to the jet pilots who fly our A3D's and Crusaders. Result: The Navy emerges as the hero of the story. Later Sercombe asked his family physician if he could fly to Chicago in an A3D, as a character in his story does. "Commercial airliners are fast enough for us old boys," his doctor replied. "After all, you don't have to have your appendix removed to describe an appendectomy, do you?"

Lt. (j.g.) J. Q. Pridemore, Sercombe and Chief George Bryan aboard U.S.S. *Saratoga.*

He Has Ike's Old Job

When an educator proposes upsetting our colleges' traditional two-semester system—see page 21—the reader may be forgiven for asking, "Does he know what he's talking about?" **Dr. Grayson Kirk** most assuredly does. He was educated at five colleges and universities, has taught at four, and has been awarded twenty-eight honorary degrees. At Columbia he went from associate professor of government to university president in twelve years. His most recent predecessors in that job: Dwight D. Eisenhower and Nobel Peace Prize winner Nicholas Murray Butler. Kirk was a State Department officer during the war and later participated in the historic Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco conferences. Despite a rigorous schedule that often keeps him on the go sixteen hours a day, he has a reputation for punctuality, reports **Stanley Frank,** his collaborator on this article. However, he was forty minutes late for his first appointment with Frank, explaining when he appeared, "It isn't every day that we get a gift of five million dollars." That was the day William Black, founder of the Chock full o'Nuts food chain, presented a check to Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons. When Frank arrived for their second meeting, Doctor Kirk was waiting for him. "No windfalls today," he said.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

Stewart Alsop picks the winner of the crucial semifinal bout for the Democratic nomination —

"The Battle of Wisconsin: Kennedy vs. Humphrey"

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guaranteed To Grow!

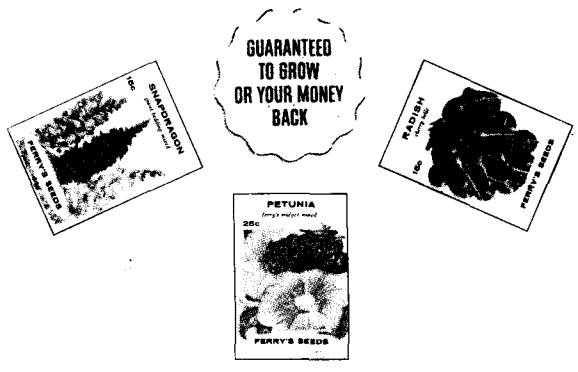
w sure can you be that the packets of Ferry's Seeds you plant in your ne garden will grow? Sure as you are that children get bigger. *Ferry's Seeds guaranteed to grow, or your money back!*

Credit Mother Nature for most of it, but credit Ferry's, too. For developing proved, hardier strains of flowers and vegetables and creating new ones—furnishing simple, can't-miss instructions right on the packet—for selecting Ferry's Seeds for *your* area and *your* home garden so carefully that, no tter which packets you pick from the rack, they can be *guaranteed* to grow. ur money back if they don't—just write us.)

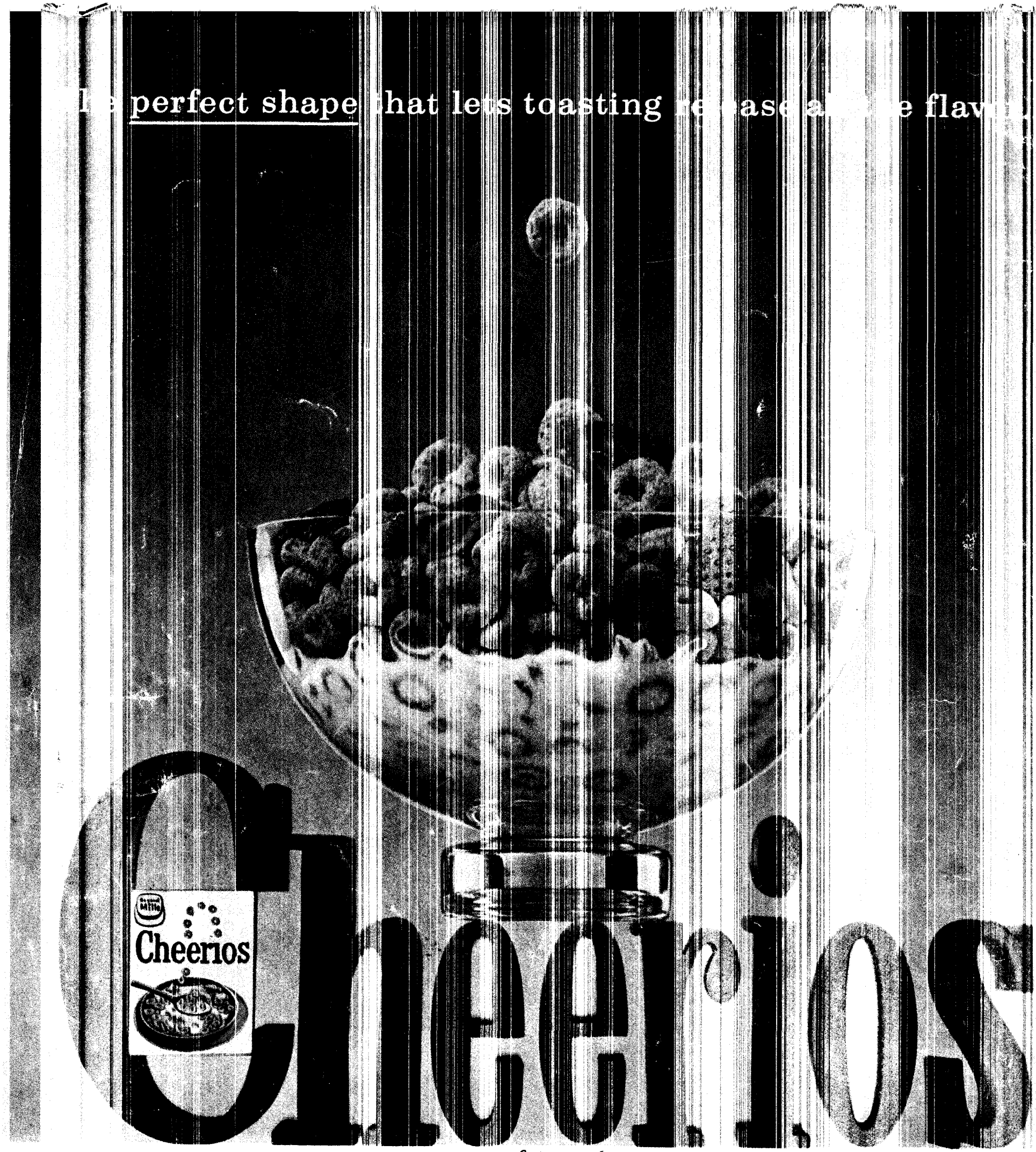
Maybe you'd like a garden like this—full of Ageratum, Marigolds, Asters, unias, Snapdragons, and Alyssum. (The seeds would cost you only about 50 . . . give you a wonderful feeling of having *done* it.) Whichever varieties you ose, you'll be picking the seeds that are demanded by more home gardeners n any others. *Look for the familiar Ferry's rack at your favorite store.*

FERRY'S SEEDS

Packet Seed Division Ferry-Morse Seed Co. Fulton, Ky.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Toasting the protein is what unfolds a cereal's full flavor...

So Cheerios takes oats, the grain naturally richest in protein...

Shapes them into Power O's, the perfect shape for toasting...

No wonder Cheerios toast better, taste better, and stay crisper...

Know your oats - go for the delicious Power O's, Cheerios!

General Mills

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED